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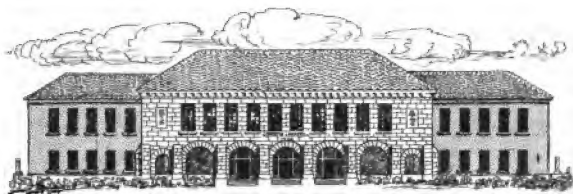
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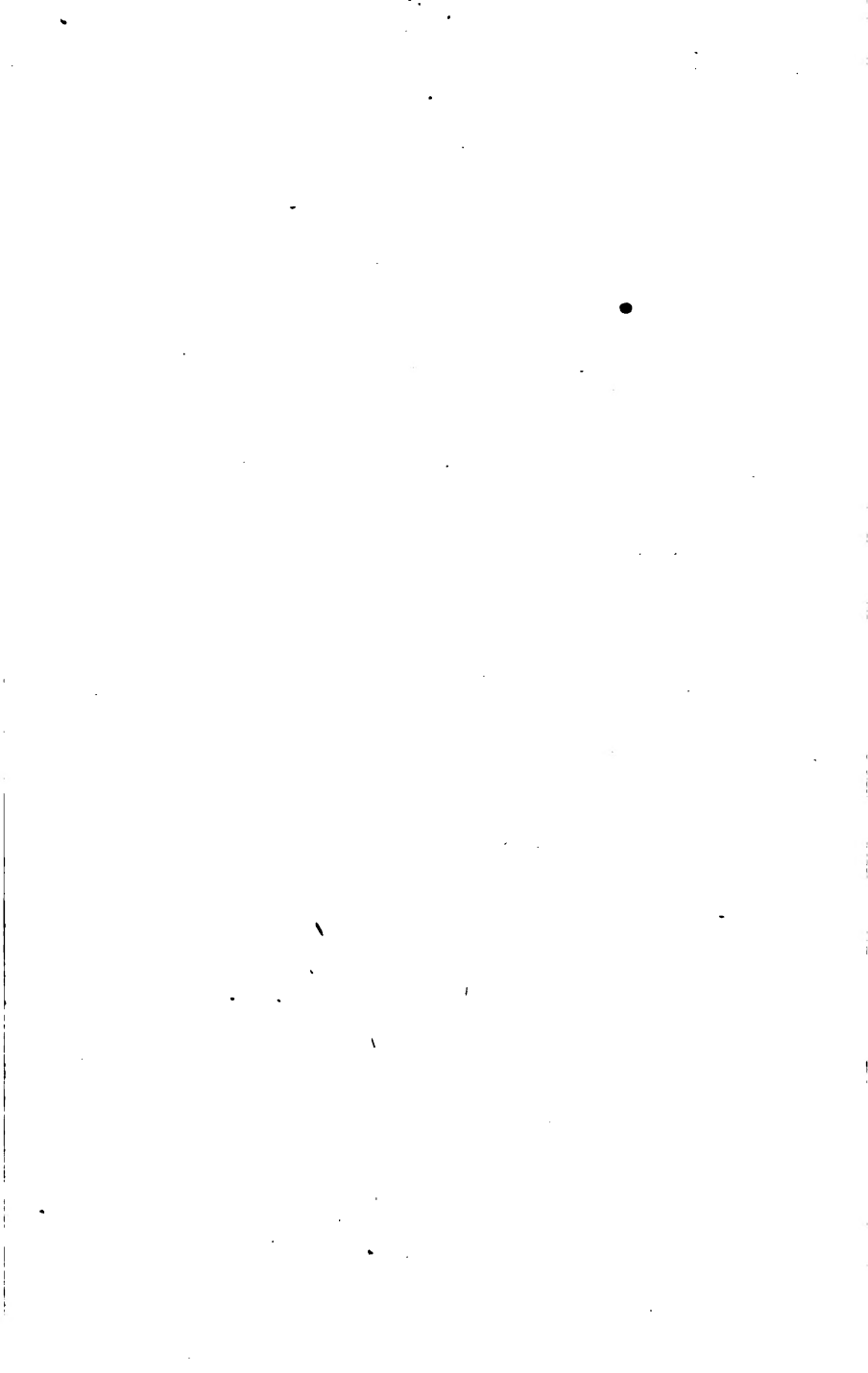
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MODEL
FOURTH READER,

IN TWO PARTS,

FOR INTERMEDIATE AND HIGHER GRADES.

BY

J. RUSSELL WEBB,

AUTHOR OF NORMAL READERS, ANALYTICAL FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD
READERS, WORD METHOD, ETC. ETC.



CHICAGO:
GEO. SHERWOOD & CO.

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PREFACE.

THIS book completes the Model Series of Readers. It is not designed to be, in the technical sense, a work on Elocution, but a Reader for the intermediate and higher classes in public schools. Its selections cover a very wide range both in grade and variety, and furnish abundant means for thorough elocutionary training.

It is more than a mere Reader. It is designed also to help train and mold the children into intelligent, earnest, noble men and women. It recognizes that, primarily, objects (in the broadest sense of the term) suggest ideas; that ideas suggest thoughts, which are hid away in the soul, and largely constitute the man. "As a man thinketh, so is he." Every man manifests himself through words; acts are but words.

Words are thought-shells. Each man, for himself, freights and sends them forth into the world: may be, to scatter good seed on good soil, there to root and gather to themselves other elements, and thus as living THINGS to develop and grow till they fill and beautify the world; may be, to scatter bad seed, which shall develop into the deadly Upas and transform the natural beauty into living death, or, it may be, to scatter no seed, to fall harmless, to lie unbroken, with "contents unknown," as dead weights—as useless incumbrances.

Every man's soul is a reservoir more or less filled with seeds, which he sows broadcast on the fruitful soil of childhood—the good, or the bad, as his own heart shall prompt, or his indifference allow. But every man sows—must sow. The seed sown, the effect produced, depend on the sower, and he, himself, largely, almost wholly, depends on, or rather is made up of, the influences which surrounded him during his own growth. This is the natural law of development, and its truth has been reduced to a precept having the authority of a command, to wit: "Train up a child in the way he should go." To this command is added, as a hope anchor to hold to persevering obedience, "and when he is old he will not depart from it." On this law rest the hopes—the fears—of the world. Be the training what it may—good or bad—the law is unchangeable—the result is sure.

To develop a noble man or woman, noble patterns must be given to love and follow, correct teachings to guide, and sweet influences to mold. The sceptered king is not to be the monarch of the next generation—the ruler of the centuries to come,—but the teacher of to-day. What power, what responsibility, what hope, is his!

Impressed with these truths, I have here sought to instill into the minds and hearts of the children love of kindred, home and country; to expand that love till it shall not only recognize a common humanity in man, but a common right to sympathy and kindness of every thing that hath breath; that the crawling worm, even, as well as our neighbor, has rights that we are bound to respect; and thus I have endeavored to reverse the rule that man's inhumanity makes countless creatures mourn. With scarcely an exception, each selection has a distinct object to accomplish—a lesson in science, facts, sentiments or morals, to teach. In these lessons I have sought to instruct, to inspire, to capacitate, to mold—in short, to develop the children into noble men and women, who, themselves, acting as centers of influence, shall hereafter mold others, who in their turn shall aid in the work of human regeneration, and in restoring to man his original likeness, which, when God saw, "Behold, it was *VERY GOOD*."

And thus I have sought to help the teacher govern the world.

CHICAGO, *February 19, 1876.*

J. RUSSELL WEBB.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PART FIRST.

NO. OF SELECTION.		PAGE.
I.	The Two Rules.....	13
II.	How the Rules Worked.....	14
III.	The Two Rules Adopted.....	16
IV.	Angry Words*.....	18
V.	A Lesson in Natural History.....	19
VI.	Politeness in Children.....	21
VII.	Little Things*.....	24
VIII.	The Nests of Birds.....	24
IX.	Hide, Birdie, Hide*.....	26
X.	Evaporation..... <i>Adam Stwin</i> (adapted)	27
XI.	The Noblest Courage is the Courage to Do Right.....	30
XII.	Waiting for Something to Turn Up*..... <i>Alice Cary</i>	32
XIII.	The Owl.....	33
XIV.	Cast in a Line.....	33
XV.	Making Tracks.....	35
XVI.	Nell's Chickens*..... <i>L. G. Warner</i>	36
XVII.	Perseverance Wins.....	38
XVIII.	Capt. William Haverly (subject concluded).....	40
XIX.	The Monkey Family.....	42
XX.	The Prize Medal..... <i>S. Anna Frost</i>	44
XXI.	The Crow and the Fox*.....	46
XXII.	How does the Stone get into old Tea-kettles?.....	47
XXIII.	The Bird of Paradise..... <i>Harper's Magazine</i>	51
XXIV.	Grace Darling.....	51
XXV.	Wink*..... <i>Christian Union</i>	53
XXVI.	Fire-Screens..... <i>Lucy J. Rider</i>	55
XXVII.	Fire-Screens (concluded)..... " " "	57
XXVIII.	Alphabet of Proverbs.....	59
XXIX.	Sing Lays that Gladden*..... <i>Harper's Weekly</i>	59
XXX.	The Dog's Revenge..... <i>Olive Thorne</i>	61
XXXI.	The Dog's Revenge (concluded)..... " "	63
XXXII.	Wonders of the Sea.....	64
XXXIII.	A Winter Night*..... <i>Louise V. Boyd</i>	65
XXXIV.	The Carrying Trade..... <i>Our Young Folks</i>	67
XXXV.	The Carrying Trade (concluded).... " " "	69

XXXVI.	The Birds' Petition.....	72
XXXVII.	Things to be Remembered.....	74
XXXVIII.	Labor*.....	75
XXXIX.	The Contrast, or Mary and Jane..... <i>Moore</i>	76
XL.	Peter begins to Study Botany.....	78
XLI.	How Leo became a Pauper.... <i>Our Dumb Animals</i>	83
XLII.	A Deed and a Word*..... <i>Charles Mackay</i>	84
XLIII.	Rice.	85
XLIV.	Success in Life.....	87
XLV.	Work*..... <i>Alice Cary</i>	91
XLVI.	The Boy who was not ashamed of Ridicule.....	93
XLVII.	The Boy who was not ashamed of Ridicule (concluded)	94
XLVIII.	Cork	97
XLIX.	The Sparrows' Christmas Feast*.... <i>Celia Thaxter</i>	98
L.	My First Fishing..... <i>John G. Whittier</i>	100
LI.	The Cost of a Pocket Knife.....	102
LII.	Macaulay's Mother..... <i>Lord Macaulay</i>	104
LIII.	The Orphan's Prayer*..... <i>Rhode Island Patriot</i>	105
LIV.	How Nails are Made..... <i>Harper's Bazar</i>	108
LV.	Read that Again, Jack..... <i>Mrs. M. J. Mallary</i>	110
LVI.	Smile when'er you Can*.....	112
LVII.	The Little Match-seller..... <i>Hans Andersen</i>	114
LVIII.	Fulton's First Steamboat..... <i>Robert Fulton</i>	117
LIX.	The Two Travelers and the Oyster*....	119
LX.	The Faithful Indian..... <i>The American Planter</i>	120
LXI.	Bears.....	123
LXII.	The Fox in the Well*..... <i>John T. Trowbridge</i>	124
LXIII.	What to Read, and How..... <i>Joseph Alden</i>	126
LXIV.	Value of Birds..... <i>J. W. Mell</i>	128
LXV.	The Skater's Song*..... <i>Luella Clark</i>	130
LXVI.	Captain Hardy and Nathan.....	130
LXVII.	Gall-Nuts.....	134
LXVIII.	The Prairie on Fire*..... <i>Phoebe Cary</i>	135
LXIX.	Daniel Webster on Woodchucks.....	137
LXX.	The Stinging Tree..... <i>Cassell's Illustrated Travels</i>	139
LXXI.	Whittling—A Yankee Portrait*.... <i>John Pierpont</i>	141
LXXII.	Coal Mines and the Safety Lamp.....	142
LXXIII.	Whittier's Boyhood Home. <i>Butterworth in St. Nicholas</i>	144
LXXIV.	Our State*....	147
LXXV.	The Baobab Tree..... <i>Wonders of Vegetation</i>	148
LXXVI.	The Two Foxes..... <i>German Translation</i>	149
LXXVII.	Story of John Jobson and his Rat*.... <i>S. H. Browne</i>	150
LXXVIII.	A Singular Adventure	152
LXXIX.	Same Subject (concluded)... .. “ “	154

LXXX.	The Compass, the Lighthouse, and the Life-Boat..	156
LXXXI.	Nobody's Child*.....	<i>Picture Magazine</i> 158
LXXXII.	The Discontented Pendulum.....	<i>Jane Taylor</i> 159
LXXXIII.	Eider-Down.....	<i>Manual of Commerce</i> 162
LXXXIV.	Farmer John*.....	<i>J. T. Trowbridge</i> 164
LXXXV.	Rail Roads.....	166
LXXXVI.	The Bright Side*.....	170
LXXXVII.	How a Fly Walks on the Ceiling.....	171
LXXXVIII.	The Sparrow's Nest on the Rafter Beam.	<i>J. Holmes</i> 175
LXXXIX.	Do the Duty that Lieth Nearest thy Hand*.....	177
XC.	Turning the Grindstone.....	<i>Benjamin Franklin</i> 178
XCI.	The Atlantic Cable.....	179
XCII.	Saint Jonathan*.....	<i>J. G. Saxe</i> 182
XCIII.	She has Outlived her Usefulness.....	184
XCIV.	The Money Panic.....	188
XCV.	The Life-Boat*.....	191
XCVI.	History of a School Desk as told by Itself.....	192
XCVII.	The Happy Family.....	<i>Elihu Burritt</i> 195
XCVIII.	Evening Song of the Tyrolese Peasant*	<i>F.D. Hemans</i> 196
XCIX.	The Humming-Bird.....	<i>Oliver Goldsmith</i> 198
C.	Buds, Flowers and Fruits.....	<i>Home and Abroad</i> 200
CI.	Giving*.....	204
CII.	The Town Pump.....	<i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i> 204
CIII.	Excel.....	206
CIV.	Twenty Years Ago*.....	207
CV.	Bunker Hill Monument.....	<i>Edward Everett</i> 209
CVI.	The Stomach.....	<i>London Horse Book</i> 211
CVII.	The Captain's Daughter*.....	<i>James T. Fields</i> 214
CVIII.	The Two Brothers.....	215
CIX.	The Beef Lawsuit.....	216
CX.	The Beggar's Petition*.....	217
CXI.	Washington and the Poor Widow.....	219
CXII.	A Good Life*.....	224

PART SECOND.

I.	Reading.....	<i>Lindley Murray</i> 225
II.	Emphasis in Reading.....	" " 226
III.	Position in Reading.....	227
IV.	Extracts to Illustrate Variety of Expression.....	228
V.	The Nature of True Eloquence...	<i>Daniel Webster</i> 230
VI.	The Village Blacksmith*.....	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> 231
VII.	I must do the Churning.....	233

VIII.	How to Read.....	Noah Porter	235
IX.	Washington Asks Pardon.....		236
X.	The Frost*.....	Miss Hannah F. Gould	236
XI.	Sir Isaac Newton.....	Bulfinch	238
XII.	Life Compared to a River.....	Robert Hall	239
XIII.	The Ship on Fire*.....	Charles Mackay	240
XIV.	Old Things.....		242
XV.	The Rain.....		243
XVI.	The Old Oaken Bucket*.....	Samuel Woodworth	244
XVII.	The Iron Age.....	Journal of Mines	245
XVIII.	Pleasant Homes.....	J. G. Holland	246
XIX.	The Home of my Childhood*...	Graham's Magazine	248
XX.	Words Fitly Spoken.....	Extracts	249
XXI.	The History of Postage Stamps.....	St. Nicholas	251
XXII.	The Daisy*.....	James Montgomery	252
XXIII.	The Structure of Birds.....		254
XXIV.	A Touching Plea for Birds... Henry Bergh (adapted)		257
XXV.	Sowing*		258
XXVI.	The World we Live in.....	T. De Witt Talmadge	259
XXVII.	Scene from the Little Merchant... Maria Edgeworth		261
XXVIII.	Clear the Way*.....		263
XXIX.	Iceland.....	Picture Gallery of Nations	265
XXX.	Life in Russia.....	Marshall Jewell	267
XXXI.	Beautiful Hands*.....		268
XXXII.	Androcles and the Lion.....	T. Day	269
XXXIII.	How to Move an Audience.....	Herries	271
XXXIV.	The Old Barn*.....	Alfred B. Street	272
XXXV.	The Shell on the Shore.....	English Magazine	275
XXXVI.	Fidelity Rewarded.....		276
XXXVII.	The Three Bells*.....	John G. Whittier	279
XXXVIII.	Decisive Integrity.....	William Wirt	281
XXXIX.	The Petrified Forests of California.....		283
XL.	The King's Picture*.....		285
XLI.	An End of all Perfection.....	Lydia H. Sigourney	286
XLII.	Ossian's Address to the Sun		289
XLIII.	Auction Extraordinary*.....	Lucretia Davidson	290
XLIV.	The Mocking Bird of America	J. J. Audubon	291
XLV.	The Mocking Bird's Song*.....	J. R. Drake	293
XLVI.	The American Indian.....	Charles Sprague	295
XLVII.	Nicholas Nickleby Seeking for a Situation.. Dickens		296
XLVIII.	Tell me, ye Winged Winds*.....	Charles Mackay	301
XLIX.	The Bobolink.....	Washington Irving	302
L.	The Two Sisters*.....	Felicia D. Hemans	304
LI.	Branches or Types of Animals.....		308

LII.	Precepts.....	<i>Sir Matthew Hale</i>	310
LIII.	The Solitary Reaper*	<i>Wm. Wordsworth</i>	311
LIV.	A Fable.....	<i>Theodore Parker</i>	312
LV.	Cheerfulness		313
LVI.	Better than Gold*.....	<i>Alexander Smart</i>	315
LVII.	Home A Mother's Love	<i>Albert Barnes</i>	316
LVIII.	Gil Blas and the Old Archbishop...A. R. LeSage		318
LIX.	Charcoal's Story*.....	<i>Happy Hours</i>	322
LX.	Sponge.....	<i>Manual of Commerce</i>	323
LXI.	Small Beginnings not to be Despised.....		326
LXII.	An April Day*.....	<i>Geoffrey Chaucer</i>	329
LXIII.	Death of Alexander Hamilton	<i>Pres. Nott</i>	330
LXIV.	The Grave of Aaron Burr.....		332
LXV.	Ring Out, Wild Bells*.....	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	334
LXVI.	An Army of Monkeys.....	<i>Lieut. Reid</i>	335
LXVII.	Enthusiasm Necessary to Success.....	<i>Prof. W. Mathews</i>	338
LXVIII.	Spring*.....	<i>Mary Howitt</i>	339
LXIX.	God only can Satisfy our Affections.....	<i>W. E. Channing</i>	340
LXX.	Paper.....		341
LXXI.	The Winds*.....	<i>Hannah F. Gould</i>	344
LXXII.	A Curtain Lecture of Mrs. Caudle.....	<i>Douglas Jerrold</i>	346
LXXIII.	Educated Observers	<i>Hearth and Home</i>	349
LXXIV.	Longing*.....	<i>James Russell Lowell</i>	351
LXXV.	Appetite.....	<i>Horace Mann</i>	352
LXXVI.	Water-Spouts		354
LXXVII.	Solitude*.....	<i>William Cowper</i>	355
LXXVIII.	Nothing Lives for Itself Alone.....	<i>John Todd</i>	357
LXXIX.	The Stranger on the Sill*.....	<i>T. B. Read</i>	360
LXXX.	The Sensitive Author.....	<i>R. B. Sheridan</i>	361
LXXXI.	Sorrow for the Dead	<i>Washington Irving</i>	365
LXXXII.	Hymn of the Churchyard*.....	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	368
LXXXIII.	Soliloquy of King Richard III.....	<i>Wm. Shakespeare</i>	369
LXXXIV.	Origin of Yankee Doodle.....		370
LXXXV.	How the United States came to be called Uncle Sam.....		372
LXXXVI.	Niagara Falls*.....	<i>J. S. Buckingham</i>	373
LXXXVII.	Death of Absalom.....	<i>Bible — Willis</i>	376
LXXXVIII.	Macaroni and Vermicelli.....	<i>Samuel Woodworth</i>	379
LXXXIX.	Oratory as an Art.	<i>Sheridan Knowles</i>	381
XC.	Passing Away*.....	<i>John Pierpont</i>	383
XCI.	Choice Extracts.....	<i>Pope, Blair and others</i>	385
XCII.	The Bell of Justice.....	<i>poetry by Longfellow</i>	387
XCIII.	The Speech of Brutus.....	<i>Shakespeare</i>	389
XCIV.	Antony's Oration over Cæsar's Body*.....	<i>Shakespeare</i>	390
XCV.	Selling Old Things.....	<i>Century</i>	393

XCVI.	Tell's Address to the Mountains* <i>Sheridan Knowles</i>	395
XCVII.	The Authors of our Liberty <i>Geo. H. Curtis</i>	396
XCVIII.	Give me Liberty or give me Death. <i>Patrick Henry</i>	398
XCIX.	Imagined Speech of John Adams. <i>Daniel Webster</i>	402
C.	Independence Bell, 1776.....	405
CI.	Declaration of Independence..... <i>Thomas Jefferson</i>	407
CII.	The First Declaration of Independence.....	413
CIII.	The American Flag* <i>Joseph R. Drake</i>	414
CIV.	The National Flag..... <i>Charles Sumner</i>	416
CV.	The Star Spangled Banner*..... <i>F. S. Key</i>	417
CVI.	Emigration for our Interest..... <i>Patrick Henry</i>	419
CVII.	Love of Country a Cardinal Virtue*... <i>Sir W. Scott</i>	421
CVIII.	Progress of Mind* <i>Sidney Dyer</i>	422
CIX.	Self-Culture..... <i>E. H. Chapin</i> (adapted)	423
CX.	Transition*.....	425
CXI.	Our Wondrous Atmosphere.....	426
CXII.	Typography—Origin and Progress .. <i>J. W. Russell</i>	428
CXIII.	Song of the Railroad* <i>Chas. T. Wolfe</i>	432
CXIV.	The Evils of War <i>Henry Clay</i>	433
CXV.	The Ship and the Sea-Gull*.... <i>British Workman</i>	435
CXVI.	A Storm on the Ocean..... <i>Archbishop Hughes</i>	437
CXVII.	An Incident of the Sea..... <i>Washington Irving</i>	440
CXVIII.	The Ship "City of Boston"*..... <i>Will Carleton</i>	441
CXIX.	The Time to Work..... <i>Henry T. Miller</i>	443
CXX.	Battle of Waterloo* <i>Lord Byron</i>	445
CXXI.	Death of Little Paul..... <i>Charles Dickens</i>	447
CXXII.	There are no Dead*..... <i>Sir Edward Bulwer</i>	450
CXXIII.	My Mother's Bible*..... <i>George P. Morris</i>	451
CXXIV.	Phillips on America.....	452
CXXV.	Rienzi's Address to the Romans* ... <i>Miss Mitford</i>	453
CXXVI.	The Church Bell..... <i>Cardinal Wiseman</i>	455
CXXVII.	Grattan's Reply to Corry.....	456
CXXVIII.	Three Grains of Corn*..... <i>Miss Edwards</i>	458
CXXIX.	Room at the Top..... <i>J. G. Holland</i>	460
CXXX.	Religious Liberty..... <i>Daniel O'Connell</i>	463
CXXXI.	Song of Steam*..... <i>George W. Cutler</i>	464
CXXXII.	Address at Gettysburgh..... <i>Abraham Lincoln</i>	466
CXXXIII.	Cover Them Over* <i>Will Carleton</i>	467
CXXXIV.	The Future of the Republic..... <i>Judge Story</i>	470
CXXXV.	Curfew shall not Toll To-night* .. <i>Rosa Hartwick</i>	472
CXXXVI.	Universal Education <i>Horace Greeley</i>	475
CXXXVII.	God's First Temples*..... <i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	478
CXXXVIII.	A Summer Night*..... <i>Philip James Bailey</i>	482
	Word Lessons—Twenty-two pages.....	483-504

INTRODUCTION.

If the training of the pupil has so far been in harmony with the teaching of the first three numbers of this series of Readers, little additional direction will be necessary here; if it has not, the application of those principles while teaching from this book will best insure satisfactory results. Specific rules can not make good readers. Expression is (or ought to be) the outward development of internal emotion — nature's method of telling secrets. Rules may be useful as helps, but they can not bind the earnest soul. Its pent-up fires will burst forth uncontrolled by them, seeking only to burn its own thoughts into the souls of others. Any *conscious* attempt to follow rules necessarily subordinates thought to form and weakens the effect. We can not look at the *glass* and at the same time distinctly see the *view* beyond.

A clear understanding of the matter to be read, a full appreciation of the thoughts to be expressed, a strong, earnest desire that the hearer should have a like appreciation of them, will naturally guide the voice and manner aright in giving the thoughts utterance. The Rule, then, which outranks, which embraces, all other rules, and without which all other rules are worthless, may be stated in these words:

COMPREHEND AND APPRECIATE THE THOUGHTS TO BE UTTERED — FEEL A NECESSITY THAT THE HEARERS SHALL AS COMPLETELY COMPREHEND AND APPRECIATE THEM.

Add to this, clear and correct pronunciation, and you have the secret of the "beginning and end" of true eloquence.

Of necessity it follows that to secure improvement in the art of reading, the lessons must be carefully studied, — studied so as to become familiar with the *forms* of the words, with the *meaning* of the words, with the construction of the sentences, with the meaning of the sentences, and with the methods employed by the author to develop or embody his thoughts.

The analysis of the thought, by means of questions, is important as an aid to securing this understanding and appreciation of the subject matter. Preparing abstracts of the thoughts and incidents narrated, or writing them out more fully, are also important aids to the same end, while, in addition, they train to other results of no less importance.*

Let these things not be neglected. Let every lesson be subjected to one, at least, of these modes of treatment.

To aid the teacher in familiarizing the pupils with the words, those words not found in the first three Readers are placed in the back part of this book, where the new words of each lesson are placed by themselves, in the order of the paragraphs in which they occur, syllabicated, and pronunciation indicated by accent and diacritical marks. The marking is mostly confined to the *accented* syllable. The *italic* letters are silent; so are the unmarked vowels when two or more come together (one being marked), and the final *e*.

* See suggestions in introductions of Model Second and Third Readers.

KEY TO THE PRONUNCIATION OF THE WORD LESSONS.*

VOWEL SOUNDS.

VOCALS.

SOUND AS MARKED	WORD HEARD IN	PHONETICALLY SPOelled	SOUND AS MARKED	WORD HEARD IN	PHONETICALLY SPOelled
¹ { a	ate	at	¹¹ { ʌ	all	all
{ e	eight	at	{ ô	nor	nar
² { ē	peak	pēk	¹² ʌ	far	fār
{ ee	peek	pēk	¹³ { ʌ	fast	fast
{ ī	pique	pēk	{ (nearly like o in on.)		
³ { i	height	hit	¹⁴ { ʌ	fare	fār
{ y	rhyme	rīm	{ ê	there	thār
⁴ { ō	note	nōt	¹⁵ { ē	earth	ērth
{ ow	known	nōn	{ i	bird	bērd
⁵ { u	mule	mūl	{ ū	surd	sērd
{ ew	knew	nū			
⁶ ă	an	ăn	¹⁶ { o	do	dō
⁷ ẽ	end	ënd	{ oo	boom	bōm
⁸ { i	in	in	{ u	rule	rōl
{ y	sylph	silf	¹⁷ { u	full	fūl
⁹ { ō	on	ōn	{ o	wolf	wūlf
{ ʌ	what	whōt	{ oo	good	gūd
¹⁰ { ū	us	ūs	¹⁸ oi and oy in oil, boy		
{ ô	dove	dūv	¹⁹ ou and ow in out, now		

CONSONANT SOUNDS.

SUB-VOCALS.

¹ b	tab	tāb	⁹ { x	exist	ēxist
² d	mad	mād	{ (like gs eggs.)		
³ g	rag	rāg	¹⁰ w	weave	wēv
⁴ { j	jest	jēst	¹¹ r	rough	rūf
{ g	gem	jem	¹² l	load	lōd
⁵ v	vine	vīn	¹³ m	might	mīt
⁶ fh	thy	thī	¹⁴ n	nought	nāt
⁷ { z	zeal	zēl	¹⁵ { n	think	thīnk
{ s	was	wōz	{ ng	sing	sīn
⁸ z	azure	(āzhūr)	¹⁶ y	yoke	yōk

* See also last paragraph on page 9.

ASPIRATES.

SOUND AS MARKED	WORD HEARD IN	PHONETICALLY SPOelled	SOUND AS MARKED	WORD HEARD IN	PHONETICALLY SPOelled
¹ p	rap	răp	⁸ f	fun	fŭn
² t	lot	lŏt	⁹ th	thin	thIn
³ { k	kite	kit	⁷ { s	sought	səŭt
{ e	cat	kăt	{ c (or ç)	cent	sĕnt
{ eh	chaos	kăŏs	⁸ sh	should	shŭd
{ ck	rack	răk	⁹ x	box	bŏx
⁴ { q	bouquet	bŏkă	¹⁰ wh	why	hwI
{ ch	church	chŭrch	¹¹ h	hope	hŏp

It will be seen, by the above Table of Sounds, that in several instances the same sound is represented by more than one character, as is the case with the sounds represented by

ā, ē, ī, ō, ū; ı, ȳ, ŭ, ȳ, â, ẽ, ȳ, ȳ, oi, ow, and j, z, ng, k and s.

It will also be noticed that *every vowel* has *several* sounds assigned to it. A has 7; e, 5; ı, 4; o, 6; u, 5; y, 2. The consonants are more uniform, but several of these,—g, s, c, x, z, th, ch and some others,—also represent more than one sound. This variableness renders spelling unnecessarily complex and the pronunciation of written words very uncertain. To remedy this confusion I would assign to each sound a character or letter (one always representing the other), and use no silent or unnecessary letters. Spelling words would then be simply translating them into their sound-marks (letters), and pronouncing them, simply reversing the operation.

ARTICULATION.

Distinctness and accuracy in enunciation and pronunciation are the first essentials to good oral reading. To draw well the hand must be skillfully trained in the use of the pencil. To articulate distinctly the organs which form the voice must, in most persons, should in all, have special training to this end. Distinct, forcible utterance of the elementary sounds, both vocally and in whisper, separately and combined, in forming complete words and in pronouncing sentences, are some of the means within the reach of every teacher for securing distinct articulation. Utter the vowel sounds thus:

ā, ā, ȳ, ȳ; ē, ẽ; ı, ı; ō, ȳ, ȳ; ū, ŭ, ȳ; oi, ow.

To give the voice greater flexibility and control, sometimes utter the sounds with the rising slide, and sometimes with the falling slide; also above and below the natural key or pitch of the voice. Give the voice great range in volume and key. In whatever tone or key the utterance is given, let it be severely distinct and correct.

Unite the consonants with the vowels, first singly, thus:

bā, bā, bȳ, bȳ; bē, bē; bı, bı; bō, bȳ, bȳ; bŭ, bŭ, bŭ; boy, bow.

Alternate the subvocal and aspirate correlatives, thus:

bā pā, bā pā, bȳ pȳ, bȳ pȳ; bē pē, bē pē; bı pı, bı pı; bō pō, bȳ pȳ, bȳ pȳ; bŭ pŭ, bŭ pŭ, bŭ pŭ; boy poy; bow pow: etc.

Sometimes place the vowels before the consonants, thus:

ā, āl, āl, āl; ēl, ēl; īl, īl; ōl, ōl, ōl; ūl, ūl, ūl: etc.

Use two or more consonants, sometimes before and sometimes after the vowel sounds, and sometimes before and after, at same time, thus:

blā, blā, etc.; ask, ask, etc.; blask, blask, blask, blask; etc.

PRONUNCIATION.

Be careful in pronouncing words not to suppress a sound, as ev'ry for every; nor add a sound, as lawr for law; nor to substitute sounds, as holler for hollow; and do not fail to give the proper accent which is necessary not only to correct but to easy pronunciation. If the pupil habituates himself to distinctness and correctness in the pronunciation of separate words, when translating thoughts into words he need have no care for either—they will take care of themselves; or, rather, the trained organs of speech will take care of them.

EMPHASIS.

The reading of some children reminds one of boys walking on stilts. There is no play, no graceful movement of the voice, but a monotonous sameness, regardless of the relative importance of the words. To correct this habit, neither specific directions for laying the emphasis, nor imitation, can be relied upon for a radical cure. The true corrective is elementary training in first principles—in developing in the child's mind the thought and securing oral expression unprompted by the written page. (See first three numbers of this series.) Similar ideas, clothed in identical words, would naturally take similar expression. Nearly every one would read the following sentences as marked:

I am charged with *ambition*. The charge is *true*, and I *GLORY* in its truth. Whoever achieved any thing *great* who was *NOT* ambitious? *ALL greatness* is born of *ambition*. . . What is *done* can not be *undone*. . . I did not say that he *lied*, but that he was *mistaken*.

INFLECTION.

Direct questions, which can be answered by yes or no, take the rising inflection; while the answers take the falling. Other questions and positive statements take the falling. Ex.: Are you sick? Yes'. . . Are you desirous that your talents and abilities may procure you respect? Display them not ostentatiously to public view'. . . Who has a good family horse to sell? How old is he? . . . I will return to-morrow'. I must see the man—I will see him'.

OPPOSITE ideas require unlike inflections. Ex.: We do not call for justice', but for mercy'. . . 'Tis industry', not idleness', intelligence', not ignorance' that insures success. . . By honor' and dishonor', by evil report' and good report'; as deceivers' and yet true'; as unknown' and yet known'. . . Homer was the greater genius',—Virgil, the better artist'; in the one' we most admire the man', in the other' the work'.

OR used *disjunctively* is preceded by the rising and followed by the falling inflection. Ex.: Is it lawful to do good', or to do evil'? to save life'? or to destroy it'?

OR used *conjunctively* has the same inflection after as before it. Ex.: To believe the Bible true', what harm could follow'? Would it render princes more tyrannical', or subjects more ungovernable',—the rich more insolent', or the poor more disorderly'? Would it make worse parents' or children', husbands' or wives', masters' or servants', friends' or neighbors'? Or would it not make men more virtuous', and consequently more happy' in every situation'?

WEBB'S

MODEL FOURTH READER.

PART FIRST.

I.—THE TWO RULES.

1. "Here are two rules for you," said Irving, looking up from the paper he was reading. Irving was speaking to a younger brother, who was sitting by the fire, playing with his dog.

2. "Well, what are they?" asked Howard, stopping in his play and looking up into Irving's face.

3. "The first rule is, 'NEVER GET VEXED WITH ANY THING YOU CAN PREVENT.'

"The second rule is, 'NEVER GET VEXED WITH ANY THING YOU CAN NOT PREVENT.'"

4. "Those are pretty good rules, Irving, and I should not wonder if they would be as useful to you as to me," said Howard, archly.

5. "May be they would," replied Irving, "and I think it would do us both good to follow them. Suppose we try? What say you, Howard?"

6. "I think they take a pretty wide sweep. They leave no chance for one to get vexed at all," said Howard.

7. "That might be an objection to them, if people were wiser, or better, or happier for getting vexed; but as they are not, I do not think it is."

8. "It is foolish, I know, to be vexed at any thing that might have been prevented as well as not," said Howard.

9. "And it is no less foolish to be angry at what one can not prevent," added Irving. "Let us try to follow these rules. We can, I am sure, if we help each other."

10. "I agree to it," said Howard, who was generally ready for any thing that Irving proposed.

II.—HOW THE RULES WORKED.

1. The boys arose the next morning fully determined to follow their new rules; but Howard soon surprised Irving by saying:

"There, now, that is too bad! We shall lose every cabbage in the garden, and the grape vines will all be torn down, too."

2. "Well, Howard, what is the matter now?" said Irving.

3. "Why, Mr. Smith's cows are in the road, and the gate is open. Every one of them will go into the garden. I think it is too bad that he should let his cows trouble his neighbors so."

4. "O, is that all?" said Irving. "I thought that something awful was about to happen. It seems to me that I heard a little boy say last night that it was foolish to be vexed at any thing that could be prevented."

5. "I see, I see," said Howard; "this is one of the things that can be helped;" and he ran off and shut the gate in time to keep the cows out of the garden. "It does look foolish," said Howard, when he came back, "to get angry at what can so easily be prevented. Thank you, Irving, for helping me see it."

6. "O, that is too bad!" exclaimed Irving, as he was preparing for school.

7. "What is too bad, Irving?" asked Howard.

8. "Why, that my shoe-string should break when I am in such a hurry."

9. "It is provoking, but this is one of the things that can not now be prevented. The string is broken, but there is another one in your drawer, upstairs, that will make it all right in a minute."

10. "But we shall be late at school."

11. "No, not if you hurry. It will take but a moment to get the string and put it into your shoe; and then by walking a little faster we will be sure to be at school in time."

12. "That is true," said Irving; and in a moment after he was scampering off to school much happier than he would have been had it not been for the rule.

13. During the day several opportunities occurred for putting in practice the new rules. The last one was this: In the evening, Irving, while cutting a hard piece of wood, broke the blade of his knife.

14. "It can not be helped," said Howard, "so you must not be angry about it."

15. "It might have been helped," said Irving, "but as it is done, I can do better than to fret about it. It will be a good lesson to me, and it may save a knife of much more value."

16. "Your rules work well," said their mother.

17. "Yes, mother, they have helped us a great deal to-day," said Irving. "Shall we try them to-morrow, Howard?"

18. All day the boys had been compelled to watch themselves very closely to keep from getting vexed; but it was agreed to try the rules the next day.

III.—THE TWO RULES ADOPTED.

1. The next morning, while Howard was seeing how well he could write in his new copy-book, his mother called him to do an errand for her.

2. While he was gone, his sister Olive took the pen to write her name in a book which her father had bought for her the day before. In doing it a drop of ink fell from the pen onto the page where Howard had been writing.

3. Just then Howard returned, and, as he saw what had been done, he exclaimed, "O, Olive, you have made a great blot on my book!"

4. "I did not mean to do it, Howard, and I am very sorry for it," said Olive. But Howard was angry, and I fear would have answered his sister very roughly, had not Irving just then come up and touched him, saying as he did so — "Take care, Howard; the thing is done, you know, and it can not be helped now."

5. It was hard for Howard to keep back the angry words, but he did; and soon he said, pleasantly,—"I know it was an accident, and I do not blame you any, Olive. Accidents will happen, I suppose." And that very day Howard had occasion to know more about it, for he tore his coat while climbing over a fence.

6. "O, now, that is too bad!" he said.

7. "But it can not be helped," said Irving, "and it can be mended."

8. "Yes, it can be mended, but mother has so much to do that I do not like to ask her to do it."

9. "Ask Olive, then," said Irving.

10. Howard knew that Olive very much disliked such work, and at first he was not disposed to ask her, but he finally decided to do so.

11. The boys found Olive busily at work on a piece of embroidery. Howard looked at Irving when he saw how his sister was employed, and was inclined to turn back, but Irving said, "Ask her."

12. "What do you want?" said Olive, in a pleasant voice.

13. "I am almost afraid to tell you," said Howard. "It seems too bad to ask you to leave your work and do a job for me which I know you dislike."

14. "You are a long while in getting at what you want. I did not know that I was such a terrible creature that you were afraid of me. Come now, out with it," said Olive, laughing.

15. Howard held up his arm and showed the great rent he had made in his coat. "Well," said Olive, cheerfully, "take it off, and I will do my best to make it all right again."

16. "You are a dear, good sister," said Howard. "When I saw what you were doing, I did not want to ask you to mend it."

17. "And my good nature and my willingness to do it surprise you, do they? I have been thinking all day what I could do to repay you for not getting vexed at me this morning for blotting your writing book. Does this explain?"

18. "So much for our rules!" exclaimed Irving, triumphantly. "They work like a charm."

19. "What rules?" inquired Olive.

20. "We must tell Olive all about it," said Irving. Then the boys told her the two rules, and how they had been trying them, and how well they worked.

21. Olive thought they were good rules to follow, and said that she would join the boys in keeping them. The three children then adopted the rules, being fully determined to follow them all their lives.

THE TWO RULES.

First: WE WILL NOT BE VEXED WITH ANY THING WE CAN PREVENT.

Second: WE WILL NOT BE VEXED WITH ANY THING WE CAN NOT PREVENT.

22. How would you like to join this N. B. V. (never be vexed) society? I think the children will take you in; but if they will not, here are the rules, and you can start a new one for yourselves.

IV.—ANGRY WORDS.

1. Angry words! O let them never
From thy tongue unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them ere they soil the lip.
 2. Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred, far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.
 3. Angry words are rashly spoken;
Bitterest thoughts are often stirred,
And brightest links of life are broken,
By a single angry word!
-

Write your name with kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of those you come in contact with, and you will never be forgotten.

V.—A LESSON IN NATURAL HISTORY.

1. Come, my little friends, boys and girls, do not waste this fine spring weather. You can sit in the house in winter, and on rainy days. No doubt you are very busy in school, and learn a great deal from books; but take my advice, and learn something from Nature, too. Shall I tell you how to do it? One thing at a time is the rule to follow in learning.

2. You know there are animals which feel warm when you put your hand on them. Cats, dogs and birds are some of them. There are also animals which feel cold to the touch—such as fishes, turtles, lizards, toads, and frogs. This time we will study one that is cold-blooded.

3. Take a pail and a dipper, and start for the nearest frog-pond. If you live in the city, the cars or the stage will take you out to some place where there is a little pond, or a large puddle of half-stagnant water, where the frogs live. The boys who live on the outskirts of the town can tell you where to go.

4. Bend over the water, and search closely for tadpoles. A tadpole is also called a pollywog. When a tadpole is very young, it looks like one of the commas in your book; but it would not do for a comma. It is a live thing, and its tail wriggles all the time; and this is the way it pushes its body along through the water.

5. This little tadpole was once an egg—a frog's egg. A frog's egg is a very small black ball, or point, in a mass of jelly as large as a pea. The jelly faded away, and a tail grew out of the little ball and began to wriggle, and lo, the egg had become a pollywog!

6. The pollywog is a baby frog, but its mother takes no care of it. It must swim about alone, and feed itself

on what it finds in the water. This baby frog grows larger very rapidly. Every day, if you should watch him closely, you would see that he was larger than he was the day before. He grows longer and longer.

7. His head does not seem to be much separated from his body. Where his neck should be he will put out little gills, with which he breathes by letting the water pass through them, just as fishes do. When he is a little older the gills go away, and his eyes grow large enough for you to see them. Now that the gills are gone, the pollywog breathes air with his lungs.

8. Next, his body grows thicker and his tail more slender, and when he is an inch and a half or two inches long he puts out two little legs, with little feet that have five toes on each; and then he swims about with his long tail and two little legs, and grows larger and larger. In a few days more he puts out two little arms, with five fingers on each hand, and he looks very much like a lizard.

9. What do you think the tadpole does next? He waits about a week, until he has grown as large as a small frog, and then, all of a sudden, he drops his tail off and he is a frog!

10. If, when you are looking in the pond or puddle, you see a frog's egg, or a fish-like animal, swimming about, waiting for his legs to grow, or one with two legs, or a lizard-like creature — in whatever state you see the tadpole — cautiously put your dipper into the water and catch him. Then put him into your pail, with some water, and carry him home. Do not be satisfied with one; take half-a-dozen or more.

11. At home, place them in a glass dish or in an earthen one, and set the dish in the sun; but do not put it where the dog may lap up the water, or the orderly housemaid empty it out. Then day by day watch your

little captives, and you will see them grow and go through all their changes.

12. If you walk out early enough you may find the eggs or spawn. Any time during the month of June you will find tadpoles; but the sooner you go the more pleasure you will have in watching the development of the little animals. Your fathers and mothers will enjoy watching them almost as much as you will.

13. When your tadpoles have become frogs, put them into the pail, and go again out to the pond, and set your captives free. After doing all of this, I am sure that you will never forget how tadpoles become frogs.

VI.—POLITENESS IN CHILDREN.

1. How few children think it worth while to be polite to their playmates and intimate friends! By politeness, I do not mean a great deal of bowing and courtesying, but that delicate attention to the comfort of those around us that springs from a kind, generous heart.

2. This habit is acquired, not by attending "schools for manners," but by learning, very early, to yield our own little preferences and privileges to those around us, denying ourselves a thousand little gratifications for the purpose of making others happy.

3. How many children enter a room without a respectful notice of those who are older than themselves. I have seen them come in on a cold winter day, and draw their chairs before the fire in such a way that those who were sitting back could hardly feel the warmth of it, and this without any apology for such a breach of politeness.

4. Sometimes they interrupt those in the room, who are engaged in conversation, by asking some foolish

question, instead of waiting, as they should, until an opportunity is given them to speak. Then they are impolite to their playmates, and to their sisters and brothers. Instead of cheerfully assisting when their help is needed, they leave them to help themselves.

5. All this is not only an evidence of thoughtlessness and rudeness, but of selfishness, also. Such children are unwilling to deny themselves, in any way, in order to promote the comfort of those around them. Others may wait for an opportunity to speak,—others may suffer for an hour in a cold room, but they must not suffer any inconvenience whatever. Is not this selfishness?

6. Again, some boys think it beneath them to be polite to a sister,—I feel sad when I see such a boy,—but there are many who think differently. I recollect that I used to meet a fine, manly lad, last winter, drawing his little sister to school on a sled. Her rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes bore testimony that his politeness was not thrown away upon her. She would pat his cheek with her hand, and call him her kind brother.

7. He would frequently meet boys of his acquaintance, who would urge him to leave his sister, and go with them to play. He would answer them, "Yes, when I have taken little Emma to school." I never saw him impatient when he was walking with her because she could not keep up with him; and he never would run away and leave her. Do you not think that boy was a good brother and a good son?

8. He was always kind and polite to his sister, and to all. Do you think he will forget to be polite as he grows older? No, for it will become a habit with him; and these little attentions, which cost him nothing, and are so gratifying to those who receive them, will gain him many a friend.

9. Think of this, my young friends, when you are

tempted to be rude and selfish, or unkind to those about you; think how many friends your kind acts may gain, and how happy they will make those who receive them; and remember that you lose nothing by being polite.

10. Often, while you are denying yourself some little privileges in your efforts to make others happy, remember that you are laying up a rich fund of pure enjoyment for yourself—far richer and purer than all that you have sacrificed.

11. Finally, be polite and self-denying at home. Be polite and self-denying towards your parents, and your brothers and sisters. Home is the true place to cultivate good manners. It is worth more than all the “schools for manners” that have ever been established. When you retire to sleep, bid your parents, your brothers and sisters, and all, a kind “good night.” And when you meet them again the next day, greet them with a pleasant “good morning.”

12. If any one does a favor for you, thank him for it. When you are helped at the table, thank those who help you. When you wish any thing handed to you, do not say, “Give me some bread,” or “Hand me the salt;” but ask pleasantly and respectfully, “Will you please to give me some bread?” or, “Please to pass me the salt?”

13. It is these little things that make persons polite. It is the little acts of self-denial that make a happy home, and, at the same time, they render each one happy who practices them.

Every sower must one day reap

Fruit from the seed he has sown.

How carefully, then, it becomes us to keep

A watchful eye on the seed, and seek

To sow what is good, that we may not weep

To receive our own!

VII.—LITTLE THINGS.

THOUGHTS.

A thought is but a little thing,
That nobody can see;
Yet a real joy or sorrowing
That thought may come to be.

WORDS.

A word! O, what can well be less!
And yet by every one
There comes sweet peace or bitterness,
And good or ill is done.

ACTIONS.

An action! All the little deeds
That ripple through the day,
What right or wrong from each proceeds
Before they pass away!

VIII.—THE NESTS OF BIRDS.

1. How curious is the structure of the nest of the goldfinch or chaffinch! The inside of it is lined with cotton and fine silken threads, and the outside can not be sufficiently admired, though it is composed only of various species of fine moss, with which the whole surface of the nest is interwoven, and covered with the utmost art.

2. In some nests, hair, wool, and rushes, are ingeniously interwoven. In some, all the parts are firmly fastened by a thread, which the birds make of hemp, wool, hair, or more commonly of spiders' webs. Other birds, as the blackbird, after they have constructed their nest, plaster the inside with mortar, which cements the

whole together; they then stick upon it, while quite wet, some sort of moss to give it the necessary degree of warmth.

3. The nests of swallows are of a very different construction from those of other birds. They require neither wood, nor hay, nor threads; they make a kind of mortar, with which they form a neat, secure and comfortable habitation, for themselves and their family. To moisten the dust of which they build their nests, they dip their breasts in water, and shake the drops from their wet feathers upon it.

4. But the nests most worthy of admiration are those of birds which, like the oriole, suspend them with great art from the branches of trees, to secure them from the depredations of animals and insects. In general, every species of bird has its peculiar mode of building.

5. Some construct their nests in houses, and others in trees; these among the grass, and those on the ground; but always in the way that is best adapted to their security, the rearing of their young, or other objects connected with the preservation and welfare of their species.

6. It is distressing to reflect how many poor birds, who have worked so laboriously and ingeniously to construct their pretty little houses, will have to mourn over the cruel dispositions of some wicked children, who have robbed them of their nests and eggs, or taken away their young ones.

7. What would be your feelings, young friends, were some wicked men to pull down your houses, or take you away from your kind parents, and force you to swallow food you dislike, or starve? Recollect, then, that these little birds are in the same situation when deprived of their mothers, and cruelly sported with by ungrateful children.

IX.—HIDE, BIRDIE, HIDE.

1. When the clock has struck one, and the school hours
are o'er,
And, roaming the fields far and wide,
The village boys shout and play freely once more,
Deep down in your nest, birdie, hide!
2. You gather your little ones under your wing,
But the school-boys, not giving an ear
Of pity or love to the sweet notes you sing,
Will climb up and laugh at your fear.
3. You'll hear their loud breathing, and rough hands
will feel,
Then fly away sad and alone;
And when to your linden tree trembling you steal,
You'll find your poor nestlings all gone.
4. They will mourn in their cage, and without you will
die.
Then your wings quickly hide, birdie, hide,
In your nest in the leaves of the tree thick and high,
When the school-boys' shouts ring far and wide.
5. But when the sweet notes of a song greet your ear,
If the leaves scarcely stir from their rest,
If no boy's, but a little girl's, footsteps you hear,
Look fearlessly forth from your nest.
6. She dances and sings, and bounds gaily along,
Like a butterfly airy and wild;
Then, as if in a dream, stops, and hushes her song;
Of her mother, or God, dreams the child.
7. Her hair on her shoulders floats waving and free,
The brook murmurs low at her feet;

One golden curl clings to the branch of the tree
That bends down, the water to greet.

8. With finger on lip she will listen to you,
One peep at your little ones take,
For never a nestful of eggs will she view,
Lest the bird her young should forsake.
 9. Then, birdie, be fearless if near you she comes,
And warble your prettiest lay,
And watch till she scatters your dinner of crumbs
Near the tree, and goes quickly away.
 10. Hush! one o'clock strikes from the village church
tower;
Be careful, and hide, birdie, hide
Your wings in your nest in the linden-tree bower,
Ere the boys shall be at your side.
-

X.—EVAPORATION.

1. *Mother.* You have seen drops of water dancing on a hot stove, have you not?

2. *Mary.* Often. What makes them do that? Why does it not make steam, as it does when the stove is just warm?

3. *Mother.* The great heat of the iron suddenly surrounds the water-drop with a jacket of steam, which keeps the water off the iron, and prevents the heat from reaching the water rapidly. A thin layer of steam will even keep the hand from being burned when plunged into molten lead.

4. *Mary.* That does not seem possible.

5. *Mother.* But it certainly is possible. I have seen it done; indeed, I have done it myself.

6. *Mary*. What! really put your hand into melted metal?

7. *Mother*. Into melted type-metal, hot enough to set a stick on fire. If the hand is moist, the great heat converts a portion of the moisture into steam, which shuts out the heat completely, so that the melted metal feels soft and cool, like quicksilver.

8. *Mary*. I should not think it would feel cool.

9. *Mother*. It is the rapid evaporation of the moisture which produces that feeling.

10. *John*. What is that?

11. *Mother*. Rapid evaporation means that the water dries away fast, like this. [And she put a drop of water on a knife blade, and held it over the lamp till the water vanished.]

12. *John*. O, yes, I see!

13. *Mother*. It takes heat to make any thing evaporate, and if the heat comes from our bodies it makes us feel cold.

14. *Mary*. That is why one feels colder when wet, I suppose.

15. *Mother*. Precisely. I can show you with this chloroform a still more striking effect of the same kind. Let me take your hand, Mary.

16. *Mary*. It will not hurt, will it?

17. *Mother*. No. I will pour a little on the back of your hand, and then cover it with my handkerchief. How does it feel?

18. *Mary*. It burns.

19. *Mother*. How does it feel now, when I take the handkerchief off?

20. *Mary*. Very cold; cold as ice. Why is it so cold?

21. *Mother*. Because the chloroform evaporates so fast.

22. *John*. Let me try it — O, it bites like frost!

23. *Mother.* If you will get me some water, John, and if you, Mary, will get me some cotton batting, I will show you something still more wonderful.

24. [Mrs. Lewis was not kept long waiting. She poured the water into a little glass bottle, corked it up tight, and stuck a wire into the cork. Then she put another cork on the other end of the wire.]

25. *John.* What is that for?

26. *Mother.* A handle, so that you will not burn your fingers. I will now wrap the cotton batting round the vial.

27. *John.* What is that for?

28. *Mother.* To hold this chloroform, which I will now pour upon the batting.

29. *John.* Why do you do that?

30. Look sharp and you will see. You may hold the bottle over the fire now.

31. *John.* Will it explode?

32. *Mother.* No danger of that.

33. [John holds the bottle over the fire, while Mrs. Lewis stands by and moistens the batting with chloroform now and then. After awhile something goes click in the stove, which frightens him, and he draws back suddenly.]

34. *John.* I thought it was going to explode, sure.

35. *Mother.* I think our water is cooked now. You may put the vial on the table.

36. *Mary.* The vial is cracked from top to bottom.

37. *John.* That is what I heard.

38. *Mary.* Why does not the water spill?

39. *John.* It is dried up.

40. *Mother.* What do you call that? [And Mrs. Lewis chipped off the glass, and rolled something clear and hard, across the table.]

41. *Mary.* Why, I declare! It is ice!

42. *John*. Ice? [turning it over with his fingers cautiously]. So it is. Where did it come from?

43. *Mother*. Out of the bottle. You saw me take it out.

44. *John*. I know; but how did it get there?

45. *Mother*. It froze there. It was water when it went in.

46. *Mary*. Froze inside a hot stove! That is wonderful.

47. *John*. What made it freeze there?

48. *Mother*. Evaporation.

49. *John*. I should like to see it done again. {And John sucked the roll of ice as though it was a stick of candy.]

ADAM STWIN.

XI.—THE NOBLEST COURAGE IS THE COURAGE TO DO RIGHT.

1. I was sitting by a window in the second story of one of the large boarding-houses at Saratoga Springs, thinking of absent friends, when I heard shouts of children from the piazza beneath me.

"O, yes, that's capital! so we will! Come on, now! There's William Hale! Come on, William, we are going to have a ride on the Circular Railway. Come with us."

"Yes, if my mother is willing. I will run and ask her," replied William.

2. "O! O! so you must run and ask your ma! Great baby, run along to your ma! Arn't you ashamed? I didn't ask my mother." "Nor I," "Nor I," added half-a-dozen voices.

"Be a man, William," cried the first voice; "come along with us, if you do not want to be called a coward as long as you live; don't you see we are all waiting?"

3. I leaned forward to catch a view of the children, and saw William standing with one foot advanced, and his hand firmly clinched, in the midst of the group. He was a fine subject for a painter at that moment. His flushed brow, flashing eye, compressed lip, and changing cheek, all told how the word coward was rankling in his breast. "Will he indeed prove himself one by yielding to them?" thought I. It was with breathless interest I listened for his answer; for I feared that the evil principle in his heart would be stronger than the good. But no.

4. "I will not go without asking my mother," said the noble boy, his voice trembling with emotion; "and I am no coward, either. I promised her I would not leave the house without permission, and I should be a base coward if I were to tell her a wicked lie."

5. I saw him in the evening in the crowded parlor. He was walking by his mother's side, a stately matron, clad in widow's mourning. Her gentle and polished manners, and the rich, full tones of her sweet voice, showed her to be a lady of refinement and culture. It was with evident pride that she looked on her graceful boy, whose face was one of the finest I ever saw, fairly radiant with animation and intelligence.

6. Well might she be proud of such a son, one who could dare to do right when all were tempting to do wrong. I shall probably never see the brave boy again; but my heart breathed a prayer that that spirit, now so strong in its integrity, might never be sullied by worldliness and sin; never, in coming years, be tempted to do evil.

7. Then, indeed, will he be a joy to the widow's heart, a pride and an ornament to his native land. Our country needs such stout, brave hearts, that can stand fast when the whirlwind of temptation gathers thick and strong

around them ; she needs men who from infancy upward have scorned to be false and recreant to duty.

8. Would you, young friend, be a brave man, and a blessing to your country ? — be truthful, never tell a lie, or deceive in any manner ; and then, if God spares your life, you will be a stout-hearted man, a strong and fearless champion of the truth.

XII.—WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO TURN UP.

1. “And why do you throw down your hoe by the way,
As if that furrow were done?”

It was the good farmer, Bartholomew Grey,
That spoke on this wise to his son.

* * * * *

2. He had thought to have given the lad such a start
As would bring him at once to his feet ;
And he stood in the furrow, amazed, as young Bart,
Lying lazy, and smiling so sweet,

3. Replied — “The world owes me a living, you see,
And something, or sooner or late,
I’m certain as can be, will turn up for me,
And I am contented to wait !”

4. “My son,” said the farmer, “take this to your heart —
For to live in the world is to learn —

“The good things that turn up are, for the most part,
The things we ourselves help to turn !

5. “So, boy, if you want to be sure of your bread,
Ere the good time of working is gone,
Brush the cobwebs of nonsense all out of your head,
And take up your hoe, and work on.”

ALICE CARY.

XIII.—THE OWL.

1. The Barn Owl is a very common bird. It lives in barns, hollow trees, and old buildings. It feeds almost entirely on mice, though it will sometimes eat little birds. One owl is more useful to the farmer than a hundred mouse-traps, for it catches and eats the field-mice, which can not easily be decoyed into traps.

2. In the dusk of evening, when the mice begin to stir abroad in search of food, the owl starts in search of the mice, and with noiseless flight quarters the ground in a sportsmanlike and very regular manner, watching with its great round eyes every movement, and catching with its sensitive ears every sound.

3. Not a mouse can come within reach of the bird's eye, or make the least rustling among the leaves within his hearing, that is not detected and captured. The claws are the instruments by which the owl seizes its victim, and it does not employ the beak until it desires to devour its prey.

XIV.—CAST IN A LINE.

1. One day a country lad stood looking at an old man who was fishing, and he could not help wishing aloud that he had such a fine basket of fish.

"There are twenty fish," said the old man; "I will give thee an equal number if thou wilt tend this line for me while I am gone."

2. The lad was delighted at the proposal, and eagerly took his seat. It was a fine fishing morning, and there were plenty of hungry fish in the stream; so the boy met with excellent success. By and by, as the old man

was long gone, the fish in his basket numbered more than those in the one he had coveted.

3. After a time the owner of the line came back, and, counting out the twenty fish from those the boy had caught, left him, with this advice: "When thou art in want, do not waste thy time in idly wishing, but cast in a line for thyself."

4. Lay this advice to heart, boys, if you ever wish to succeed. If you have an honest calling, no matter how humble, your work will be honorable. All the boys that ever rose to good positions in the world learned early to cast in a line for themselves.

5. There was once a poor Scotch lad whose father was lost at sea, and as his mother could afford him but few opportunities for improvement, he determined to educate himself. His schools and school-masters were the old stone quarries and great gray boulders scattered along the beach. Here he delighted to spend his leisure hours, with a large hammer which had been his great-grandfather's; and with it he chipped away at the rocks, and gathered many curious specimens to pore over at home.

6. The farm servants who came to the beach for loads of sea-weed used to laugh at him, and ask him if he was finding silver among the stones. But he was too intent on his studies to be laughed out of them. He was gathering something worth much more than silver—he was gathering golden grains of knowledge.

7. What a treat it was to him to get a holiday in the woods, or by some rocky streamlet! How much more he saw than other boys in all that lay around him! and all because he looked at and studied patiently what he saw. There was a time when he knew no more of the earth and its treasures than any child in the street.

8. He kept on steadily and surely gathering more and

more knowledge of these wonderful works of God, and seeing in them all the Creator's footprints. At length, the humble stone-mason stood before the world as the great geologist Hugh Miller!

Remember that those who loiter always lose the race.

XV.—MAKING TRACKS.

1. A light snow had fallen, and the boys desired to make the most of it. It was too dry for snow-balling, and not deep enough for coasting. It did very well to make tracks in.

2. There was a large meadow near the place where they were assembled. It was proposed that they should go to a tree which stood near the center of the meadow, and that each one should start from the tree, and should see who could make the straightest track—that is, go from the tree in the nearest approach to a straight line. The proposition was assented to, and they were soon at the tree.

3. They ranged themselves around it, with their backs toward the trunk. They were equally distant from each other. If each had gone forward in a right line the paths would have been like the spokes of a wheel—the tree representing the hub. They were to go till they reached the boundaries of the meadow, when they were to retrace their steps to the tree.

4. They did so. I wish I could give a map of their tracks. Such a map would not present much resemblance to the spokes of a wheel.

“Whose is the straightest?” said James Alison to Thomas Sanders, who was at the tree first.

“Henry Armstrong’s is the only one that is straight at all.”

5. "How could we all contrive to go so crookedly, when the ground is so smooth, and there is nothing to turn us out of the way?" said Jacob Small.

"How did you come to go straight, Henry?" said Thomas.

"I fixed my eye on that tall pine tree on the hill yonder, and never looked away from it till I reached the fence."

6. "I went as straight as I could, without looking at any thing but the ground," said James.

"So did I," said another.

"So did I," said several others. It appeared that no one but Henry had aimed at a particular object.

7. They attempted to go straight without any definite aim. They failed. Men can not succeed in any thing good without a definite aim. In order to mental improvement there must be a definite aim. In order to do good there must be a definite aim. General purposes, general resolutions, will not avail. You must do as Henry did — fix upon something distinct and definite as an object, and go steadily forward to it. Thus only can you succeed.

XVI.—NELL'S CHICKENS.

1. A tall little maid, with a thoughtful face,
With woodland secrets wise,
A springing step of untaught grace,
And the happiest, clear blue eyes.

2. In she comes, like a fresh May breeze;
"Would you like to come out and see
My chickens at supper? Make haste, please,
For they are expecting me."

3. Then out through the stoop, past the woodshed door,
Tapping her pan like a drum,
While hens and chickens, a dozen, a score,
To meet her, hurrying come.
4. "Ah Beauty, ah Pet, don't be greedy, I beg!
Here's Bertha — my birthday she came —
This morning she gave me her very first egg.
Come, Bertha. See, isn't she tame ?
5. "This is the Duchess, you see, with a ruff
Round her neck, and this little Cream —
Such a queer little mother, with chickens enough
To drive her distracted, 'twould seem.
6. "Peter, stop crowding poor dear little Star
(Old fellow, he's handsome but vain);
That's Buffy, and Duffy's as yellow, but far
Better natured, and rather more plain.
7. "Marooney, Rooney, here's plenty for you —
She's always behind the rest;
That's Velvet — you wouldn't believe it true
If I told where I found her nest.
8. "In Betty's manger — she's father's best cow —
Right under her kind old eyes;
There's Beauty's, just up in that big hay-mow,
Every egg of her's is a prize.
9. "Now, Goldy and Topknot, just show us your brood —
The dear little soft, downy things!
Do you like corn-porridge, little dears? Is it good?
Such funny beginnings of wings!
10. "This is all; so good night! Now hurry to bed —
I must hunt for your eggs right away."
And over the barn ran the spry little maid,
With a tumble or two in the hay.

XVII.—PERSEVERANCE WINS.

1. About thirty years ago (said Judge P.) I stepped into a book store in Cincinnati, in search of some books I wanted. While there, a little ragged boy not over twelve years of age came in and inquired for a geography.

2. "Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

"I did not know how much they were."

3. He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again and came back. "I have only sixty-two cents," said he; "could you let me have the geography and wait a little while for the rest of the money?"

4. How eagerly the little bright eyes looked for an answer; and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man, not very kindly, told him he could not. The disappointed little fellow looked up to me, with a very poor attempt at a smile, and left the store. I followed him and overtook him.

5. "And what now?" I asked.

"Try another place, sir."

"Shall I go, too, and see how you succeed?"

"O yes, if you like," said he, in surprise.

6. Four different stores I entered with him, and each time he was refused.

"Will you try again?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

7. We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted and how much money he had.

8. "You want the book very much?" said the proprietor.

"Yes, sir, very much."

"Why do you want it so very much?"

9. "To study, sir. I can not go to school, but I study when I can at home. All the boys have geographies, and they will get ahead of me if I do not get one. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places where he used to go."

10. "Does he go to these places now?" asked the proprietor.

"He is dead," said the boy, softly. Then he added, after awhile, "I am going to be a sailor, too."

"Are you, though?" asked the gentleman, raising his eyebrows curiously.

"Yes, sir, if I live."

11. "Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do; I will let you have a new geography, and you may pay the remainder of the money when you can; or I will let you have one that is not new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it, and just like the others, only not new?"

"Yes, just like the new ones."

12. "It will do just as well, then, and I shall have twelve cents left toward buying some other book. I am glad they did not let me have one at any of the other places."

13. The bookseller looked up inquiringly, and I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. He was much pleased, and when he brought the book along I saw a nice new pencil and some clean white paper in it.

14. "A present, my lad, for your perseverance. Always have courage like that, and you will make your mark," said the bookseller.

"Thank you, sir, you are very good."

"What is your name?"

"William Haverley, sir."

15. "Do you want any more books?" I now asked him.

"More than I can ever get," he replied, glancing at the books that filled the shelves.

I gave him a bank note. "It will buy some for you," I said.

Tears of joy came into his eyes.

"Can I buy what I want with it?"

"Yes, my lad, anything."

16. "Then I will buy a book for mother," said he. "I thank you very much, and some day I hope I can pay you back."

He wanted my name, and I gave it to him. Then I left him standing by the counter, so happy that I almost envied him, and many years passed before I saw him again.

XVIII.—CAPTAIN WM. HAVERLEY.

(SUBJECT CONTINUED.)

1. Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever plowed the waters of the Atlantic. We had very beautiful weather until near the end of the voyage; then came a most terrible storm, and the ship would have sunk, with all on board, had it not been for the captain.

2. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship with water. The crew were strong and willing men, and the mates were practical seamen of the first class.

3. After pumping for one whole night, and the water still gaining upon them, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take the boats, though they might have known that no small boat could ride such a sea.

4. The captain, who had been below with his charts, now came up. He saw how matters stood, and, with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, he ordered every man to his post.

5. It was surprising to see those men bow before the strong will of their captain, and hurry back to the pumps. The captain then started below to examine the leak. As he passed me I asked him if there was any hope.

6. He looked at me, and then at the other passengers, who had crowded up to hear the reply, and said, rebukingly :

“Yes, sir, there is hope as long as one inch of this deck remains above water ; when I see none of it, I shall abandon the vessel, and not before, nor shall one of my crew, sir. Every thing shall be done to save it, and if we fail it will not be for inaction. Bear a hand, every one of you, at the pumps.”

7. Thrice during the day did we despair ; but the captain's dauntless courage, perseverance, and powerful will mastered every man on board, and we went to work again. “I will land you safe at the dock in Liverpool,” said he, “if you will be men.”

8. And he did land us safe, but the vessel sunk moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking vessel, receiving the thanks and the blessings of the passengers as they passed down the gang plank. I was the last to leave. As I passed, he grasped my hand, and said : “Judge P., do you not recognize me ?”

9. I told him that I did not, that I was not aware I had ever seen him before I stepped on board his ship.

“Do you remember the boy who had so much difficulty in getting a geography, some thirty years ago, in Cincinnati ? He owes you a debt of gratitude for your encouragement and kindness to him then.”

10. "I remember him very well, sir. His name was William Haverley."

"I am he," said the captain. "God bless you!"

"And may God bless you, too, noble Captain Haverley," I said. "The perseverance that secured you that geography when a boy has to-day saved our lives." Perseverance wins.

XIX.—THE MONKEY FAMILY.

1. Apes and monkeys have been favorite pets ever since the days of Solomon—certainly not for their beauty; but their amusing tricks and their burlesques of mankind, provoke a smile on the sourest faces. They are all imitators, from the least to the greatest, though some varieties excel in this respect.

2. A gentleman owned one which readily learned a great many useful lessons his master took pains to teach him, and many more which he picked up himself. He would put wood on the fire when it was needed, taking care to manage it properly and not put on too much. He would eat with a spoon and fork, and pick up his strawberries one by one.

3. He often sat down at a table, and spread a book before him, pretending to study with great gravity. One day he took great delight in turning over the leaves of a book on natural history, and looking at the pictures; but on examining it after him it was found that he had pinched out all the pictures of beetles and eaten them up—which was quite a compliment to the engraver.

4. Poor fellow! he did not like to be secured by a chain, and seeing some one open his padlock with a key, he took a bit of stick and put it in the keyhole, turning

it about in all directions to see if he could not get his freedom when he pleased.

5. There were a few insects of which he was extremely fond; among them were the roaches which infested the ship in which he was brought over, and the large numbers of these which he destroyed more than paid his way.

6. Monkeys are apt to be very mischievous, so that they are not very safe pets when suffered to run at large about the house. Their fondness for their young is the most beautiful trait in their character. They are always carrying them about on their backs or holding and fondling them in their arms.

7. When any danger threatens, the mother clasps them close to her heart, and leaps from tree to tree until she is safe from pursuit. She is not blind to their misdoings, however; for when some mischievous little ape ventures to set up for himself, and resolves to have his own way in spite of orders, a sharp box or two on his round pate, or a nip from her keen teeth, quietly brings him to terms.

8. Apes often show great forethought and courage, especially when in danger. A party of twenty men once surrounded some rocks where apes had made a stand, determined to cut off their retreat. The apes gathered for battle. They collected stones and missiles, under command of a grey-headed one, who seemed to be major-general, though he wore no shoulder-straps.

9. The men charged on them with shouts, thinking it fine sport. They quickly changed their minds, however, when, at a scream of command from the old general, the whole party tumbled down a shower of stones on their heads. The men were forced to give up the contest from which they expected so much amusement, and were glad to beat a hasty retreat.

XX.—THE PRIZE MEDAL.

1. "Thomas has won the prize! Thomas has the medal!" Screaming out the good news, shouting, tumbling over each other, flinging up caps, and making more commotion than would be the fair share of ten boys, Thomas's three brothers burst into the sitting room where their father and mother were seated. After them came Thomas, grave and silent, and rather pale.

2. "So you were successful, my son," Mr. Amherst said, cordially shaking his son's hand.

3. "Yes," he said in a low tone.

4. "I am very glad," his mother said, kissing him; "you have worked very hard."

5. Thomas did not answer, only returned his mother's kiss, and then went up to his own room.

6. It was quite dusk, almost tea-time, when Mr. Amherst, sitting in his library, thinking he must have a light to finish his book, heard a soft step on the carpet, and, looking up, saw Thomas. Upon his face were traces of recent tears, and he was so pale and subdued that his father knew that there must be something wrong with his cheerful, bright boy.

7. "Father," he said, in a low voice, "if you are not very busy, will you go to Mr. Wilbur's with me? I must see him before he has the medal marked with my name. I can not bear it!" cried the boy, bursting into a passion of crying—"I can not bear to be a cheat for a whole year!"

8. Mr. Amherst drew the sobbing boy into his arms, and did not question him until he had gained his composure once more. Then he said, kindly and gently:

9. "Now tell me all about it, my son."

10. "It was a month ago," said Thomas, "we were

all late in school, trying some new problems in geometry—all our class, I mean—in the recitation room, and Mr. Wilbur sent me to his desk for a piece of chalk. I was shutting the desk when my elbow knocked against his portfolio, and it fell onto the floor. All the papers dropped out, and the very top one was the list of examination questions. I read them, father.

11. "I tried to forget them; but I never remembered any lesson so well as I remembered those questions. All the month I thought of them, and I studied over all the answers, though I am sure I could have passed the examination without looking at them."

12. "Are you quite sure of that, my son?"

13. "Yes. But I did see the questions, father, and I should have gone at once and told Mr. Wilbur I had seen them. I never realized how wrong it was until this morning, when he praised me so—praised me for punctuality, obedience, and general good conduct, as well as for good scholarship; and I felt all the time as if he ought to point me out to the whole school as a cheat! I must tell him now, I can't keep the medal a whole year, when perhaps I would never have won it if I had not seen those questions."

14. "Yes, my son, you must tell Mr. Wilbur. I will go with you at once."

15. Mr. Wilbur listened very gravely and was silent a long time before he spoke. Then he said: "If I had discovered this myself, Thomas, I should merely have taken the medal from you, explained the matter to the school, and given the prize to the next best scholar; but you have tried to atone for your fault, and I will keep the affair a secret between us three. Still, you must see that, in justice to the other scholars, I can not let the matter stand as it is."

16. "You have been my best scholar this year; I will give you one more opportunity to win the medal, and at the same time give the other boys the same opportunity. Next week I will have another examination, and I will keep the list of questions under stricter care. My boy," he added, earnestly, taking his hand, "whether you lose or win the prize, I shall always respect you for this evening's work."

17. The boys wondered, and more than one grumbled, when Mr. Wilbur announced that, owing to a recently-discovered irregularity in the last examination, there would be another one the following week, with a new list of questions.

18. Thomas studied hard and honestly won the prize, greatly to the delight of his brothers and the gratification of his parents.

19. While to others the gold medal was a proud badge of honor, to Thomas it was a constant reminder of the suffering he endured and the deep humiliation he experienced when he allowed deceit to govern him, even for one month.

S. ANNA FROST.

XXI.—THE CROW AND THE FOX.

1. Upon an oak-tree sat a crow,
And picked a pilfered piece of cheese:
A fox was passing down below,
And gazing up among the trees. . .
2. He happened thus to see the bird;
And when the piece of cheese he spied,
A method to his mind occurred
To gain it, which at once he tried.

3. "O, what a lovely bird!" he said;
 "What ebon plumage, thick and sleek!
How rare a form! how fine a head!
 What pointed claws, and glossy beak!
4. O, with such beauty, what a voice
 That paragon must surely own!
'Twould make my very heart rejoice
 To listen to its charming tone."
5. He ceased; but still with steadfast gaze
 Bent upward stood a little while,
As if in rapture and amaze.
 The silly crow believed the guile,
6. And fain would prove how sweet her note
 (She might have thought it sweet, no doubt);
Her bill she opened, and her throat
 A grating croak or two gave out.
7. But 'mid her musical display
 She dropped the lump of cheese, when lo!
To her unspeakable dismay,
 'Twas swallowed by the fox below.
-
8. We should not heed what flatterers say,
 Unless their price we wish to pay.
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XXII.—HOW DOES THE STONE GET INTO OLD TEA-KETTLES?

1. A long time ago—more than two hundred years—one of the great men of Europe thought he had found a way of making stone. He had noticed that in old tea-kettles there was always a crust of stone about the sides and bottoms, and he felt sure it was made of water.

2. If you will look into any old tea-kettle you will notice the same thing, and it may be that you will think as that man did. He thought that the water by boiling had been changed into stone; for said he, "there was no stone in the kettle when new;" and, as none had been put into it, he was sure that it had been made out of the water.

3. To prove that his conclusion was right, he took clear, fresh water from a spring and boiled it in a clean, new kettle, and, sure enough, there was the stone in it just as he expected it would be.

4. I should not wonder if some of you would laugh at that great man's notions; but, perhaps, in two hundred years from now, somebody's children will laugh at us for what we think we know.

5. But where does the stone come from if it is not made out of the water? I suppose this is what you would like to know, and if you will give me your attention I think you will be able to answer the question yourselves.

6. Put a little salt into a basin of water. After a little while you will see no salt in it, but all of the water will taste salty. The salt is so nearly the color of the water that the eye can not detect the very little change that the salt gives to it, and it is divided into such small particles that they float all through the water,—hundreds of them are in every drop, so that we can not taste the water without tasting the salt also.

7. If you had put indigo into the water, instead of salt, every drop of the water would have been bluish, because it would have held many particles of indigo, which is blue. This shows you into what very small pieces the water breaks the salt.

8. It breaks or separates many other substances into just as small pieces. A little sugar will sweeten a large

THE FOURTH READER.

quantity of water, and a little milk will make it all white. The sap or juice of the sugar cane or the sugar maple is simply water with fine particles of sugar in it. We get them out by boiling away the water. And so we get the salt out of our salt water.

9. The water goes away in the form of vapor or steam, and leaves the salt in the vessel. If you had weighed the salt before putting it into the water, you would, on weighing it again, have found it all there.

10. If you had weighed the water before you put the salt into it, and had caught the steam and held it till it quieted down into water again, you would have found, on weighing that, that no water had been lost; and you would have found, also, that it did not taste of the salt.

11. There is a great deal of salt in the ground. There are many other things besides salt in the ground that water will separate into small pieces, so small that they will mix all through it. When the rain comes, it sinks into the ground and picks into particles many things on the way.

12. These particles the water takes along with it, and when it comes bubbling up from the spring, and runs off in little brooks into rivers and ponds and lakes and oceans, it still holds the little particles of salt, or stone, or whatever they may be; for they can not get away without help,—and then they do not go away, it is only the water that goes off.

13. When the salt water was boiled away, what became of the salt? It sunk to the bottom of the vessel. When water that is full of particles of stone boils away, what becomes of the stone?

14. I am sure you can now tell where the stone comes from that is found in the bottoms of old tea-kettles, and that you know that the water does not turn into stone.

But you may ask, "Does water pick stones into particles so fine that they float in it?"

15. Yes; water picks to pieces, or dissolves, almost every thing. Salt and sugar, and many other things, dissolve nearly as soon as the water touches them; but it takes a long time to get many particles off from stone.

16. What forces the water to leave the particles of matter gathered from the earth? It is heat. In what form does it leave? In the form of steam or vapor. This vapor goes up into the air. There we call it clouds.

17. The clouds are blown by the wind into the cold; then they come back to the earth in the dew-drops and the rain, and hide themselves in the ground as before, and begin once more to gather little particles from it to carry into the ponds and oceans, to be again taken up by the heat of the sun, and by the wind to be driven away to water the earth, and to cause the hearts of men to be gladdened with abundant harvests.

18. Not a drop of water, not a particle of matter, is lost or gained by this continual change. But how is it with the little ponds, and the lakes and the oceans? The vapor that rises from them leaves the particles of matter that their waters contained to sink, or to float in close union through the remaining mass. In time, with no counteracting influences, these particles of matter thus left would fill the ponds and lakes, and even the oceans themselves, to the line of the streams.

19. From what I have said, can you not understand why the water of the ocean is salt; why we have salt springs, sulphur springs and mineral springs of various kinds; and why the waters in different springs and wells are unlike, as well as how the stone gets into the old tea-kettles, "if it is not made out of water?"

XXIII.—THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

1. This bird is nearly as large as a crow, and is of a rich, coffee-brown color. The head and neck are of a pure straw-yellow above, and rich metallic-green beneath. The long plummy tufts of golden orange feathers spring from the sides beneath each wing, and when the bird is at repose it is partially concealed by them.

2. At a time of excitement, however, the wings are raised vertically over the back, the head is bent down and stretched out, and the long plumes are raised up and expanded until they form two magnificent golden fans, striped with deep red at the base, and fading off into the pale brown tint of the finely divided and softly waving points.

3. The whole bird is then overshadowed by them, the crouching body, yellow head and emerald-green throat forming but the foundation and setting to the golden glory which waves above. When seen in this attitude the Bird of Paradise really deserves its name, and must be ranked as one of the most beautiful and most wonderful of living things.

Harper's Magazine.

XXIV.—GRACE DARLING.

1. Longstone light-house is built upon one of the Farn Islands, on the coast of Northumberland, England, and it was in this very dreary place that the gentle and modest Grace Darling lived with her father, apart from the busy scenes of life.

2. Yet even from that lonely spot came news of a heroism and courage that made the whole country ring

with the praises of the simple-minded occupants of the storm-beaten light-house.

3. It was on the morning of the 7th of September, 1838, at daybreak, that John Darling, the light-keeper of the Longstone light-house, discovered, about a mile distant, a steamer that was being dashed to pieces on the rocks by the fury of the waves.

4. Several of the crew of the ill-fated ship were clinging to the wreck, expecting that every wave would sweep them into the boiling sea. What was to be done? Could any help be given, and the poor sailors saved from a watery grave?

5. Although the tempest was raging fearfully, Grace Darling and her father resolved, at the risk of their own lives, to try to rescue their fellow-creatures; and for this purpose they launched their small boat through the tempestuous sea, and pulled for the wrecked ship.

6. Now on the crest of the wave, then in the deep valley of the sea, the father and daughter strained to the utmost in their mission of mercy. At last they reached the wreck, and succeeded in getting the nine poor sufferers into their boat.

7. So furious was the storm that for three days it was impossible to take the shipwrecked sailors to the mainland. They were compelled to remain in the light-house on the rocky island.

8. Grace Darling was just twenty-three years old when she assisted her father to row the boat to the wreck, and in two years after she died of consumption. Her fame spread throughout Europe and America, and her name was spoken among all classes of society with profound respect and admiration.

9. Let this little sketch of Grace Darling suggest to you that, in whatever situation in life you may be placed, you have it in your power to do acts of kindness that will secure to you the esteem of others.

XXV.—WINK.

1. I have a kitty, and, what do you think ?
Her name is Puss, but I call her "Wink,"
And the reason why I call her so
Is this: O, ever so long ago,
My mother brought her home one day
In a little basket, all the way
From — dear me, where was it? — I can't remember,
It was so long — the name of the town,
But the month, I'm sure, was June — or December.
And when mother set the basket down
On the kitchen floor, she said, "Little Grace,
Just peep in here, but take care of your face,
For it's something 'live and it may jump up."
I thought, much as could be, it must be a pup,
For brother Jem had been teasing hard
For a black one, all fuzzy, and full of his fun,
Like the one that lives in Joe Cassidy's yard;
He rolls over and over — he's too fat to run.
2. But no! when I looked in, there lay a kitty,
All cuddled up close, so silky and pretty,
A blue cat — Aunt Eleanor says she's Maltese;
I don't know what that is, it may be her fleece,
'Cause it shines so; but soon as my new kitty saw
That the basket was open, she stretched out her paw
To shake hands with her mistress, and just seemed
to know
She had come to a good home where people
would treat her
Like one of God's creatures, and nobody throw
Stones and brickbats to hurt her, or cruelly beat
her.

3. So she looked up at me and said softly, "You ?
you?"

And winked just as hard as ever you knew.

"Yes, it's I—little Gracie," I answered her then,
And O, don't you think, she began winking again!
Jemmy laughed—so did I—but she didn't get
cross

At our fun, like May Fisher and Lilian Morse,
But was just as good-natured as could be, and lay
As still as a mouse, with nothing to say.

I caught her up, then, and hugged her and kissed
her—

They were little soft hugs, and she liked them,
I guess—

But Jemmy screamed out, "You are choking her,
sister!"

And frightened her so she hid in my dress.
She's got used to him now, and don't care for his
noise,

For she's found out he's just like the rest of the
boys.

4. Jem says, "She's a stupid, and can't tell a rat
From a rose-bush;" but I know better than that,
And she isn't afraid of them either, but thinks
It isn't quite right to kill them for sport,
So she lies on the mat in the wood-shed and winks
At their pranks, and they never got caught.
I don't care, I am sure, for rats like to live
Just as well as we do, and if people would give
Them their food every day in a little tin dish,
They'd learn to be honest, perhaps, and eat fish
And pick bones, like the cats, and behave very well,
As poor Wink does. That's all. I've no more to
tell.

Christian Union.

XXVI.—FIRE-SCREENS.

1. "Nonsense!" exclaimed Lewis, throwing down his book.

2. His mother looked around from her sewing; "What is nonsense, my son?"

3. "Why, mother, just listen," and picking up his book again, Lewis read: "We built a roaring fire on the ice, and, wrapping our buffalo skins around us, lay down to sleep;" then he goes right on to say that they kept the fire burning all night, and that the ice was only a foot thick.

4. "Well, what fault do you find with that?"

5. "In the first place, I do not believe they could build a fire on the ice, for the ice would melt and the water would put the fire out. But supposing they could, how long would it take a big fire to melt through a foot of ice?"

6. Mrs. Morrill did not answer; but there was something in her quiet smile that made Lewis feel a little uncertain. "Say, mother, would it not melt right through?"

7. Just then a new idea came into his head. "I will find out this very night!" he exclaimed; "there is a tub of water in the yard, frozen over, and it is not eight o'clock yet."

8. "May I go out with Lewis, mother?" asked Walter, who, though a small boy, had been listening to what had been said.

9. In a short time the two boys came back with rosy faces and numb fingers. "We built a fire right in the tub!" shouted Walter.

10. "It did burn," cried Lewis. "The ice was so thin it would hardly bear the wood. We made a little pile

right in the middle, and it all burned out, but it did not melt through the ice."

11. Lewis sat down on a stool, put his feet to the fire, and shielded his face from the heat with a paper.

12. "I looked under the sticks to see why the ice did not melt," continued Lewis; "but I could not find out. It looked wet a little, at first, and I thought it would melt through, but it did not even wet the ashes. It was very strange."

13. "Why do you hold that paper before your face?"

14. "So that I can warm my feet without burning my face."

15. "Then," said Mrs. Morrill, "the heat does not go through the paper?"

16. "No, not much," said Lewis.

17. "Your paper is a fire-screen, and keeps most of the heat from your face. The reason the ice did not melt was, there was a fire-screen between it and the fire."

18. Lewis came round on his stool very suddenly and said, "Why, mother! there was not any thing at all between them; the fire was right on the ice."

19. "I thought you said the ice melted a little."

20. "So it did, at first."

21. "Then," added his mother, "was not there a layer of water over the ice?"

22. "Yes," nodded Lewis.

23. "That water was the fire-screen that kept the heat from the ice, and it was a much better fire-screen than your paper is."

Guard against reading too much or too rapidly. Read rather with attention; lay the book often down; impress on your mind what you have read, and reflect upon it.

XXVII.—FIRE-SCREENS.

(CONCLUDED.)

1. Mrs. Morrill continued: "If I had a deep, thin glass dish, I could show you with the thermometer how perfectly a little water will protect any thing from heat. I would fill the dish with water and —"

2. "Why can we not use this case?" said Lewis, carefully lifting the glass cover from a beautiful wax cross that stood on the table. "Turn this over and it makes a nice dish."

3. "Yes, that will do. Now, Lewis, bring in a pitcher of water and a match; and, Walter, you run to your father's office, and ask him to send me a bottle of ether."

4. When the boys came back, Mrs. Morrill took the thermometer and put it, wrong end up, into the glass case, which, being turned over, made a deep, round-bottomed dish. This she held while Lewis poured water into it till the thermometer was just covered.

5. "Now," said she, "I will keep the dish steady, and you pour a little of this ether on the water. Ether does not mix with water, but, being lighter, it stays on top."

6. "How does the mercury in the tube stand now?"

7. "Seventy-one," answered Lewis.

8. The ether was then set on fire, and it burned like coal oil on water. "Should any heat pass down to the bulb of mercury, the thermometer would show it. Both of you keep watch of it."

9. "It has not moved," said Lewis, after watching it till all the ether was burned. Then Mrs. Morrill lifted the thermometer, and put her finger on the bulb: the mercury rose to ninety degrees.

10. "See!" said she, "even the warmth of my finger raises it twenty degrees, and the intense heat of that burning ether, if it had reached it, would have sent it up

a long way; but that thin layer of water kept it all away."

11. "I would not have believed it," said Lewis.

12. "But, mother, will a layer of water protect wood or any thing else from the heat, just the same as ice?"

"Yes, of course."

13. "Then it will keep heat from passing through to other water, will it not?"

14. "Yes, if you can keep your different layers of water perfectly still."

15. "Then, I do not see how you can ever heat water. I should think the layer of water next to the bottom of the kettle would prevent all the rest from getting hot."

16. "True; but you can not keep the different layers of water quiet and separate, because warm water is lighter than cold, and the layer on the bottom, instead of lying still and protecting the rest of the water, runs to the top as soon as it gets heated, giving place to another layer, which gets warm and rises in the same way; and so layer after layer warms and rises till all is warm."

17. So saying, she sprinkled a little brick-dust into the water. It floated slowly down, and finally settled on the bottom. Then she held the dish over the gas jet. As the water at the bottom became heated it rose nearly to the surface, carrying the bits of powder with it; then it fell gracefully over like a fountain, and sank slowly down by the sides of the dish to the bottom again.

18. "O, how pretty! It is as nice as a fountain," cried both the boys.

19. "It is a fountain," said their mother, "only it is in water instead of air."

20. "And is there one of these fountains every time any one heats water?" asked Lewis admiringly; "and does the water go just so in all the big black kettles?" asked little Walter.

LUCY J. RIDER.

XXVIII.—ALPHABET OF PROVERBS.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.
Boasters are cousins to liars.
Confession of a fault makes half amends.
Denying a fault doubles it.
Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself.
Foolish fear doubles danger.
God reaches us good things by our own hands.
He has hard work who has nothing to do.
It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.
Knavery is the worst trade.
Learning makes a man fit company for himself.
Modesty is a guard to virtue.
Not to obey conscience is the way to silence it.
One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.
Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.
Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.
Richest is he who wants least.
Small faults indulged, are little thieves that let in
greater.
The boughs that bear most hang lowest.
Upright walking is sure walking.
Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter.
Wise men make more opportunities than they find.
You never lose by doing a good turn.
Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

XXIX.—SING LAYS THAT GLADDEN.

1. "This world is a sad, sad place, I know —
And what soul living can doubt it?"
But it will not lessen the want and the woe
To be always singing about it.

Then away with songs that are full of tears,
Away with dirges that sadden;
Let us make the most of our fleeting years,
By singing the lays that gladden.

2. A few sweet portions of bliss I've quaffed,
And many a cup of sorrow;
But thinking over the flavored draught,
The old time joy I borrow.
And in brooding over the bitter drink,
Pain fills again the measure;
And so I have learned that it's better to think
Of the things that give us pleasure.
3. The world at its saddest is not all sad;
There are days of sunny weather;
And the people within it are not all bad,
But saints and sinners together.
I think those wonderful hours of June
Are better by far to remember
Than those when the earth gets out of tune
In the cold, bleak winds of November.
4. Because we meet in the walk of life
Many a selfish creature,
It doesn't prove that this world of strife
Has no redeeming feature.
There is bloom and beauty upon this earth;
There are buds and blooming flowers;
There are souls of truth and hearts of worth;
There are glowing, golden hours.
5. In thinking over a joy we've known
We easily make it double,
Which is better by far than to mope and moan
O'er sorrow and grief and trouble.

For though "this world is sad, I know —
And who that is living can doubt it?" —
It will not lessen the want and woe
To be always singing about it.

Harper's Weekly.

XXX.—THE DOG'S REVENGE.

1. Will had been bragging. That is the way the trouble began, and that is the way a good deal of trouble begins, among large people as well as among small ones. Ned Willis had a dog—a little fellow, named Spot; and he had been displaying his tricks to Will that day. In an unlucky moment Will began to brag about his brother's dog, Max.

2. Ned did not believe that a big dog could be as funny as a little one. Then Will waxed warm, and told stories larger than ever; but Ned laughed at his pretensions, and taunted him so much that Will told him that if he would wait he would go over to his brother's and get the dog, and then they would see what Max could do. So Ned threw himself down on the grass and played with Spot, while Will went after Max. In a few minutes he returned, followed by a large Newfoundland dog.

3. Now, what ailed Max that day I can not imagine. Whether it was too warm, or whether he thought it undignified to do his tricks before a small dog, I do not know, though I know that he often went through with them for Will—that he played dead dog, shook hands, held a piece of meat on his nose, etc.; but not a thing would he do that day. He just stood there and wagged his tail and looked at Will. All the commands, shouts and coaxings had no more effect upon him than upon the grass he stood on.

4. Ned began to laugh derisively, and to say: "I told you so," and to otherwise exasperate Will, till his angry passions rose to a fearful height. He seized a stick which he had tried to make Max jump over, and holding the dog by his collar, he gave him several hard blows. Max finally jerked away and ran yelping home, and Will sat down on the grass, feeling hot and angry.

5. Will thought that was the end of it; but not so Max. In his doggish soul his wrongs rankled, and a chance soon came for him to punish his enemy. Later in the day Will went to his brother's house for milk. The family happened to be all away, but that made no difference; for they always left a pail standing on the kitchen table, all ready, and Max was too good a watch dog to allow a stranger to enter.

6. As usual, Will walked into the house, took the pail and turned to go; but a growl arrested him. He looked around. There stood Max, his white teeth uncovered, his tail hanging down, his whole attitude meaning business. "Poor dog," said Will; and he stooped to pat him, though nervously; for he well knew that Max could be very fierce if he chose.

7. At that moment the dog gave another growl, and Will drew back. "Poor doggy! poor Max! good fellow!" said Will, in most seductive tones. But Max growled, his eyes looked fierce, and Will knew that if he moved the dog would fly at him.

8. "Well, I may as well wait till some of the folks come in," said Will to himself; and he turned to sit down. Max flew at his foot, and held his head by it with an ominous growl. Will dared not move. "I'll put this pail down," was the next thought. But Max resented the movement of his hand as well as foot, and in unmistakable tones made Will understand that he must stand on that spot and hold the pail in his hand till the family came home.

XXXI.—THE DOG'S REVENGE.

(CONCLUDED.)

1. Here was Will in trouble. Mary was waiting at home for the milk to put in her custard. Ned Willis was waiting in the back yard for him to go in swimming, and both of them knew that he had gone only up to his brother's house for the milk.

2. How Mary would scold at him! How Ned would tease him! How his brother Harry would laugh at him! He made a move to go. Max was ready for him, and this time seized his foot. Will coaxed him, and he let go; but stood ready should he make another move.

3. "Where under the sun are all the family?" was Will's next thought. Then he remembered that his brother was at the office and would not be home till six o'clock, that his brother's wife had gone to the village with his sister, shopping, and that the girl had gone home.

4. He looked at the clock. It was four o'clock — two hours before he could hope for release. He heard Ned call him; the calls came nearer. He was coming after him! He would catch him in this plight! How Will's face flushed as he thought of that! If he could lock the door and put down the curtain. But he dared not move. The calls came nearer and nearer, and at last Ned's face looked in at the open window.

5. "Why don't you come along?" was his question.

"I can't—I don't want to," stammered Will. Max growled, and Ned then knew the reason.

Ned turned away, saying: "I heard Mary anxiously inquiring for you. I'll stop and let her know you have a pressing engagement." Ned told Mary; and he told others, too.

6. He went through the village and told everybody he met; and one by one they crept up and peeped through the window at the unfortunate prisoner, each one saying his witty or smart thing at Will's expense. Poor Will! It was rather hard. His every muscle ached like the toothache before his brother came home. With difficulty Harry coaxed the dog away, but not till Will had confessed to the beating. Max did not offer to touch Will again; but he never forgave him, and he met all his advances with a growl.

OLIVE THORNE.

XXXII.—WONDERS OF THE SEA.

1. "Who can tell of all the wondrous things that live in the sea? In the Indian Ocean, many feet below the surface of the water, grow woods quite as luxuriant as any jungles or thickets we read of in South America. Some of the trees grow forty or fifty feet high. The roots resemble coral; and from the slender stem grows a cluster of very long leaves.

2. "Other trees grow almost as high, and end in one single huge leaf that is about the size of our forest trees. Bushes—green, yellow and red—are dotted here and there; and a velvety carpet of diminutive plants covers the ground.

3. "Flowers, in all the tints of the rainbow, ornament the rocks; and large leaves of the iris, of dazzling pink and red, float among them; and sea-anemones, as large and brilliant as cactus-flowers, form beds in the moss. Blue, red, purple and green little fish dart here and there; and between the bushes glides, like a serpent, the long, silvery ribbon-fish.

4. "Thus beautiful it is in the day; but when night

comes on, and you suppose all creatures gone to bed, the landscape grows more lovely still. Little crabs and medusæ light up the sea; the sea-pen quivers with green phosphoric light; what was brown and red in the day is changed into bright green, yellow and red; and, amongst all these glittering jewels, the moon-fish floats like a silvery crescent."

XXXIII.—A WINTER NIGHT.

1. Backward, forward, as in play,
Whirled the snow-flakes all the day,
Drifting on the wintry air,
Here and there and everywhere.
2. At eve the children, happy four,
Closed the shutters, locked the door,
And began, as you may guess,—
Rosalie her doll to dress;
Little Jim, his father's pet,
His soldiers all in order set;
While Bessie looked with silent frown
On Harry pacing up and down.
3. Away all day had Harry been;
Now what could Bessie's frowning mean?
But half a sentence soon to me
Unraveled all the mystery.
4. Said Harry, smiling with delight,
"Bessie, you'll see this very night
A rabbit to my trap will come—
Come and be caught; and here at home

The prize I'll bring, and you shall see,
And won't you then be proud of me?"
A tear I saw in Bessie's eye
Glisten as she made reply:

5. "O, Harry, brother, kind and good!
I see a picture in a wood:
A cold and dark and gloomy dell,
But there a little household dwell.
A tiny brother, a tinier sister,
For mother cry; an hour they've missed her,
Forgot the cold and hunger pain;
One cry, 'O, mother, come again!'
Is all I hear, and then I see
Another picture; painfully
I con it o'er and o'er again —
That mother dies a death of pain.
Wild wails the wind, fast falls the snow,
The night grows colder; could I go,
I'd go this very hour and try
To give that creature liberty."
6. Now sobbing, Rosy murmurs out,
"O, go!" and Jimmy wheels about
His soldiers from the battle-field,
And Grant-like cries, "I will not yield
Till Harry lets the captive go
Back where those babies love her so!"
Stout Harry, listening to all,
Standing with back against the wall,
Tried to be firm, but tried in vain,
Then said, "I'll let her go again!"
And Bessie, Rose and little Jim
With kisses almost smothered him.

LOUISE V. BOYD.

XXXIV.—THE CARRYING TRADE.

1. Come, Lottie and Lula and Lina and Mary; all bring your maps. I want to teach you what is meant by the carrying trade, and how merchants do business with foreign countries.

2. Lottie shall have the bark *Rosette*, and sail from Boston to Calcutta; Lula, the steamer *North Star*, from New York to Liverpool; Mary shall take the *Sea-Gull*, from Philadelphia to San Francisco; and Nina shall be owner of the *Racer* and make voyages up the Mediterranean. Are you all ready for the game?

3. Lottie, you may begin. You must find out what Boston has to send to Calcutta. Do not take indigo, or saltpetre, or gunny-bags, or ginger; for even should Boston have these articles to spare, Calcutta has a greater abundance of them. You must carry to Calcutta something that she needs but does not possess—something that will sell there at a sufficient profit to pay for carrying.

4. "Ice?" suggests Lottie. "Yes, that is just the thing, because Calcutta has a hot climate and can not produce her own ice; so, Lottie, load the *Rosette* with great blocks of ice, pack them well, and start at once, for your voyage is long."

5. And now we will go with Lula to the pier, where her great steamer lies, and see what she intends to carry to Liverpool. Bales of cotton, barrels of flour, of beef, and of petroleum. All very good; for New York has all these things to sell, and Liverpool has them to buy. So good-by to her. In a few weeks we will see what she brings back.

6. Come, Mary, what has Philadelphia for San Francisco? O, what a load the *Sea-Gull* must take of

machinery, steam-engines, tobacco and oil; and such a quantity of other things, that she will need to make many voyages before she can take them all.

7. We will load her at this busy wharf, where the coal-vessels are passing in and out for New York and Boston, and where the steamers are loading for Europe, and the little coasters are crowding in one after another. And away goes the Sea-Gull for a voyage round the "Horn," where she will meet her namesakes, and perhaps some stormy winds besides.

8. Meantime Nina's Racer has been stored full of cotton cloths and hardware, and has raced out of Boston harbor so swiftly that fair winds will take her to Gibraltar in three weeks.

9. But as yet you have carried only one way. To complete the game, we must wait for Lottie to bring the Rosette safely home with saltpetre and indigo and hides and ginger and seersuckers and gunny-cloth.

10. And the North Star must steam her way across the Atlantic, and return with salt and hardware and anchors and steel, and with woolens and linen cloths. Mary must beat her way round Cape Horn, and home again with wool and gold and silver. And the swift Racer must bring the figs and prunes and raisins, and the oranges and lemons, and she must make a quick trip home, too, for they will spoil if they are too long on the way.

11. And so children may play at the carrying trade, and so their fathers and uncles may work at it in earnest; and so also hundreds of little workers are busy all the world over in another carrying trade which keeps you and me alive from day to day; and yet we scarcely think at all how it is going on, or stop to thank the hands that feed us.

12. England and Italy are kingdoms, Germany is an

empire, France and the United States are republics, and they all engage in this business, and are constantly sending goods one to another; but there are other kingdoms, not put down on any map, that are just as busy as they, and in the same sort of work too.

13. The earth is one of the kingdoms, the water is another, and there is the great republic of the gases surrounding us on every side, only we can not see it, because its inhabitants have the fairy gift of walking invisible.

14. Each of these kingdoms has products to export, and is ready to trade with the others, if only some one will supply the means. Frenchmen might stand on their shores and hold out to us wines and prunes and silks and muslins, and we might stand on our shores and hold out to them gold and silver, but no exchange could thus be made, because there must be ships to carry the goods across.

15. "Ah," you may say, "that is not at all the case here; for the earth, the air and the water are all close to each other and close to us, and there is no need of ships; we can exchange hand to hand."

XXXV.—THE CARRYING TRADE.

(CONCLUDED.)

1. But here comes a difficulty. Read carefully, and I think you will understand it. Here is Ruth, a little growing girl, who wants phosphate of lime to build bones with; for, as she grows, of course her bones must grow too. Very well, I answer, there is plenty of phosphate of lime in the earth; she can have all she wants. Yes, but does Ruth want to eat earth? Do you?—does anybody?

2. Certainly not; so, although the food she needs is close beside her, even under her feet, she can not get it, any more than we can get the French goods, excepting by means of the carrying trade. Where now are the little ships that shall bring to Ruth the phosphate of lime she needs and can not reach, although it lies in her own father's field?

3. Let me show you how her father can build the ships that will bring it to her. He must go out into that field and plant wheat-seeds; and, as they grow, every little kernel gathers up phosphate of lime and becomes a tiny ship freighted with what his little daughter needs.

4. When that wheat is ground into flour and made into bread, Ruth will eat it; but she would not have been willing to taste of the phosphate of lime had not the useful little ships of the wheat-field brought it to her; and indeed it would have done her injury and not good if she had eaten it.

5. Now let us send to the republic of the gases for some supplies, for we can not live without carbon and oxygen; and although we do breathe in oxygen with every breath we draw, we need to receive that and carbon, too, in other ways.

6. The sugar-cane and the maple-trees engage in the carrying trade to bring these gases to us. They take in carbon and oxygen by their leaves and send them through their bodies, and when they reach us they are sugar,—and a very pleasant food to most of you it is, I dare say.

7. But we can not take all we need of these gases in the form of sugar, and there are many other ships that bring them to us. The corn gathers them up and offers them in the form of meal or of corn-starch puddings.

8. The grass brings them to the cow, since you and I refuse to take them from the grass ships, but the cow

offers them to us again in the form of milk, and we do not think of refusing; the butcher offers them to us in the form of beef, and we do not say "No."

9. Alice wants some india-rubber shoes. Do you think the kingdoms of air and water can send her a pair? The india-rubber tree in South America takes up water and separates from it hydrogen, of which india-rubber is partly composed, and, adding to it carbon from the air, it makes a gum which we can work into shoes and balls, buttons, tubes, cups, cloth, and a hundred other useful articles.

10. Then again, you and I, and every body else, must go to the world of gases for nitrogen to help build our bodies, to make muscle and blood and skin and hair; and so the peas and beans load their boat-shaped seeds full of nitrogen, and bring it to us so fresh and excellent that we enjoy eating it.

11. This useful carrying trade has also another branch well worth looking at. You remember hearing how many soldiers were sick in war-time at the South; but perhaps you do not know that their best medicine was brought to them by a South American tree that gathered up from the earth and air bitter juices to make what we call quinine.

12. Then there is camphor, which I am sure you have all seen, sent by the East Indian camphor-tree to cure you when you are sick; and gum-arabic and all the other gums, and castor-oil, and most of the other medicines that you do not at all like,—all brought to us by the plants.

13. I might say a great deal more about this, but I will stop to tell you only a little of what we give back in payment for all that is brought us.

14. When England sends us hardware and woollen goods she expects us to repay her with cotton and sugar,

that are just as valuable to us as hardware and woollens are to her; but see how differently we treat the kingdoms from which the plant-ships are all the time bringing us food and clothes and medicines.

15. All that we return to them is just what we can make no use of ourselves. We take in good fresh air, and breathe out impure and bad air. We throw back to the earth whatever will not nourish and strengthen us; and yet no complaint comes from the faithful plants. Do you wonder? I will let you into the secret of this.

16. The truth is, what is worthless to us is really just the food they need; and they do not at all know how little we value it ourselves. It is like the Chinese, of whom we might buy rice or silk or tea, and pay them in rats, which we are glad to be rid of, while they consider them good food.

17. Now I have given you only a peep into this carrying trade, but it is enough to show you how to learn more about it by using your eyes and ears.

XXXVI.—THE BIRDS' PETITION.

To the Men and Boys of the United States:

1. We, the blue-birds, robins, wrens, larks, jays, bobolinks, and other songsters, having come to give you a concert, do most humbly pray that you will not drive us away with guns and stones, nor destroy our nests, take our eggs, or kill our little ones.

2. We will not tax you for our songs. The few cherries that we take we will pay well for in destroying worms and insects that, if left alone, would not allow you to raise any fruit at all. Would you not rather spare us a little than to have none yourselves?

3. We will give you the choicest music, in the sweetest tones. We are all perfect in our parts, and we love to sing. When other bands of music come out to play, you do not drive them away, but rather pay them to remain.

4. Please grant this our petition, and we will assist you by our labors, and cheer you with our songs.

BLUE-BIRDS,

ROBINS,

BOBOLINKS,

WRENS,

LARKS,

JAYS,

AND MANY OTHER SONGSTERS.

5. It is a pity that we can not understand the language of birds, while we are delighted with the music of their songs. They evidently understand each other, and therefore they have a language.

6. How do we know, then, but the birds, while singing songs of praise for what they enjoy, are not also pleading with us to leave them unmolested? There is often sadness in their tones, which, if uttered by a child, would indicate sorrow, or fear, or a plea for mercy.

7. If a foreigner should sing sweet songs to us, though we might not understand a word of his language, we would gather his meaning from his tones, or, at any rate, we would be grateful to him for his harmonious notes. Do the birds do less for us? Do they not wake us early by their cheerful songs, and at sunset chant their evening melody?

8. If now and then there is a sad refrain, may we not reasonably suppose that they are mourning the loss of some child or companion of theirs, or that they are doing what they can to excite our sympathy, or secure our protection? Listen to the morning and evening bird-songs, and they will inspire in you feelings of love and gratitude, of kindness and mercy.

XXXVII.—THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED

A LIGHT HEART.

A light heart makes nimble feet and keeps the body healthy.

DON'T DO IT.

Don't speak a harsh, unkind word, and thus make sad the heart of another. Don't add a straw to another's burden; it is heavy enough now. Don't live for your own enjoyment and comfort alone. Such a life would drive them away.

THY VALUE.

Only what thou art, and not what thou hast, determines thy value.

LIFE'S AIM.

The aim of life should not be joy or repose, but work. Work and love; these are the body and soul of human life. Happy is he in whom they are united.

LIFE'S JOURNEY GLADDENED.

To believe that God's eye follows every sparrow, that His taste unrolls every flower, that His thoughts and feelings give expression in all natural forms and colors and harmonies, gladdens life's journey with a Father's conscious presence and care.

GOD'S CARE.

Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them.—*Bible*.

THE BEST PORTION.

The best portion of a good man's life is his little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.—*Wordsworth*.

SUNSHINE.

Over our hearts and into our lives
Shadows will sometimes fall;
But the sunshine is never wholly dead,
And heaven is shadowless overhead,
And God is over all.

Ladies' Repository.

XXXVIII.—LABOR.

1. Labor, labor — honest labor;
Labor keeps me well and strong;
Labor gives me food and raiment;
Labor, too, inspires my song.
2. Labor keeps me ever merry;
Cheerful labor is but play:
Labor wrestles with my sorrow;
Labor driveth tears away.
3. Labor brings an eve of solace,
When my hands their toil forego,
And across my heart in silence
Cherished streams of memory flow.
4. Labor curtains night with gladness,
Giveth rest and happy dreams;
And the sleep that follows labor
With a mystic pleasure teems.
5. Labor ever freely giveth
Lustrous vigor to the mind;
Shedding o'er it sunlight holy;
New ideas from it I find.

6. Labor brings me all I need;
While I work I need not borrow:
Hands are toiling for to-day,
Mind is working for to-morrow.
 7. Labor's tools make sweetest music,
As their busy echoes ring;
Loom and wheel and anvil ever
Have a merry song to sing.
 8. "Labor! Labor!" crieth Nature,
"Labor!" sings the wheel of Time,
And in their own mystic language
Earth and sky and ocean chime.
 9. Labor, labor! ne'er be idle,
Labor, labor, while you can;
'Tis the Iron Age of Labor —
Labor only makes the man!
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XXXIX.—THE CONTRAST; OR MARY AND JANE.

1. Mary and Jane are neighbors and friends. They are alike in birth, fortune, education and accomplishments; but they are not alike in spirit and temper. Mary has accustomed herself to look only on the dark side. She does not seem to notice the numerous beauties and excellencies that might be seen all around her, but she looks for and dwells on the defects.

2. If you show her a truthful portrait, she will look at some part of the drapery that has been neglected, or a hand or finger left unfinished. Her garden is a beautiful one, and kept with great neatness and elegance; but if you walk into it with her, she will talk to you of nothing but

blights and storms, of snails and caterpillars, and the impossibility of keeping it in a decent condition, and free from falling leaves.

3. If you sit down in one of her arbors to enjoy the prospect, she observes to you that there is too much wood, or too little water ; that the day is too sunny or too gloomy ; that it is very sultry or too windy, and finishes with a long talk upon the wretchedness of our climate, and expresses the opinion that it would be better to live in any other country than ours.

4. When you return with her to the house and company, in the hopes of hearing a little more cheerful conversation, she casts a gloom over all by giving you the history of her own bad health, or of some melancholy accident that has befallen one of her friends. Thus she depresses her own spirits and the spirits of all around her, and at last discovers, she knows not why, that her friends are sedate and dull.

5. Jane is quite the reverse of this. By habituating herself to look on the bright side of objects, she preserves a constant cheerfulness in herself which proves contagious, communicating to all about her. If any misfortune befalls her, she considers how much worse it might have been, and is grateful to a kind Providence in permitting her to escape a more serious disaster.

6. She rejoices in solitude, as it gives her an opportunity of studying herself ; and also in society, because it permits her to communicate to others the happiness she enjoys. She opposes the virtues of every one to his failings or errors, and can always find something to cherish and commend in the very worst of her acquaintances. When she reads a book she does so with the desire to be entertained and instructed, and so she seldom fails to receive what she looks for.

7. If you walk with her, though it be in a field or in

the woods, she will discover numberless beauties and attractions on every hand. The hills and dales, the bending trees and waving grain, the foliage and flowers, the birds and insects, are all full of interest and instruction for her.

8. She enjoys every change of weather and of season, as bringing with it some pleasures and advantages. In conversation she never repeats her own grievances, or those of her neighbors; and, what is still better, she never descants of her neighbors' faults and imperfections.

9. If others introduce unkind and censorious remarks, she adroitly manages to change the subject of conversation. Thus Jane, like the bee, gathers sweets from every weed, while Mary extracts poison from the fairest flowers. Mary is always sour, dissatisfied and captious, while Jane is always pleasant, cheerful and charitable. Perpetual gloom accompanies Mary, while constant sunshine attends Jane. Which will you pattern after?

MOORE.

XL.—PETER BEGINS TO STUDY BOTANY.

1. *Peter.* Uncle John, what are you doing that for?
2. *Uncle John.* Doing what?
3. *Peter.* Why, picking all those weeds to pieces and putting them away in those big books?
4. *U. J.* I do not put away those I pick to pieces.
5. *Peter.* Why do you pick them to pieces?
6. *U. J.* Because they are plants that are new to me, and I am studying them to learn what they are like, and what their relations are.
7. *Peter.* Relations! Do plants have relations?
8. *U. J.* Certainly.
9. *Peter.* That is queer! And is that the way you learn so much about plants?

10. *U. J.* This is one of the ways.
11. *Peter.* I wish I could do that.
12. *U. J.* You can.
13. *Peter.* When?
14. *U. J.* Any time; now if you want to.
15. *Peter.* Will you show me how?
16. *U. J.* With pleasure.
17. *Peter.* Right away?
18. *U. J.* Yes, right away, if you are ready.
19. *Peter.* I am ready whenever you are.
20. *U. J.* The first thing for you to do is to get some plants to study.
21. *Peter.* Where?
22. *U. J.* Any where — out in the garden, if you like.
23. [Peter ran to the garden, and was soon back again with his hands full of leaves and stems.]
24. *Peter.* Will these do?
25. *U. J.* If you wanted to study animals, and I should give you the ear of a dog, the tail of a cat, the foot of a hen, a cow's horn, and a piece of sheep skin, to begin with, do you think they would help you much?
26. *Peter.* No; I think a whole dog would be better.
27. *U. J.* Yes, much better; and a whole plant would be better than all those pieces.
28. *Peter.* Can you not tell me what their names are from the pieces?
29. *U. J.* I could; but you are not to study names. You are to study plants. I will go with you, and show you how to get something to study.
30. *Peter.* What is the use of taking that weed? Every body knows what that is.
31. *U. J.* But we will take it. Perhaps there is something about it that you never noticed.
32. *Peter.* That is catnip, Uncle John, that you are

digging now; you are not going to take that too, are you?

33. *U. J.* Why not?

34. *Peter.* Because I have known catnip ever since I can remember.

35. *U. J.* Shut your eyes. Now tell me what kind of a stalk catnip has?

36. *Peter.* Why,—it is just like—any other stalk, isn't it?

37. *U. J.* Like purslane?

38. *Peter.* No, purslane has no stalk; it just sprawls on the ground.

39. *U. J.* Is it like a mullein stalk?

40. *Peter.* No, not like that.

41. *U. J.* Is it like a corn stalk or a thistle stalk?

42. *Peter.* No, not like those stalks. It is like—I guess I do not remember exactly what it is like.

43. *U. J.* So you do not know catnip as well as you thought. These two will be enough to begin with. Look at them carefully, and when I have finished with my plants I will talk with you about them.

44. [Peter tired of studying by himself, and in a short time he stood by his Uncle's table, plants in hand.]

45. *U. J.* Well, what have you discovered?

46. *Peter.* A catnip stalk is square.

47. *U. J.* Good; any thing more?

48. *Peter.* It smells.

49. *U. J.* What like?

50. *Peter.* Like—like catnip-tea.

51. *U. J.* Very much like it, indeed. Let me see what else you have learned? Is the purslane stem any like the catnip stem?

52. *Peter.* Do you call those stems when they do not stand up?

53. *U. J.* Yes, those are stems.

54. *Peter.* They are round and smooth. Catnip is frizzy a little, and the stems are straight.

55. *U. J.* Any thing more?

56. *Peter.* The leaves of catnip are larger than purslane leaves, and thinner and softer.

57. *U. J.* Can you tell me any thing more about it — the stem of the catnip?

58. *Peter.* No, sir; I have told all I know of it.

59. *U. J.* How about the color?

60. *Peter.* It is green.

61. *U. J.* Is the purslane stem green?

62. *Peter.* Some of it, and some of it is almost white, and some is almost red; queer, isn't it? The under side of the stem is pale, and the upper side is red — tanned, I guess, in the sun.

63. *U. J.* It looks like it. Can you break it?

64. *Peter.* May I try?

65. *U. J.* Certainly.

66. *Peter.* O, how brittle it is! I did not think it would break so easy.

67. *U. J.* Now try the catnip stem.

68. *Peter.* How tough it is. It will not break.

69. *U. J.* Cut it with my knife.

70. *Peter.* Why, it is hollow. The stalk is square, but the hole in it is round.

71. *U. J.* Now I will take the knife and cut the stem across at a joint. There is no hole here. You see that the hollow is closed up at the joints where the branches begin.

72. *Peter.* I should not have thought of that. How many things there are to learn about one stem.

73. *U. J.* We have scarcely made a beginning yet. But before we go further, you may tell me what you have already learned.

74. *Peter.* The catnip stalk is square, stands up

straight, has a strong odor, is slightly frizzy, is green, is rough and woody, will not break easily, is hollow except at the joints, and — that is all I can think of.

75. *U. J.* And what about the purslane stem?

76. *Peter.* That is round, lies flat on the ground, is smooth, brittle, pale green below and red on top, solid.

77. *U. J.* Are you sure of that?

78. *Peter.* Yes; I split a stem the whole length and there was no sign of a hole. It takes a great deal of study to find out all about a plant, if it is a weed, does it not?

79. *U. J.* A great deal.

80. *Peter.* I think I know all about these now.

81. *U. J.* O no, Peter; you have learned only a little about them; you have not learned any thing about the roots yet, nor about the branches, nor about the flowers, nor about the seeds; nor when they come up in the spring, nor how they grow in the summer, nor when they die in the fall; nor what things eat them, nor what they are good for, nor what their relations are, nor —

82. *Peter.* O, I will never be able to learn all of that! And then there are so many plants, too, to learn about.

83. *U. J.* It would be a great task, indeed, if you had to learn it all at once; but you have not. Just keep your eyes open, and take notice of all the plants you see, and you will learn something about them every day. In a little while it will be pleasanter for you to study plants than to play. If you do this, it will not be many years before you will be a wise boy.

XLI.—HOW LEO BECAME A PAUPER.

1. Here is the account of my uncle's dog Leo, as told me while I was a child, and verified by my uncle after I had grown into manhood—for it was so wonderful that I thought my early imagination might have idealized the story.

2. Leo had been the pet of the family and the playmate of the children; but when old he had ceased to be useful, and some of the family had concluded that he should be put out of the way.

3. Observing the dog looking at him intently one morning, my uncle began to talk to him. "Leo, they say I must have you shot or drowned; that you are getting old and offensive—troublesome about the house, and past all usefulness. This is pretty hard, Leo; I can not shoot you, neither can I employ any one to take your life.

4. "You have been a good and faithful dog, and I have loved you, and I now love you for the comfort you have been to me. What am I to do? Who knows but when I get to be old, and am considered to be beyond usefulness, they may want me put out of the way?" Having ended this soliloquy, he left the house and went to his business.

5. In the evening, as Leo did not make his appearance, all thought he had been killed, and none of them cared to allude to it. Several evenings after, one of them ventured to ask their father if Leo had been shot, and who shot him. He replied that he had done nothing about it, and supposed that the family had employed some person to kill him, knowing how painful it would be for him to attend to it. Each and every one put in their disclaimer as to any knowledge of what had become of "poor Leo."

6. Saturday afternoon Leo made his appearance, to the astonishment of the whole family. He was caressed and fed and petted, but in the evening he was missing; and the week passed, with occasional expressions of wonder as to what could have become of the dog. For weeks, every Saturday afternoon brought Leo to his old home. Curiosity at last led one of the children to follow him as he left the house,—it was found that he turned in at the poor-house yard.

7. My uncle called the next day at the poor-house, and there learned that, several weeks before, Leo came to the place and attached himself to the assistant, and followed him about in his various duties, and no person calling for him, they had allowed him to remain. Remembering the soliloquy on the day that Leo first left his old home, my uncle was deeply moved, and resolved to take the dog home and have him well cared for; but no coaxing or persuasion or petting could induce him to remain there.

8. It was a custom to permit the inmates of the poor-house on Saturday afternoons to visit their friends and to return again at a certain hour before dark; and it would appear that Leo took upon himself the privilege granted to the human inmates, and visited his friends at his old home, returning at the regular hour—a practice which he continued, never missing a day so long as he lived.

XLII.—A DEED AND A WORD.

1. A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.

2. He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
3. He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.
4. A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart;
5. A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
6. O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

CHARLES MACKAY.

XLIII.—RICE.

1. Rice is cultivated in most of the warmer portions of the world. Indeed, it can be profitably cultivated only in warm climates. The yield per acre is about six times as much as it is of wheat. Rice was first raised in the United States in the year 1697.

2. In China the rice crop is of great importance. It forms the principal part of the food of the inhabitants; and, as much of the land lies flat and low, and the country

is plentifully intersected by canals, there is an excellent opportunity for irrigation. From the time the seed is sown till it is almost ripe the field must be covered with one entire sheet of water.

3. The rivers of China annually overflow these low grounds, bringing with them a rich manure of mud; and when the mud has lain a few days, the Chinese prepare to plant the rice. They inclose a piece of ground with a clay-bank, then plow and harrow it.

4. The grain is sprinkled rather thickly over the field and immediately water is let in till the whole field is covered to the depth of several inches. Channels are cut from the rivers and canals to effect this.

5. Where the grounds lie too high for the rivers to overflow them, the water is raised by pumps and other hydraulic machines. Sometimes a chain of pumps is constructed, each one raising the water a little till the proper height is gained.

6. This is, however, only a preparatory seed-bed. The ground is next prepared for the main crop, by plowing, harrowing, and laying it level. As soon as the plants in the seed-plot are about seven inches high, they are plucked up by the roots and planted separately in rows, either in furrows or in holes about six inches apart.

7. Water is again brought over the whole field, which is divided by low clay-banks into smaller plots, to which the water is conveyed by channels, at pleasure. As the rice grows and ripens, the water is allowed to dry away, so that the crop, when ripe, covers dry ground. The rice is reaped with a small-toothed sickle. The first crop ripens in May. The ground is immediately prepared for a second, which is reaped about October.

8. Neither carts nor cattle are used to carry away the crop. The sheaves are laid upon frames, which are carried (one hanging at each end of a pole or bamboo).

on the men's shoulders. Sometimes these sheaves are thrashed out with a flail; sometimes the ends are beaten against a board set up on its edge, or against the sides of a tub; or, more frequently, the sheaves are laid on the ground in a circle and oxen are driven over them to tread out the grain.

9. The grain is separated from the husk, frequently, by pounding in a sort of mortar. A heavy stone fastened to a lever is raised by a man treading on the other end. In some cases mills are built, which lift up these levers perhaps twenty at a time. Sometimes the rice is ground between two flat stones, kept so far asunder as not to crack the grain itself.

10. Half the people of Asia live upon rice. It is almost the only food in many parts of Africa, especially among the Moors, in the northern provinces. Great quantities are sent to Europe and America. Rice is prepared for the table in various ways, and is highly esteemed as an article of food.

XLIV.—SUCCESS IN LIFE.

1. This true story inculcates the principle of action on which success in life must always depend. It shows what may be accomplished by perseverance — by resolving to go straight ahead without delay, by overleaping petty obstacles in efforts to do what is right and desirable to be done — through storms as well as sunshine.

2. It was the third year of my residence with Mr. Simpson, who had engaged to do a large amount of work for a publishing house in the city. Sufficient time had been given to accomplish it without an extra effort. But one evening, towards the close of the job, the publisher suddenly appeared in the office.

3. He and Mr. Simpson were alone together some time. When the office was closed for the evening, Mr. Simpson told us (Thomas and me) that the work must be finished in three days at the furthest, and that we must bestir ourselves early in the morning. It was my duty to open the office and prepare it for work.

4. "Thomas," said Mr. Simpson, "I want you to get up and do Robert's work to-morrow morning. He looks nearly sick to-night, and must not come into the office till after breakfast." I had taken a severe cold. The stranger saw and marked us both, and heard Mr. Simpson's directions.

5. "Robert, do you lie in bed in the morning; and, Thomas, by all means be up by four. Here, take my alarm watch and hang it up by your bed-side. Be up, sir, in good season."

6. "Yes, sir," answered Tom, though in no willing tone.

7. When we went to bed a severe snow-storm was beginning to rage and howl without. The cold was extreme, and the wind a furious northeaster. I soon sank into a peaceful slumber, with the agreeable expectation of lying as long as I chose in the morning. In an incredibly short time, as it seemed—so profound were our slumbers—Thomas and I were aroused by the alarm watch: one—two—three—four! Could it be morning?

8. "It's time to get up, Tom," said I, shaking his arm.

9. "Get up, then," he growled roughly.

10. "But I am sick, and you remember what Mr. Simpson said."

11. But Thomas was not to be roused. He was not going to get up so early on such a stormy morning, not he! He was not going to do it for Mr. Simpson, nor for me, nor for any body else—not he! He was not going to get up, if he never did any more work!

12. How many are like Thomas, when a demand is made upon them for a little extra effort? No! they are not going to work so, not they!

13. Now it was evident that somebody must get up, and it must be certainly one of us. I felt I had the right to sleep the night out that time. Besides, I feared it might be hazardous to get up, for I was in a profuse perspiration, and the storm was raging violently. But my persuasions had no more effect upon my bed-fellow than his master's command.

14. "Well, it must be done; make up your mind to do it courageously," thought I. Out of bed I jumped, dressed myself rapidly, without suffering myself to regret the snug, warm quarters I had left.

15. In spite of headache, sore throat and cough, I went bravely on. I plowed my way to the office through the drifting snow, built the fire and had every thing in readiness for the workmen long before they began to appear. Then tying the lantern before me, to see the way, I fought with the snow till I had shoveled a respectable path from the house to the office.

16. Some one beside myself was up in the house. Several times he appeared at the window, looking, and watching my progress. While I was alone in the office a heavy step ascended the stairs. Not John's, nor Thomas', nor Mr. Farley's, nor Mr. Simpson's. Lo, the publisher himself entered! He—such a rich man—up and seeing about his business so early! I was amazed.

17. "I thought you were the boy who was not to get up this morning, Robert? A stormy morning, this, and tough work you have had of it," said he, eying me keenly.

18. "My father always told me, sir, when I had any work to do, to go forward and do it, minding nothing about the weather, or any thing else.

19. "Right! right!" exclaimed the publisher, with great spirit. "You had a training that is worth something — yes, worth more to begin life with than thousands of dollars. I see you can put your hand to the plow and not look back. The great fault with young men now-a-days is, they are afraid of work. They want to live easy, while the fact is, we can not get any thing worth having — reputation, property, or any good — without working, aye, striving for it. I must keep my eye on you, young man."

20. Upon what apparently little incidents hang the well-being of men; I say apparently little, chance-like incidents, and yet they are a part of the great moral woof into which our habits weave our destinies. They are themselves the result of long trains of influences and the starting point of others. So that what many call a lucky hit, or an unlucky turn, is in fact the true result of what the past has wrought out.

21. To some it might have seemed a lucky hit that the publisher and I should have happened to meet, just as we did, at half-past four on a stormy winter's morning, in Mr. Simpson's printing office; because from that time he became my fast friend.

22. At twenty-one, I was free, with a good trade thoroughly learned. At twenty-two, I was master of two hundred and ninety dollars. At twenty-three, a profitable paper and printing establishment was for sale.

23. "How much money did you earn last year, Robert?" asked the publisher who contrived to meet me at this time.

24. "Two hundred and ninety dollars, sir, clear."

25. "Just what I expected. I have bought the Weekly Journal office and furniture, and am going to set you up in business. I see that you can take care of your own, therefore I can safely trust you with mine. You are not

afraid of difficulties, and I feel sure that this arrangement will prove to be a good one for both of us."

26. No, it was not a lucky hit, or any hit at all, if by this is meant a chance event. This meeting was the natural consequence of the business habits formed by the boy. When poor Thomas Smith, on beholding my comfortable home and pleasant lands the other day, called me a "lucky dog," and "one of fortune's favorites," I said to him, as I say to you:

27. "Success in life — success in every department of life — can come only from (and is the legitimate result of) a firm, unflinching resolution to work — to work honestly and industriously; and these habits must be formed in boyhood, they must be wrought out at home, or they will never be formed at all."

XLV.—WORK.

1. Down and up, and up and down,
Over and over and over;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown;
Turn out the bright red clover.
Work, and the sun your work will share,
And the rain in its time will fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.
2. With hand on the spade and heart in the sky,
Dress the ground and till it;
Turn in the little seed, brown and dry;
Turn out the golden millet.
Work, and your house shall be duly fed;
Work, and rest shall be won;
I hold that a man had better be dead
Than alive, when his work is done!

3. Down and up, and up and down,
On the hill-top, low in the valley;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
Turn out the rose and lily.
Work with a plan, a well laid plan,
And the end keep always in view;
Work, and learn at first hand, like a man:
The best way to know is to do!
4. Down and up, till life shall close,
Ceasing not your praises;
Turn in the wild white winter snows,
Turn out the sweet, wild daisies.
Work, and the sun your work will share,
And the rain in its time will fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.

ALICE CARY.

WHAT TO TEACH A CHILD.

The great doctrine to teach a child is, that he must labor for what he wants. Is it riches? Let him stop envying those who have made money, and go to work and make it himself. Is it the position which character gives? Let him build up a good reputation for himself. Is it talent? Let him study to improve his mind. Is it knowledge? He must gather it for himself. One may come honestly by money without working for it, but no one can inherit an education or character.

We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe, gold ears,
Until we have first been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears.

ALICE CARY.

XLVI.—THE BOY WHO WAS NOT ASHAMED OF RIDICULE.

1. I shall never forget a lesson which I received when quite a young lad. Among my school-fellows were Hartly and Jemson. They were somewhat older than myself, and the latter I looked up to as a sort of leader. He was not, at heart, malicious, but he had a foolish ambition of being thought witty and sarcastic, and he made himself feared by a besetting habit of turning things into ridicule, so that he seemed continually looking out for matters of derision.

2. Hartly was a new scholar, and little was known of him among the boys. One morning, as we were on our way to school, he was seen driving a cow along the road towards a neighboring field. A group of boys, among whom were Jemson and myself, met him as he was passing. The opportunity was not to be lost by Jemson.

3. "Halloa!" he exclaimed; "what is the price of milk? I say, Jonathan, what do you feed her on? What will you take for all the gold on her horns? Boys, if you want to see the latest Paris style, look at those boots!"

4. Hartly waved his hand to us with a pleasant smile, and, driving the cow to the field, took down the bars of a rail fence, saw her safely in the inclosure, and then, putting up the bars, came and entered the school with the rest of us. After school in the afternoon he let out the cow and drove her off, none of us knew where. And every day, for two or three weeks, he went through the same task.

5. The boys who attended the academy were nearly all the sons of wealthy parents, and some of them, among whom was Jemson, were dunces enough to look

down with a sort of disdain upon a scholar who had to drive a cow. The sneers and jeers of Jemson were accordingly often renewed. Occasionally he would inquire after the cow's health, pronouncing the word "ke-ow."

6. Hartly, with admirable good-nature, bore all these silly attempts to wound and annoy him. I do not remember that he was even once betrayed into a look or word of angry retaliation.

7. "I suppose, Hartly," said Jemson one day, "that your lady means to make a milkman of you?"

8. "Why not?" asked Hartly.

9. "O, nothing; only do not leave much water in the cans after you rinse them — that is all!"

10. The boys laughed, and Hartly, not in the least mortified, replied, "Never fear; if ever I should rise to be a milkman, I will give good measure and good milk."

XLVII.—THE BOY WHO WAS NOT ASHAMED OF RIDICULE.

(CONCLUDED.)

1. The day after this conversation there was a public exhibition, at which a number of ladies and gentlemen from other cities were present. Prizes were awarded by the principal of our academy, and both Hartly and Jemson received a creditable number; for in respect to scholarship the two were about equal.

2. After the ceremony of distribution the principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize for heroism. The last boy on whom it was conferred was young

Manners, who, three years ago, rescued the blind girl from drowning.

3. The principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short story. Not long since, some scholars were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor boy on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home and confined some weeks to his bed.

4. Of the boys who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded boy. There was one, however, who, witnessing the accident from a distance, offered to render what services he could.

5. He very soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a fine cow of which she was the owner. Alas! what could she now do? She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive the cow to pasture, was on his back, helpless. "Never mind, good woman," said this boy, "I will drive your cow!" With blessings and thanks the widow accepted his offer.

6. But his kindness did not stop here. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. "I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots; but I can do without them for awhile." "O, no," said she, "I can not consent to that; but here is a pair of cow-hide boots that I bought for Henry, who can not wear them. If you would only buy these, giving us what they cost, we could get along nicely." He bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

7. When it was discovered by other boys of the academy that one of our scholars was in the habit of driving

a cow, he was assailed with laughter and ridicule. His cow-hide boots, in particular, were made a matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, never shunning observation, and day after day driving the widow's cow and wearing his thick boots, contented in the thought that he was doing right, and not caring for all the jeers and sneers that could be uttered.

8. He never undertook to explain why he drove a cow; for he was not inclined to display his charitable motives, and, furthermore, in his heart he had no sympathy with the false pride that looks with ridicule on any useful employment. It was by mere accident that his course of kindness and self-denial was yesterday discovered by his teacher.

9. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you: was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Hartly, do not steal out of sight behind the blackboard! You were not afraid of ridicule—you must not be afraid of praise. Come forth, come forth, Master Edward James Hartly, and let us see your honest face!

10. As Hartly, with blushing cheeks, made his appearance, a round of applause, in which the whole company joined, spoke the general approbation of his conduct. The ladies stood upon benches and waved their handkerchiefs. The old men wiped the gathering moisture from the corners of their eyes and clapped their hands. Those clumsy boots on Hartly's feet seemed prouder ornaments than a crown would have been on his head. The medal was bestowed on him amid general acclamation.

11. Let me tell a good thing of Jemson before I conclude. He was heartily ashamed of his ill-natured raillery, and after we were dismissed he went, with tears in his eyes, and tendered his hand to Hartly, making a

handsome apology for his past ill-manners. "Think no more of it, old fellow," said Hartly, with delightful cordiality; "let us all go and have a ramble in the woods before we break up for vacation." The boys, one and all, followed Jemson's example; and then we set forth with huzzas into the woods. What a happy day it was!

Dare forsake what you deem wrong;
Dare to walk in wisdom's way;
Dare to give where gifts belong;
Dare God's precepts to obey.

Do what conscience says is right;
Do what reason says is best;
Do with willing mind and heart;
Do your duty and be blest.

XLVIII.—CORK.

1. That most useful substance called cork is the thick, spongy, external bark of a species of oak. The tree grows to the height of upwards of thirty feet, and is a native of Spain, Portugal, Italy, Barbary, and some of the southern parts of France.

2. It bears a strong resemblance to the evergreen oak, and attains to a great age. When arrived at a certain state of maturity it sheds its bark, but the quality of the bark so separated is inferior to that which is obtained by removing it at a proper time.

3. When the outer bark is removed the inner bark appears below it, and from this the cork is reproduced in the course of a few years. The trees are generally peeled once in ten years.

4. The best cork is obtained from the oldest trees, the bark of the young trees being too porous for use. They are, nevertheless, stripped of their bark before they are twenty years old, it having been found that after every stripping the bark increases in value.

5. After the pieces of bark are detached they are soaked in water, and when nearly dry are placed over a fire of coals, which blackens their surface, but makes them more smooth. They are next loaded with weights to make them even, and are afterwards dried and stacked, or packed in bales for exportation.

6. The spongy nature of cork makes it serve well for the stopping of bottles and other vessels, and thus preventing liquids from running out, or the air from getting in. In the cutting of corks for this use, the only tool employed is a very broad, thin and sharp knife.

7. The corks for bottles are cut lengthwise of the bark, and consequently the pores lie across. Bungs, and corks of large size, are cut in a contrary direction; the pores in these are therefore downward, which renders them much more defective than the others in stopping out the air.

XLIX.—THE SPARROWS' CHRISTMAS FEAST.

1. In the far-off land of Norway,
Where the winter lingers late,
And long for the singing-birds and flowers
The little children wait.
2. When at last the summer ripens,
And the harvest is gathered in,
And food for the bleak, drear days to come
The toiling people win,—

3. Through all the land the children
In the golden fields remain
Till their busy little hands have gleaned
A generous sheaf of grain.
4. All the stalks by the reapers forgotten
They glean to the very least,
To save till the cold December,
For the sparrows' Christmas feast.
5. And then through the frost-locked country
There happens a wonderful thing:
The sparrows flock north, south, east, west,
For the children's offering.
6. Of a sudden, the day before Christmas,
The twittering crowds arrive,
And the bitter, wintry air at once
With their chirping is all alive.
7. They perch upon roof and gable,
On porch and fence and tree;
They flutter about the windows
And peer in curiously;
8. They meet the eyes of the children,
Who eagerly look out
(With cheeks that bloom like roses red)
And greet them with welcoming shout.
9. On the joyous Christmas morning,
In front of every door
A tall pole, crowned with clustering grain,
Is set the birds before.
10. And which are the happiest, truly
It would be hard to tell;
The sparrows who share in the Christmas cheer
Or the children who love them well!

11. How sweet that birds should remember,
With faith so full and sure,
That the children's bounty awaited them
The whole wide country o'er!
12. When this pretty story was told me,
By one who had helped to rear
The rustling grain for the merry birds
In Norway, many a year,—
13. I thought that our little children
Would like to know it too.
It seems to me so beautiful,
So blessed a thing to do,
14. To make God's innocent creatures see
In every child a friend,
And on their faithful kindness
So fearlessly depend.

CELIA THAXTER.

L.—MY FIRST FISHING.

1. I remember my first fishing excursion as if it were but yesterday. I have been happy many times in my life, but never more intensely so than when I received that first fishing-pole from my uncle's hand, and trudged off with him through the woods and meadows.

2. It was a still, sweet day of early summer; the long afternoon shadows of the trees lay cool across our path; the leaves seemed greener, the flowers brighter, the birds merrier, than ever before. My uncle, who knew by long experience where were the best haunts of pickerel, considerably placed me at the most favorable point.

3. I threw out my line as I had so often seen others,

and waited anxiously for a bite, moving the bait in rapid jerks on the surface of the water in imitation of the leap of a frog. Nothing came of it. "Try again," said my uncle. Suddenly the bait sank out of sight. "Now for it," thought I; "here is a fish at last."

4. I made a strong pull, and brought up a tangle of weeds. Again and again I cast out my line with aching arms, and drew it back empty. I looked to my uncle appealingly. "Try once more," he said; "we fishermen must have patience."

5. Suddenly something tugged at my line and swept off with it into deep water. Jerking it up, I saw a fine pickerel wriggling in the sun. "Uncle!" I cried, looking back in uncontrollable excitement, "I've got a fish!"

6. "Not yet," said my uncle. As he spoke there was a splash in the water; I caught the arrowy gleam of a scared fish shooting into the middle of the stream; my hook hung empty from the line. I had lost my prize.

7. We are apt to speak of the sorrows of childhood as trifles in comparison with those of grown-up people; but, we may depend upon it, the young folks do not agree with us.

8. Our griefs, modified and restrained by reason, experience, and self-respect, keep the proprieties, and, if possible, avoid a scene; but the sorrow of childhood, unreasoning and all-absorbing, is a complete abandonment to the passion. The doll's nose is broken and the world breaks up with it; the marble rolls out of sight and the solid globe rolls off with the marble.

9. So, overcome by my great and bitter disappointment, I sat down on the nearest hassock, and for a time refused to be comforted even by my uncle's assurance that there were more fish in the brook. He refitted my bait, and, putting the pole again in my hands, told me to try my luck once more.

10. "But remember, boy," he said, with his shrewd smile, "never brag of catching a fish until he is on dry ground. I've seen older folks doing that in more ways than one, and so making fools of themselves. It's no use to boast of any thing until it's done,—nor then either, for it speaks for itself."

11. How often since have I been reminded of the fish that I did not catch! When I hear people boasting of a work as yet undone, and trying to anticipate the credit which belongs only to actual achievement, I call to mind that scene by the brook-side; and the wise caution of my uncle in that particular instance takes the form of a proverb of universal application: "Never brag of your fish before you catch him."

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

LI.—THE COST OF A POCKET-KNIFE.

1. A boy may use his good, strong jack-knife with but very slight ideas of its cost. If you should ask him, he would perhaps say "half a dollar." Stop your whittling a moment, my young friend, and let us look into the subject a little.

2. A knife does not come by nature, ready made. "But the iron does," you say. Yes, iron is found in the earth, but very seldom pure, or fit for the blacksmith and the manufacturer. It is mixed with clay or some other substance.

3. These substances must be separated from it by intense heat; no ordinary fire will answer the purpose. Charcoal is put into a furnace with the iron ore and some limestone; then the charcoal is lighted at the lower end, and wind blown on it by powerful machinery, and the great heat melts the whole.

4. The iron being heavier than the other matter settles to the bottom, where the workman at the right time lets it out. It runs like water, through the hole he has prepared for it, into furrows made in sand, where it cools. These pieces are cast iron — they are called pigs of iron ; but this iron must have other processes before it is fit for making a knife.

5. Cast iron can not be worked with the hammer, or sharpened to a nice cutting edge ; it must be made into malleable iron for these purposes. Malleable iron is a kind of iron which, instead of melting in the fire, will soften, and thus allow itself to be hammered into the desired shape, or welded together smoothly.

6. But when the iron is made malleable by being heated and stirred and beaten or rolled, even then it is not nice enough for a first-rate knife — it is only iron ; and you want your knife made of steel, so that it will bear a keen edge without either breaking or bending. To get that we must change our material again.

7. To this end the workman must cover up his iron in powdered charcoal and again give it a red heat, that it may get the property upon which the keenness of the knife depends. But he must be careful that the heat be not too great or too long continued, as then the steel could not be hammered or welded.

8. Steel must be tempered. To temper it, it is plunged, while very hot, into cold water, and kept there until it is quite cool. Then the workman brightens it, and, laying it upon a piece of hot iron, holds it to the fire till the color shows him it is in a proper state to be again plunged into water ; and now it is hardened enough to be hammered into shape.

9. Then the knife-grinder takes the knife upon his immense wheels, which are turned by water or steam, and move so swiftly that they seem to almost stand still.

The grinding and polishing are quickly done by the aid of machinery. But you have only the blade of the knife now, and the handle is yet to be made and riveted on.

10. That handle may be fashioned from the tusk of an elephant, the horn of a buffalo or an ox, the wood of a cocoa tree, the shell of a pearl oyster or a turtle, or india-rubber; or it may, like the blade, be made of metal. So you see that it is not fifty cents, but labor and skill, that is the real cost of your knife.

LII.—MACAULAY'S MOTHER.

Lord Macaulay, the great English essayist and historian, wrote these words:

1. Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand. Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts — a loving mother.

2. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after-life you may have friends — fond, dear, kind friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows.

3. Often do I sigh, in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt when, of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night.

4. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; yet still her voice

whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.

LIII.—THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

1. Not many miles from here, and e'en not many months ago,
When all was bound in winter chains, and covered thick with snow,—
As night came down upon the plain, dark clouds hung o'er the earth,
And chilling winds swept o'er the scene in wild and cruel mirth,—
2. A fair young child, with weary feet from wandering to and fro,
At last o'ercome with weariness, sank down upon the snow;
His tender form was thinly clad, though rough, bleak winds swept by,
And froze upon his cheeks the tears that flowed so mournfully.
3. They tossed the curls far off his brow, back from the eyes of blue
That gave such looks of suffering from out their azure hue;
Though none but God was near to mark the tears that from them rolled,
While from his lips came oft the moan — "I am so very cold."
4. A drowsiness came o'er his frame, and soon he ceased to weep,
And on the chilling snow he thought to lay him down and sleep;

But true to holy teachings, first his evening prayer
he said,
And kneeling gently down, he clasped his stiff-
ened hands and prayed.

5. "My heavenly Father," were the words that from
his pale lips came—
And many a dark and dismal night his prayer
had been the same,—
"Please let me die and take me to the gentle
Shepherd's fold;
I want to go so very much, I am so very cold.
6. "When mother died and went to heaven to be
an angel bright,
She said I might come pretty soon—please let
me go to-night;
I want to feel her dear warm arms again around
me fold;
O Father! let me go to her, I am so very cold."
7. There was a time, whene'er these same small hands
were clasped in prayer,
At dusky hour of eventide, another form was
there;
And ere these curls were laid to rest upon their
downy bed,
A father's hand in blessing lay upon that curly
head.
8. There was a time when round this self-same child-
ish form were thrown
The thousand comforts, dear delights, and guardian
cares of home;
The budding happiness of life shone on his care-
free brow,
And love and warmth and light were there—
where are those blessings now?

9. 'Twas not the ocean storm that sank the father
 'neath its wave;
 'Twas not a foul disease that laid the mother in
 her grave;
 'Twas not the raging flame that swept the pleas-
 ant home away,
And turned the patient toil of years to ashes in
 a day.
10. 'Twas the demon of the wine cup set the fa-
 ther's brain on fire,
And plunged his soul and body into ruin, dark
 and dire;
While drop by drop the life-blood oozed from
 out the loving heart
Of her who vowed to cling to him till death
 itself should part.
11. And when her weary life was o'er they laid her
 in the ground,
And left her child in this cold world, to wander
 up and down.
And now alone with freezing form beneath the
 wintry sky,
It kneeled upon the cold, white snow and wildly
 prayed to die.
12. When morning with her streaming light came
 o'er the eastern hill,
And flashed her beams across the plain, she saw
 him kneeling still;
And from the cold and parted lips came not one
 trembling word;
The blue eyes raised to heaven were closed — the
 "orphan's prayer" was heard.

LIV.—HOW NAILS ARE MADE.

1. One of the most interesting places I ever visited was a nail factory. In one room there were as many as fifty strong iron machines with sharp steel jaws that bit chunks of iron in two as easily as you can bite in two a piece of soft bread.

2. The noise made by these machines was absolutely fearful. I wanted to stuff my ears with cotton, but I thought that would not be very civil to my guide. After a little while I became accustomed to it, and soon I found myself so much interested that I really did not think of the noise.

3. Some machines nip off the tacks so fast that a stream of finished tacks runs down a tin tube into a reservoir—thousands in a minute. Listen to the ticking of the clock, and reflect that every time it ticks at least twenty tacks are snapped off. But I must tell you how they do it.

4. First, the iron bar, as it comes from the iron works, is put between immense rollers, which flatten it out as nicely as a cook can roll out pie crust with a rolling-pin. The bar of iron is thus made into a sheet, just thick enough for the nails they want to make. It goes next to the slitting machine, which makes no more fuss about slitting it into the proper widths than your scissors make about cutting paper.

5. These strips are cut a little wider than the length of the nails to be made from it, because heads are to be made on the nails. When these strips of iron are all ready, a man takes one, and slips the end into the steel jaws of one of the nail machines.

6. These jaws are worked by steam-power, and instantly they bite off a nail, while a furious little hammer springs out suddenly, and with one blow on the end of the bit of

iron flattens it, and thus makes a head. If you want to know how hard a blow that must be, take a piece of iron and try to pound a head on it yourself.

7. The instant the head is made, the jaws open and the nail drops out, finished. Of course it is done much quicker than I have been telling you, for a machine can make brads (which I need not tell the boys are small nails without heads) at the rate of three thousand a minute.

8. It is said that "figures won't lie," and I hope they will not; but I must admit that it is hard to believe that story. After the tacks come out of the machine they are "blued," as it is called. This is done by heating them in an oven or on an iron plate. Then they go to the packing room, where one girl can weigh and put up two thousand papers of tacks in a day.

9. How many kinds of nails can you name? You will probably be surprised to hear that two hundred kinds of nails are made in one factory, beginning with spikes which weigh nearly half a pound each, and ending with the tiniest kind of tacks, not a quarter of an inch long.

10. Men did not always have machines to make nails for them, and of course they had to make them by hand. That was not an easy thing to do, for they could not make them of cold iron, but had to heat every one.

11. In some parts of England they were very slow to get machinery, for the ignorant people, thinking their trade would be spoiled, often broke up and destroyed machinery that was brought there. Many in England still work at nail making as their grandfathers did.

12. Every man has a little forge—such as you have seen in a blacksmith's shop if you live in a village—and a small anvil. Every child is put to work to make nails at eight or nine years of age, because they earn so little that every one of the family must help to earn bread. Of

course these children have no time to learn to read, and many grown men and women can not read or write.

13. This is the way they make the nails: They buy iron rods just the right size for the nails they make — for one family always makes the same size of nail. They take one of these rods, heat it red-hot at the forge, lay it on the anvil, and cut it off the length of a nail; then, laying away the rest of the rod, they take the piece they have cut off, pound it out to a point at one end, and pound on a head at the other.

14. A very slow operation, you will say, when you think how fast the machines snap them off. A whole family scarcely ever earns more than five dollars a week, and a part of that has to go for the coal it uses.

15. One of the nail factories in our country, that I have read about, uses one hundred and fifty tons of iron in a week, all of which is bitten up into nails.

LV.—“READ THAT AGAIN, JACK.”

1. Around in Chester Alley lived Mr. Hall. The world outside spoke well of him, and many envied “Joe Hall’s luck,” for his hands were always full of work, and his pocket always had a musical ring of silver about it. He had three children, two bright little girls; but James, his oldest child, was blind.

2. Mr. Hall was a good father, a good husband, a good neighbor, a good workman; but yet he had one great fault — he would treat himself to a glass of gin after a hard day’s work.

3. It was a great benefit to him, he thought. If he was tired, it rested him; if inclined to be lazy, it stirred him up; if hot, it cooled him; if cold, it heated him; if

sick, it made him well ; if well, it made him still better ; so altogether it was a good thing.

4. True, it sometimes made him a little sleepy, but he never took it except at night, and surely that was the time for a hard working man to be sleepy. He had tried often to persuade his blind boy to take a little, for he was very pale and delicate, but the boy said, "No, thank you, sir," very firmly, and closed his lips very tightly after he had said it.

5. In the same alley lived Jack Parson's father, and Jack and James were fast friends. One day a lady, who was passing with tracts, gave Jack a small book, as she found that he could read. When night came, and Jack could leave his wood-sawing, he ran up to Mr. Hall's to read his new book to James. Down they sat by the fire, and Jack read in a low tone ; but presently Mr. Hall called out :

"Eh ! what is that ? Read that again, Jack."

6. So Jack read louder :

"A gentleman declares that where he lives there is a dreadful worm which infests his country. It is of a dark color, and generally lives near a spring, and bites the unfortunate people who are in the habit of going there to drink. The symptoms of its bite are terrible. The eyes of the patient become red and fiery, the tongue swells to an immoderate size, and obstructs utterance, and delirium of the most horrid character ensues."

7. "The Lord keep me out of that country forever !" said Mr. Hall. "Read on, Jack ; any thing more ?" And he rested his glass on his knee, and leaned eagerly forward.

8. Jack continued : "This worm never touches the brute creation, but, strange to say, it seizes only man, and where it once leaves its poison, farewell to health, farewell to life !"

9. "How strange," said Mr. Hall. "And does it tell the name of the terrible worm?"

10. Jack's voice trembled a little, but he read on: "The name of this poisonous creature is 'The Worm of the Still.'"

11. Mr. Hall set the tumbler down hard on the table, threw himself back in his chair and went to thinking. The boys hushed—they knew that the long pipe that wound round and round in the distilleries, through which the whisky ran, was called "the worm," and as the truth of what they had been reading flashed upon them, they went to thinking too. The silence lasted so long, and became so oppressive, that Jack crept out.

12. "Father," said the blind boy, putting out his thin hands and feeling about till he touched him,—“Father, fling it away, it has not got a tight grip yet; but O!”—

13. James could say no more; but, sinking down, he laid his head on his father's shoulder and burst into tears. Not a word was said, but James felt a tear strike his forehead, then another and another, and he knew that the coil was loosened and its power broken forever. So it was, for from that night Mr. Hall drank no more.

MRS. M. J. MALLARY.

LVI.—SMILE WHENEVER YOU CAN.

1. When things don't go to suit you,
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown;
Since life is oft perplexing,
'Tis much the wisest plan
To bear all trials bravely,
And smile whene'er you can.

2. Why should you dread to-morrow,
And thus despoil to-day?
For when you borrow trouble,
You always have to pay.
It is a good old maxim,
Which should be often preached:
“Don’t cross the stream before you,
Until the stream is reached.”
3. You might be spared much sighing,
If you would keep in mind
The thought that good and evil
Are always here combined.
There must be something wanting;
And though you roll in wealth,
You may miss from your casket
That precious jewel — health.
4. And though you’re strong and sturdy,
You may have an empty purse
(And earth has many trials
Which I consider worse);
But whether joy or sorrow
Fill up your mortal span,
’Twill make your pathway brighter
To smile whene’er you can.

A loving heart and a cheerful countenance are commodities which children should never fail to keep on hand. They will best season their food and soften their pillows. Sour faces and cross words make every thing go wrong. Keep in the sunshine of God’s love, and do not give the frowns a chance to deepen into wrinkles.

Half the unhappiness of this life springs from looking back to griefs that are past, and forward with fear to the future.

LVII.—THE LITTLE MATCH SELLER.

1. It was terribly cold and nearly dark on the last evening of the old year, and the snow was falling fast. In the cold and the darkness a poor little girl, with bare head and naked feet, roamed through the streets. It is true she had on a pair of slippers when she left home, but they were not of much use.

2. They were very large, very large indeed, for they once belonged to her mother, and the poor little creature had lost them in running across the street to avoid two carriages that were rolling along at a terrible rate. One of the slippers she could not find, and a boy seized upon the other and ran away with it, saying that he could use it as a cradle when he had children of his own.

3. So the little girl went on with her little naked feet, which were quite red and blue with the cold. In an old apron she carried a number of matches, and had a bundle of them in her hands. No one had bought any thing of her the whole day, nor had any one given her even a penny.

4. Shivering with cold and hunger she crept along. Poor little child! she looked the picture of misery. The snow-flakes fell on her long, fair hair, which hung in curls on her shoulders; but she regarded them not. Lights were shining from every window, and there was a savory smell of roast goose, for it was New Year's eve; yes, she remembered that.

5. In a corner between two houses, one of which projected beyond the other, she sank down and huddled herself together. She had drawn her little feet under her, but she could not keep off the cold; and she dared not go home, for she had sold no matches, and could not take home even a penny of money.

6. Her father would certainly beat her; besides, it was almost as cold at home as here, for they had only the roof to cover them, through which the wind howled, although the largest holes had been stopped up with straw and rags. Her little hands were almost frozen with the cold.

7. Ah! perhaps a burning match might be of some use, if she could draw it from the bundle and strike it against the wall, just to warm her fingers. She drew one out—"Scratch!" How it sputtered as it burnt! It gave a warm, bright light, like a little candle, as she held her hand over it. It was really a wonderful light.

8. It seemed to the little girl as if she was sitting by a large iron stove, with polished brass feet and a brass ornament. How the fire burned! and seemed so beautifully warm that the child stretched out her feet as if to warm them, when lo! the flame of the match went out, the stove vanished, and she had only the remains of the half-burnt match in her hand.

9. She rubbed another match on the wall. It burst into a flame, and when its light fell upon the wall it became as transparent as a veil, and she could see into the room. The table was covered with a snowy white table-cloth, on which stood a splendid dinner service and a steaming roast goose stuffed with apples and dried plums.

10. And, what was still more wonderful, the goose jumped down from the dish and waddled across the floor, with a knife and fork in its breast, to the little girl. Then the match went out and there remained nothing but the thick, damp, cold wall before her.

11. She lighted another match, and then she found herself sitting under a beautiful Christmas-tree. It was larger and more beautifully decorated than the one she had seen through the glass door of the rich merchant.

12. Thousands of tapers were burning upon the green branches of the tree, and colored pictures, like those she had seen in the show-windows, looked down upon it all. The little one stretched out her hand towards them and the match went out.

13. The Christmas lights rose higher and higher, till they looked to her like the stars in the sky. Then she saw a star fall, leaving behind a bright streak of fire. "Some one is dying," thought the little girl; for her old grandmother, the only one who had ever loved her, and who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls a soul is going up to God.

14. She again rubbed a match on the wall, and the light shone around her. In the brightness stood her old grandmother, clear and shining, yet mild and loving in her appearance. "Grandmother," cried the little one, "O, take me with you; I know you will go away when the match burns out; you will vanish like the warm stove, the roast goose, and the large, glorious Christmas-tree."

15. And she made haste to light the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to keep her grandmother there. And the matches glowed with a light that was brighter than the noonday, and her grandmother had never appeared so large or so beautiful. She took the little girl in her arms, and they both flew upwards in brightness and joy far above the earth, where there was neither cold nor hunger nor pain, for they were with God.

16. In the dawn of morning there lay the poor little one, with pale cheeks and smiling mouth, leaning against the wall. She had been frozen to death on the last evening of the old year; and the new year's sun rose and shone upon a little corpse.

17. The child still sat, in the stiffness of death, hold-

ing the matches in her hand, one bundle of which was burnt. "She tried to warm herself," said some. No one imagined what beautiful things she had seen, nor into what glory she had entered with her grandmother on New Year's day.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

LVIII.—FULTON'S FIRST STEAM-BOAT.

1. One of the most remarkable discoveries of modern times is the art of propelling vessels by steam. For the first successful application of this discovery the world is indebted to Robert Fulton, an American. His account of the construction of his first steam-boat (in 1807) is well worthy the perusal of my young readers. It is taken from Judge Story's discourse before the Boston Mechanics' Institution.

2. When (said Fulton) I was building my first steam-boat at New York, the project was viewed by the public either with indifference or with contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends indeed were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances.

3. As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building yard, while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered unknown near the idle groups of strangers gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn or sneer or ridicule.

4. I heard the wise calculation of losses and expenditures, the dry jest, the dull but endless repetition of the "Fulton folly," and the loud laugh often rose at my expense. Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright

hope, or a warm wish, cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness, veiling its doubts or hiding its reproaches.

5. At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be put in operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited my friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be the partners of my mortification, and not of my triumph.

6. I was well aware that in my case there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unaccustomed to such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes.

7. The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent and sad. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts.

8. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations and whispers and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, "I told you it would be so—it is a foolish scheme—I wish we were well out of it."

9. I elevated myself upon a platform and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for a half hour, I would either go on or abandon the voyage for that time.

10. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight maladjustment of some of

the work. In a short period it was obviated. The boat was again put in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses.

11. We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of the highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shore; and then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment. Imagination superseded the influence of fact. It was then doubted if it could be done again, or if done, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value.

LIX.—THE TWO TRAVELERS AND THE OYSTER.

1. Two travelers, in time of yore,
 Passed near the sea one day,
And saw by chance where on the shore
 A stranded oyster lay.
2. To seize it one directly ran,
 And all his muscles strained,
But past him pushed the other man,
 And so the prize obtained.
3. "The fish is mine," the other cried:
 "I saw it first, I'd swear."
"Before you saw," his friend replied,
 "I smelt it lying there."
4. "Then with the smell remain content,
 And yield the taste to me."
And thus they wrangled as they went
 Whose should the oyster be.

5. But 'mid their strife at length they spied
A stranger drawing near,
Of aspect grave and dignified
As of a judge severe.
 6. To him the quarrel they referred,
And stated each his claim,
Which patiently enough was heard,
And then the judgment came.
 7. He took the oyster in his hand
And opened it with care,
While both his face intently scanned
To read his purpose there.
 8. Then much, I ween, to their surprise,
Ere they had seen it well
He ate the fish before their eyes
And handed each a shell.
 9. "This judgment doth the court award,"
He said with accent gay,
"And bids you live in good accord;"
Then wished the pair good day.
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By litigation a dispute
Grows oft from bad to worse:
The gold is swallowed in the suit;
You gain an empty purse.

LX.—THE FAITHFUL INDIAN.

1. In the town of Ulster, in the State of Pennsylvania, once lived a man by the name of Le Fever. He owned a farm near the Blue Mountains, a place at that time much infested with wild animals.

2. He had a family of eleven children, and one morning he was greatly alarmed at missing the youngest, who was about four years of age. The distressed family searched for him in the river and in the fields, but to no purpose. Greatly terrified, they called their friends and neighbors to aid them in the search.

3. They entered the woods, which they examined with great care. A thousand times they called the child's name, but no answer came back save the echoes of the wilds. Almost in despair they assembled at the foot of the mountains.

4. After a brief rest and consultation they formed into several bands and renewed the search. The parents, as night approached, were in great distress, well knowing that wild cats and other savage animals abounded in the vicinity.

5. Often came into their minds the horrid idea of a wolf, or of some other dreaded animal, devouring their darling boy. "Derick, my poor little Derick! where art thou?" frequently exclaimed the mother, in tones of the deepest distress,—but all of no avail. The search, though long continued, proved unsuccessful.

6. Fortunately a friendly Indian, laden with furs, called at the house of Mr. Le Fever, intending to rest, as he usually did when passing that way. He was surprised to find no one at home but an old negro woman who was too feeble to aid in hunting for the child.

7. On learning of the cause of their absence he said, "Sound the horn, and if possible call thy master home. I will find his child." The horn was sounded, and soon the father came home. The Indian called for the stockings and shoes that little Derick had last worn.

8. He caused his dog, which he brought with him, to smell them. He then led him into a field about twenty rods from the house and conducted him in a circle

round the house, bidding him smell the ground as they proceeded. He had not gone far when the dog began to bark. Following the scent he ran into the woods and soon barked again.

9. The sound brought some feeble ray of hope to the parents, and the party followed the dog with all speed, but soon lost sight of him. In about half an hour he was again heard to bark, and soon after he returned to his master. The appearance of the dog was visibly changed, and indicated that his search had not been in vain.

10. "I am sure he has found the child!" exclaimed the Indian, "but whether dead or alive I can not tell." He then followed his dog, which led him to the foot of a large tree, where the child lay in a very feeble state, and nearly dead. Taking him tenderly in his arms he carried him to the disconsolate parents.

11. Happily, the father and mother were in some measure prepared to receive their child. Their joy was so great that for a time they could utter no words of gratitude to their benefactor. Words can not describe the scene. After they had bathed the face of their child with tears they threw themselves upon the neck of the Indian and wept for joy.

12. Nor did they forget the faithful dog. They caressed him with great delight as the restorer of their lost child, after which they provided, liberally, refreshments for all concerned in the search. When all had partaken they returned with glad and thankful hearts to their several homes.

How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things, which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness.

LXI.—BEARS.

1. There are five kinds of bears: the brown bear of Europe, the white or polar bear, the American or black bear, the grizzly bear also of America, and the Asiatic bear.

2. The brown bear of Europe is large and fierce, and, when hungry or angry, will attack people. This kind differs from the others in the shape of his head; and in the autumn he goes into a cave and sleeps until spring, when he comes out very thin.

3. The polar bear is white, except his claws and the tip of his nose, which are black. His home is in the icy regions around the shores of the Arctic Sea. His hairy feet and strong claws enable him to run quickly over the fields of ice, and he has been seen to climb the smooth, glassy peaks of the icebergs.

4. This animal is as large as a cow, and very strong. He lives upon seals and fishes, and seems quite at home in the water. Some years ago a party of travelers in the northern regions knew a bear to swim from one place to another a distance of thirty miles.

5. The flesh is eaten by the inhabitants, and is considered very good. His thick, woolly skin is used for clothing and bedding, and sometimes we see it here as door mats and sleigh robes. The Laplanders call him "the old man in the fur cloak."

6. Some years since a polar bear was on exhibition in New York city. It was early in the spring, and to us uncomfortably cold, but the poor bear seemed to suffer with the heat. There was a tank of water near him, in which he bathed frequently, and when a block of ice was placed in his cage he seemed delighted, began to lick it, and at last rolled over and over upon it.

7. The black bear of America is a small, quiet animal, and very seldom attacks man, unless in self-defense. He will eat vegetables, fruits and small animals, and will climb trees and rob the wild bees of their honey.

8. The grizzly bear is the largest and most fierce of all; he is found only in the rocky mountains and the country around. The Indians hunt him, and any one who traps and kills a grizzly bear is considered very brave, and is allowed to wear a necklace of his teeth strung around his neck.

9. The Asiatic bear lives mostly in the mountains of India. His food is white ants, honey, rice, palm fruit and vegetables. When they are pursued, the little cubs will jump upon the backs of the old bears, which will run off with them.

LXII.—THE FOX IN THE WELL.

1. Sir Reynard once, as I've heard tell,
Had fallen into a farmer's well,
When Wolf, his cousin, passing by,
Heard from the depths his dismal cry.
2. Over the wheel a well-chain hung,
From which two empty buckets swung;
At one, drawn up beside the brink,
The fox had paused, no doubt, to drink,
And putting in his head, had tipped
The bucket: fox and bucket slipped,
And, hampered by the bail, he fell,
As I have said, into the well.
As down the laden bucket went,
The other made its swift ascent.

3. His cousin, Wolf, beguiled to stop,
Listened astonished at the top;
Looked down, and, by the uncertain light,
Saw Reynard in a curious plight,—
There in his bucket at the bottom,
Calling as if the hounds had got him!
4. "What do you there?" his cousin cried.
"Dear cousin Wolf," the fox replied,
"In coming to the well to draw
Some water, what d'ye think I saw?
It glimmered bright and still below;
You've seen it—but you did not know
It was a treasure! Now, behold!
I've got my bucket filled with gold,—
Enough to buy ourselves and wives
Poultry to last us all our lives!"
5. The wolf made answer with a grin:
"Dear me! I thought you'd tumbled in!
What, then, is all this noise about?"
"Because I could not draw it out,
I called to you," the Fox replied;
"First help me, then we will divide."
6. "How?" "Get into the bucket there."
The wolf, too eager for a share,
Did not one moment pause to think;
There hung the bucket by the brink,
And in he stepped. As down he went
The cunning fox made his ascent,
Being the lighter of the two.
7. "That's right!—ha, ha! how well you do!
How glad I am you came to help!"
Wolf struck the water with a yelp;
The fox leaped out. "Dear Wolf," said he,

"You've been so very kind to me,
I'll leave the treasure all to you;
I hope 'twill do you good! Adieu!
There comes the farmer!" Off he shot,
And disappeared across the lot,
Leaving the wolf to meditate
Upon his miserable fate,—
To flattering craft a victim made,
By his own greediness betrayed!

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

LXIII.—WHAT TO READ, AND HOW.

1. A young man found that he could read with interest nothing but sensational stories. The best books were placed in his hands, but they were not interesting.

2. One afternoon, as he was reading a foolish story, he overheard one say, "That boy is a great reader; does he read any thing that is worth reading?"

3. "No," was the reply; "his mind will run out if he keeps on reading after his present fashion. He used to be a sensible boy till he took to reading nonsense, and nothing else."

4. The boy sat still for a time; then rose, went up to the man who said that his mind would run out, and asked him if he would let him have a good book to read.

5. "Will you read a good book if I will let you have one?"

6. "Yes, sir."

7. "It will be hard work for you."

8. "I will do it."

9. "Well, come home with me and I will lend you a good book."

10. The boy went with him, and received a volume of Franklin's works.

11. "There," said the man, "read that, and come occasionally and tell me what you have read."

12. The lad kept his promise. He found it hard work to keep to the simple and wise sentences of the philosopher, but he persevered. The more he read, and the more he talked with his friend about what he had read, the more interested he became.

13. Ere long he felt no desire to read the feeble and foolish books he had formerly delighted in. He derived a great deal more pleasure from reading good ones. Besides, his mind began to grow. He began to be spoken of as an intelligent and promising young man.

14. Those who do not read good books, but flashy and worthless ones, read hastily and with very little attention; they seem to think, if they are able to say that they have read the books, that nothing more is necessary.

15. It does one very little good to simply read a book. A gentleman once asked a reader of this class if he had read a certain book.

16. "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

17. "What do you know about it?"

18. "I know — I know that I have read it."

19. He spoke the truth. He had read the book, and he knew that he had read it, and that was all he knew about it.

20. Of course he derived no benefit from that book, unless, perhaps, the reading it kept him out of some mischief; but, on the other hand, it tended to form a bad habit of reading.

21. No book does any one good unless it is understood. Unless you get some definite ideas from a book, there is no use in reading it.

REV. JOSEPH ALDEN, LL.D.

LXIV.—VALUE OF BIRDS.

1. How ought we to receive our pretty visitors? The law has told us that we must not kill them or destroy their nests. They come to us in the most confiding innocence,—not intending to harm us, but to confer upon us benefits which no other class of the animal creation can confer.

2. Were there none of these birds to keep in check the myriads of voracious insects which swarm around us, our country, it may well be believed, would cease to be habitable by man. We may form some idea of the value of birds from calculating the labors of a single species.

3. Each red-winged blackbird devours on an average fifty grubs a day. One pair in four months consumes more than twelve thousand. If there are in New England one million pairs of these birds, then they will consume twelve thousand millions of grubs in one summer.

4. If any one can calculate the amount of injury that such an army of insects might do, he may calculate the amount of benefit which we derive from this single species of birds for one season only.

5. It does one's heart good to hear the sweet song of the meadow lark. The gunner should spare him for that alone. They, too, feed upon insects and (to man) useless berries.

6. The oriole and other hanging birds feed almost wholly on insects in the spring. In cherry time we rather wish they and the robin would stay in the woods; and yet they are busy in catching the pea-bug; and the robin also examines the trees in the orchard. Insects found upon the apple tree seem to be his favorite food.

7. The crow blackbird pulls up corn, but he devours

an immense number of insects. The kingbird is said to catch bees. I have shot two or three, opened their crops, and found nothing but bugs and parts of bugs,—not a sign of a bee. Let him live, for he eats beetles, crickets, grasshoppers and canker-worms.

8. The pheebe lives on insects. We shall suffer for our cruelty and ingratitude if we harm this friendly inhabitant of our cow-yards. The bobolink eats crickets, grasshoppers, and spiders. No wonder he sings so lustily.

9. The sparrows—there are several species of them—subsist mostly on insects; they eat only a small portion of seeds. The multitude of small worms that they pick from trees and shrubs is almost incredible. The sparrow is the only bird that seems to have a liking for the prickly green worm that infests the cultivated raspberry; and the European sparrow takes delight in tackling the stronghold of the tent worm.

10. The swallow eats nothing but insects. Almost every species of the smaller birds devour more or less insects, not even the crow excepted. He eats the white grub worm wherever he can find it.

11. The brown thrush, or thrasher, is said to do much injury on corn and other things. This may be partly true; but for every kernel of corn he pilfers I am persuaded he destroys five hundred insects. Some years ago, seeing one of the birds busy about my garden, as I supposed for no good end, I shot him; and in a few days after I shot another one.

12. On opening their crops I found them filled with the large, black bugs that live upon squashes, and poison our cucumber vines—a bug, I believe, that no other creature will eat. Let them have some corn for their pay, if they wish it. I place a high value on the thrasher, as an insect-eating bird; and I love to hear his merry song.

J. W. MELL.

LXV.—THE SKATER'S SONG.

1. Hurra! hurra! who cares for the cold?
Winds are rough, but skaters are bold.
Winds may blow, for skaters know,
As over the ice so swift they go,
Winds can not worry them—let them blow
2. There are Tom, John, Harry and Isidore,
Jessie and Jane, and a dozen more;
Tasks all done—away we run—
And, of all forms of frolic and fun,
There's nothing like skating under the sun.
3. Then away, away o'er the crystal floor;
Away, away from the reedy shore,
Out of sight like the flashing light,
Curving neither to left nor right—
Away on our trusty steel so bright.
4. Here's the good old moon, with a kindly smile—
Bless her round face, so friendly the while!
We bravely dare the frosty air,
And, so glad and gay, we glide away
Over the floor of the beautiful bay,
Far from the shore, away, away.

LUELLA CLARK.

LXVI.—CAPTAIN HARDY AND NATHAN.

1. *Nathan*. Good morning, captain. How do you stand this hot weather?
2. *Captain*. Bless you, boy, it is a cold bath to what we had at Monmouth! Did I ever tell you about that battle?

3. *N.* I have always understood that it was very hot that day.

4. *Cap.* Bless you, boy, it makes my crutch sweat to think of it; and if I did not hate long stories I would tell you things about that battle such as you would not believe, you rogue, if I did not tell you. It beats all nature how hot it was.

5. *N.* I wonder you did not all die of heat and fatigue.

6. *Cap.* Why, so we would, if the regulars had only died first; but you see they never liked the Jerseys, and would not lay their bones there. Now, if I did not hate long stories I would tell you all about that business, for you see they do not do things so now-a-days.

7. *N.* How so? Do not people die as they used to?

8. *Cap.* Bless you, no. It beat all nature to see how long the regulars would kick after we killed them.

9. *N.* What! kick after they were killed! That does beat all nature, as you say.

10. *Cap.* Come, boy, no splitting hairs with an old continental, for you see, if I did not hate long stories, I would tell you things about this battle that you would never believe. Why, bless you, when General Washington told us we might give it to them, we gave it to them, I tell you.

11. *N.* You gave what to them?

12. *Cap.* Cold lead, you rogue. Why, bless you, we fired twice to their once, you see; and if I did not hate long stories I would tell you how we did it. You must know, the regulars wore their close-bodied red coats, because they thought we were afraid of them; but we did not wear any coats, you see, because we had none.

13. *N.* How happened you to be without coats?

14. *Cap.* Why, bless you, they would wear out, and the States could not buy us any more, you see, and so we

marched the lighter and worked the freer for it. Now, if I did not hate long stories I would tell you what the general said to me the next day, when I had a touch of the rheumatism from lying on the field without a blanket all night. You must know it was raining hard just then, and we were pushing on like all nature after the regulars.

15. *N.* What did the general say to you!

16. *Cap.* Not a syllable says he, but off comes his coat, and he throws it over my shoulders: "There, captain," says he, "wear that, for we can not spare you yet." Now that beat all nature, hey?

17. *N.* So you wore the general's coat, did you?

18. *Cap.* Lord bless your simple heart, no. I did not feel sick after that, I tell you. "No, general," says I, "they can spare me better than they can you just now, and so I will take the will for the deed," says I.

19. *N.* You will never forget this kindness, captain.

20. *Cap.* Not I, boy! I never feel a twinge of the rheumatism, but what I say, God bless the general. Now, you see, I hate long stories, or I would tell you how I gave it to a regular who tried to shoot the general at Monmouth. You know we were at close quarters, and the general was right between the two fires.

21. *N.* I wonder he was not shot.

22. *Cap.* Bless your ignorant soul, nobody could kill the general; but you see a sneaking regular did not know this, and so he leveled his musket at him; and you see I knew what he was after, and I gave the general's horse a slap on the haunches, and it beats all nature how he sprung, and the general all the while as straight as a gun-barrel.

23. *N.* And you saved the general's life.

24. *Cap.* Did I not tell you nobody could kill the general? but you see his horse was in the rake of my

gun, and I wanted to get the start of that cowardly regular.

25. *N.* Did you hit him?

26. *Cap.* Bless your simple soul, does the thunder hit where it strikes!—though the fellow made me blink a little, for he carried away part of this ear—See there! (*Showing his ear.*) Now does not that beat all nature?

27. *N.* I think it does. But tell me, how is it that you took all these things so calmly? What made you so contented under your privations and hardships?

28. *Cap.* O, bless your young soul, we got used to it. Besides, you see the general never flinched nor grumbled.

29. *N.* Yes, but you served without being paid.

30. *Cap.* So did the general, and the States, you know, were poor as all nature.

31. *N.* But you had families to support.

32. *Cap.* Aye, aye, but the general always told us that God and our country would take care of them, you see. Now, if I did not hate long stories, I would tell you how it turned out just as he said, for he beat all nature for guessing right.

33. *N.* Then you feel happy, and satisfied with what you have done for your country, and what she has done for you?

34. *Cap.* Why, bless you, if I had not left one of my legs at Yorktown I would not have touched a stiver of the State's money; and as it is, I am so old that I shall not need it long. You must know, I long to see the general again, and if he does not hate long stories as bad as I do, I shall tell him all about America, you see, for it beats all nature how things have changed since he left us.

LXVII.—GALL-NUTS.

1. The gall-nuts of commerce are found on the branches of shrubby oaks. By the phrase "gall-nuts of commerce" is meant simply those which are of sufficient value to be bought and sold.

2. Gall-nuts are usually round, varying from the size of a pea to that of a hazel-nut. The best of them are heavy and brittle, of a deep olive color or black. In commerce they are known as white, green and blue gall-nuts.

3. The white ones are those which were not gathered till the insect had made its escape. These are not as heavy as the others, and, being of a lighter color, are not worth as much. The green and blue gall-nuts, or galls, as they are often called, are gathered before the insect leaves them. These are heavier and darker than the white ones, and yield about one third more coloring matter.

4. These curious excrescences, and all similar ones found on the leaves, branches and roots of trees, are caused by the sting of insects when depositing their eggs. There are many kinds of insects that produce these excrescences, which form protection and nourishment to the eggs and the young insects. The oak, which bears the gall-nuts of commerce, is a shrub not more than four or five feet in height.

5. These galls are very astringent, and have an unpleasant, bitter taste. The best of them are imported from Aleppo and Smyrna, in Asia Minor. They are used in medicine and in dyeing, and also in making ink, which enables us, among other things, to converse with our friends, be their distance never so great.

6. The human voice extends over a small circle only; but the pen, dipped in a liquid dyed with the gall-nut, sends forth winged words across seas and over distant

lands, bearing our thoughts and telling the words we would speak.

7. Thus, wherever we turn our eyes in nature we may behold the hand of an Infinite Creator, in the wonderful adaptation and usefulness of every thing, even of the most inferior of creatures.

LXVIII.—THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

1. The long grass, burned brown
In the summer's fierce heat,
Snaps brittle and dry
'Neath the traveler's feet,
As over the prairie,
Through all the long day,
His white, tent-like wagon
Moves slow on its way.
2. Safe and snug with the goods
Are the little ones stowed,
And the big boys trudge on
By the team in the road;
While his sweet, patient wife,
With the babe on her breast,
Sees their new home in fancy,
And longs for its rest.
3. But hark! in the distance
That dull trampling tread;
And see how the sky
Has grown suddenly red!
What has lighted the west
At the hour of noon?
It is not the sunset,
It is not the moon.

4. The horses are rearing
And snorting with fear,
And over the prairie
Come flying the deer,
With hot, smoking haunches
And eyes rolling back,
As if the fierce hunter
Were hard on their track.
5. The mother clasps closer
The babe on her arm,
While the children cling to her
In wildest alarm;
And the father speaks low,
As the red light mounts higher:
"We are lost! we are lost!
'Tis the prairie on fire!"
6. The boys, terror-stricken,
Stand still, all but one;
He has seen in a moment
The thing to be done:
He has lighted the grass,—
The quick flames leap in air,
And the pathway before them
Lies smoking and bare!
7. Now the fire-fiend behind
Rushes on in his power,
But nothing is left
For his wrath to devour;
On the scarred, smoking earth,
They stand safe, every one,
While the flames in the distance
Sweep harmlessly on.

8. Then reverently under
The wide sky they kneel,
With spirits too thankful
To speak what they feel;
But the father in silence
Is blessing his boy,
While the mother and children
Are weeping for joy.

PHOEBE CARY.

LXIX.—DANIEL WEBSTER ON WOODCHUCKS.

HIS FIRST PLEA.

1. Ebenezer Webster, father of Daniel, was a farmer. The vegetables in his garden suffered considerably from the depredations of a woodchuck, whose hold and habitation was near the premises. Daniel, some ten or twelve years old, and his brother Ezekiel, had set a trap and at last succeeded in catching the trespasser.

2. Ezekiel proposed to kill the animal, and end at once all further trouble with him; but Daniel looked with compassion upon his meek, dumb captive, and offered to let him go. The boys could not agree, and each appealed to their father to decide the case.

3. "Well, my boys," said the old gentleman, "I will be judge, and you shall be the counsel to plead the case for and against his life and liberty."

4. Ezekiel opened the case with a strong argument, urging the mischievous nature of the criminal and the great harm he had already done; said that much time and labor had been spent in his capture, and now, if suffered to go at large, he would renew his depredations, and be cunning enough not to be caught again, and that he ought now to be put to death; that his skin was of some value, and

that, make the most of him they could, it would not repay half the damage he had already done.

5. His argument was ready, practical and to the point, and of much greater length than here given. The father looked with pride upon his son, who in his manhood became a distinguished jurist.

"Now, Daniel," said he, "it is your turn ; I will hear what you have to say."

6. It was Daniel's first case. He saw that the plea of his brother had sensibly affected his father, the judge, and his large, brilliant black eyes rested upon the soft, timid expression of the animal, and he saw that it trembled with fear in its narrow prison-house ; his heart swelled with pity, and he appealed with eloquent words that the captive might go free. God, he said, had made the woodchuck ; He made him to live, to enjoy the bright sunshine, the pure air, the trees, fields and woods.

7. God had not made him or any thing else in vain. The woodchuck had as much right to live as any other living thing ; he was not a destructive animal like the wolf ; he simply ate a few common vegetables, of which they had plenty and could well spare a part ; he destroyed nothing except the little food he ate to sustain his humble life, and that little food was as sweet to him, and as necessary to his existence, as was to them the food on their mother's table.

8. God furnished them their own food ; He gave them all they possessed, and would they not spare a little for a dumb creature who really had as much right to his small share of God's bounty as they themselves had to their portion ? Yea, more ; the animal had never violated the laws of his nature or the laws of God, as man often had, but strictly followed the simple instincts he had received from the hands of the Creator of all things. Created by

God's hands, he had a right from Him to food, to liberty, and they had no right to deprive him of either.

9. He alluded to the mute but earnest pleadings of the animal for that life, as dear to him as were their own to themselves, and to the judgment they might expect if in selfish cruelty and cold-heartedness they took the life they could not restore.

10. During the appeal the tears had started to his father's eyes, and were fast running down his sunburnt cheeks. Every feeling of his heart was stirred within him, and he felt that God had blessed him beyond the lot of common men. His pity was awakened by the eloquent words of compassion and the strong appeal for mercy, and, forgetting the judge in the man and the father, he sprang from his chair (while Daniel was in the midst of his argument, without thinking he had already won his case), and, dashing the tears from his eyes, he turned to his eldest son and exclaimed, "Zeke, Zeke, you let that woodchuck go!"

LXX.—THE STINGING TREE.

1. One of the torments to which the traveler is subjected in the North Australian scrubs, is a stinging tree, which is very abundant and ranges in size from a large shrub of thirty feet in height to a small plant measuring only a few inches.

2. Its leaf is large, and peculiar from being covered with a short, silvery hair, which, when shaken, emits a fine, pungent dust, most irritating to the skin and nostrils.

3. If touched, it causes most acute pain, which is felt for months afterward — a dull, gnawing pain, accompanied by a burning sensation, particularly in the shoulder and under the arm, where small lumps often arise.

4. Even when the sting has quite died away the unwary bushman is forcibly reminded of his indiscretion each time the affected part is brought into contact with water.

5. The fruit is of a pink-fleshy color, hanging in clusters, so inviting that a stranger is irresistibly tempted to pluck it, but seldom more than once, for, though the raspberry-like berries are harmless in themselves, some contact with the leaves is almost unavoidable.

6. The blacks are said to eat the fruit, but for this I can not vouch, though I have tasted one or two at odd times, and found them very pleasant.

7. The worst of this nettle is the tendency it exhibits to shoot up wherever a clearing has been effected. In passing through the dray tracks cut through the scrubs, great caution was necessary to avoid the young plants that cropped up even in a few weeks.

8. I have never known a case of its being fatal to human beings, but I have seen people subjected by it to great suffering,—notably a scientific gentleman, who plucked off a branch and carried it some distance as a curiosity, wondering the while what caused the pain and numbness in his arms.

9. Horses I have seen die in agony from the sting, the wounded parts becoming paralyzed; but, strange to say, it does not seem to injure cattle, who dash through the scrubs full of it without receiving any damage. This curious anomaly is well known to all bushmen.

Cassell's Illustrated Travels.

It is one of the beautiful compensations of this life, that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.

God makes no promises to idlers, but He gives light and strength to those who labor and trust.

LXXI.—WHITTling: A YANKEE PORTRAIT.

1. The Yankee boy, before he's sent to school,
Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool,
The pocket knife. To that his wistful eye
Turns, while he hears his mother's lullaby;
His hoarded cents he gladly gives to get it,
Then leaves no stone unturned till he can whet it;
And in the education of the lad,
No little part that implement hath had.
His pocket knife to the young whittler brings
A growing knowledge of material things.
2. Projectiles, music, and the sculptor's art,
His chestnut whistle and his shingle dart,
His elder pop-gun, with its hickory rod,
Its sharp explosion and rebounding wad,
His cornstalk fiddle, and the deeper tone
That murmurs from his pumpkin-leaf trombone,
Conspire to teach the boy. To these succeed
His bow, his arrow of a feathered reed,
His wind-mill, raised the passing breeze to win,
His water-wheel, that turns upon a pin;
Or, if his father lives upon the shore,
You'll see his ship "beam's end upon the floor,"
Full rigged, with raking masts and timbers staunch,
And waiting near the wash-tub for a launch.
3. Thus by his genius and his jack-knife driven,
Ere long he'll solve you any problem given;
Make any gimcrack, musical or mute,
A plow, a coach, an organ or a flute;
Make you a locomotive or a clock,
Cut a canal or build a floating dock,
Or lead forth Beauty from a marble block;

Make any thing, in short, for sea or shore,
From a child's rattle to a seventy-four;
Make it, said I?—Aye, when he undertakes it,
He'll make the thing, and the machine that makes it.

4. And when the thing is made, whether it be
To move on earth, in air, or on the sea,
Whether on water, o'er the waves to glide,
Or upon land to roll, revolve or slide,
Whether to whirl, or jar, to strike or ring,
Whether it be a piston or a spring,
Wheel, pulley, tube sonorous, wood or brass,
The thing designed shall surely come to pass;
For when his hand's upon it you may know
That there's go in it, and he'll make it go.

REV. J. PIERPONT.

LXXII.—COAL MINES AND THE SAFETY-LAMP.

1. When you are sitting by a nice bright fire on a cold winter's day, do you ever think of the men called miners, who dig the coal out of the earth? Coal is formed of decayed trees and plants that have been buried in the ground for many ages.

2. The principal coal mines are in Great Britain and North America. The opening into a mine is called a shaft, and the making of it is called "sinking a shaft." The miners are lowered into the mines in buckets.

3. Some coal mines extend a long distance under the sea, and all mines are deep in the earth, and quite dark. The poor miners lead a hard life working under-ground all day, and sometimes they have to stoop, and even to lie down, that they may get at the coal. They have to carry a light that they may see to work.

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TEACHERS' LIB.
146

4. Sometimes there is foul air in the mines, called fire-damp. It is a gas, and will explode if a lighted lamp is brought into it; and in this way many lives have been lost. Mining is very hard and very dangerous work,—but not as dangerous now as formerly.

5. Many years ago there was a boy named Humphrey Davy,* who was very fond of study. One day he was told of a dreadful explosion in a coal mine, which caused the death of many men.

6. Young Davy made up his mind that he could and would, some day, put an end to these accidents which caused so much misery. He wanted to make a lamp that would be quite safe, even in the midst of fire-damp. He knew that he must learn a great deal before he could hope to succeed, so he at once set himself to learning the laws of heat.

7. After learning all he could from the books his kind friends lent him, he began to experiment for himself. He made use of several clever but simple tests, from which he learned much that he wished to know. After some time spent in this way he began to think of his miner's lamp.

8. He first put a piece of metal wire round a light, and found that the flame lost some of its heat; but he did not at once see how he could make use of this knowledge. But he soon ascertained that flame could not get through a thin metal pipe, and he made a lamp on this principle. But this lamp would go out and leave the miner in the dark if the fire-damp got into it, and so it was not quite perfect.

* Humphrey Davy was born Dec. 17, 1779, at Cornwall, England. He became distinguished for his chemical and philosophical researches, a work on which he published in 1800, when only twenty-one years old. At twenty-two he was professor of chemistry in the Royal Institution, where his experiments, his novel ideas, and his eloquence in their advocacy, placed him at once in the front ranks of the scientists of the times. In 1820 he was president of the Royal Society. He died May 20, 1829.

9. But young Davy did not give up; he was too brave for that; and after many experiments he thought of the metal wire that took away the heat from the flame of the candle. And then he saw that if the miner's lamp had a fine network of wire around it, the flame could not get to the fire-damp in the mine. And so, after many and patient trials, he invented the Safety Lamp, which has saved the lives of thousands of poor miners. For the great service thus rendered he was made Sir Humphrey Davy.

LXXIII.—JOHN G. WHITTIER'S BOYHOOD HOME.

1. Some forty years ago there lived in the quiet town of East Haverhill, Massachusetts, a much respected quaker family by the name of Whittier.

2. They were hard-working, thrifty farmers, and their home was known to all the poor in that section; no one was ever turned away from their door unpitied, unclothed, or unfed.

3. Even the Indians had respected Grandfather Whittier in the stormy times of the Indian War. His house had stood near a garrison, but he would accept of no protection from the soldiers.

4. He did not believe in the use of weapons; he treated the savages kindly; they owed him no ill-will, and the benevolent old man tilled his fields in safety, and feared no harm.

5. Among Mr. Whittier's children was a boy named John,* who had a very feeling heart and a quick mind. He was a hard-working farmer lad, who knew more of the ax, the sickle and the hoe than of the playthings of childhood.

* Born 1807; is still living, January, 1876.

6. His early education consisted of a few weeks' schooling for a number of winters in the district school. A queer sort of a school it was,—kept in a private house. The school-master was a kind, good man, and he did not ply the birch very vigorously, like most of the school-masters in those old times.

7. He was more like Oliver Goldsmith, who used to govern his school by giving the children sugar-plums and telling them wonderful stories. John loved him, and spoke a kind word for him when he became a man.

8. In the library there is a beautiful poem called "Snow-Bound,"—a very good poem for good people to read. Now the boy lived in just such a home as is described in that poem, and his boyhood was passed among just such scenes as are pictured there. You may like to read it some day, so we need not try to tell what he has told so well.

9. He was a poet in boyhood. He did not know it. There are many poets who do not. He lived to love others and to be loved; he could see things in nature that others could not see,—in the woods and fields, in the blue Merrimac, in the serene sky of the spring, and in the tinges of the sunset.

10. He had but few books,—perhaps no books of poetry, for music and poetry his father classed among the "vanities" which the Bible denounced. But there was much poetry in the Bible; his "Pilgrim's Progress" was almost a poem; and nature to him was like a book of poems, for there was poetry in his soul.

11. He used to express his feelings in rhyme,—how could the boy help it? He one day wrote one of these poems on some coarse paper and sent it privately to a paper called the "Free Press," published in the neighboring town of Newburyport.

12. The editor of the paper, whose name was Garrison

—William Lloyd Garrison, you may have heard his name before—found the poem tucked under the door of his office by the postman, and, noticing that it was written in blue ink, was tempted to throw it into the waste basket.

13. But Mr. Garrison had a good, kind heart, and liked to give every one a chance in the world. He read the poem, saw that there was true genius in it, and so he published it.

14. Happy was the Quaker farmer boy when he saw his verses in print. He felt that God had something in store in life for him—that he was called in some way to be good and useful to others.

15. He wrote other poems, and sent them to Mr. Garrison. They were full of beauties. One day Mr. Garrison asked the postman from what quarter they came.

16. "I am accustomed to deliver a package of papers to a farmer boy in East Haverhill. I guess they came from him." Mr. Garrison thought he must ride over to East Haverhill and see.

17. He found a slender, sweet-faced farmer boy working with his plain, practical father on the farm. The boy modestly acknowledged that he had written the poems,—at which his father did not seem over well pleased.

18. "You must send that boy to school, Friend Whittier," said Mr. Garrison. Friend Whittier was not so sure; but the good counsel of the Newburyport editor, in the end, was decisive. The boy was sent to the academy.

19. John is an old man now; he lives at Amesbury, near the beautiful Merrimac, that he loved in youth. Almost every boy and girl in the land can repeat some of the poems he has written.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

LXXIV.—OUR STATE.

1. The south-land boasts its teeming cane,
The prairied West its heavy grain,
And sunset's radiant gates unfold
On rising marts and sands of gold.
2. Rough, bleak and hard, our little State
Is scant of soil, of limits strait;
Her yellow sands are sands alone;
Her only mines are ice and stone!
3. From Autumn frost to April rain,
Too long her winter woods complain;
From budding flower to falling leaf,
Her summer time is all too brief.
4. Yet on her rocks, and on her sands,
And wintry hills, the school-house stands;
And what her rugged soil denies,
The harvest of the mind supplies.
5. The riches of the commonwealth
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health;
And more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain.
6. For well she keeps her ancient stock,
The stubborn strength of Plymouth Rock;
And still maintains, with milder laws
And clearer light, the good old cause;—
7. Nor heeds the skeptic's puny hands,
While near her school the church-spire stands;
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,
While near her church-spire stands the school.

LXXV.—THE BAOBAB TREE.

1. The baobab tree is a native of Africa and of monstrous size. It is the most colossal vegetable monument on earth. It has round, woolly leaves, which consist of from three to seven leaflets radiating from a common center, giving them somewhat the appearance of a hand, and a magnificent white flower.

2. It is an enormous tree, holding among plants the place that the elephant holds among animals—a hoary witness of the last changes which the earth has undergone, and deluges that have buried beneath their waves the productions of early ages.

3. Several baobabs that have been measured were found to be from seventy to seventy-seven feet in circumference. From its branches hang, at times, colossal nets, three feet in length, resembling large oval baskets open at the bottom, and looking from the distance like so many signal flags.

4. It would take fifteen men, with their arms extended, to embrace the trunk of one of these great trees, which, in the countries through which the Senegal flows, are venerated as sacred monuments.

5. Enormous branches are given off from the central stem a few feet from the ground, and spread out horizontally, giving the tree a diameter of over one hundred feet. "Each of these branches," says Mr. Danton, would be "a monster tree elsewhere, and taken together they seem to make up a forest rather than a tree.

6. It is only at the age of eight hundred years that the baobabs attain their full size, and then cease to grow. The fruit of this tree is oblong; the color of the shell passes in ripening from green to yellow and brown. The fruit is called "monkey bread." It contains a spongy

substance, paler than chocolate, and filled with abundant juice.

7. The bark is ashy gray in color, and almost an inch in thickness. The negroes of the Senegal grind it down to powder, and in this state they use it to season their food, and to maintain a moderately free perspiration, which enables them the more easily to withstand the heat. It serves also as an antidote for certain fevers.

Wonders of Vegetation.

LXXVI.—THE TWO FOXES.

1. A gentleman, while walking one day, near a stream where several geese were swimming, observed one of them disappear under the water with a sudden jerk. While he looked for her to rise again, he saw a fox emerge from the water and trot off to the woods with the goose in his mouth.

2. The man watched the fox, and saw him carry the goose to a recess under an overhanging rock, where he scratched away a mass of dry leaves, and, putting the goose down, covered it carefully.

3. Then the fox went to the stream again, entered some distance from the flock of geese, and floated along with only the tip of his nose above the water; but this time he was not so fortunate. The geese took the alarm, and flew away.

4. Then the fox walked off in a direction opposite to the place where he had hid the goose. The gentleman then took the goose, put her in his basket, replaced the leaves carefully, and watched for the fox at a little distance.

5. The sly thief was soon seen with another fox that

he had invited to dine with him. They trotted along merrily, swinging their tails and snuffing the air in anticipation of a rich feast. When they came to the rock, Reynard eagerly scratched away the leaves, but his dinner was not there.

6. He looked at his companion and plainly saw by his countenance that he considered his hospitality all a sham, and that he felt himself insulted. The contemptuous expression of the invited guest was more than his mortified host could bear.

7. Though conscious of generous intentions, he felt that all assurances to that effect would be regarded as lies. Appearances were certainly against him, and he held down his head, looking sideways, with a sneaking glance at his disappointed companion.

8. Indignant at what he considered an insult, the offended guest seized his unfortunate host and cuffed him most unmercifully. Poor Reynard bore the infliction with the utmost patience, and sneaked off as if conscious that he had received no more than might be expected under such circumstances.

LXXVII.—STORY OF JOHN JOBSON AND HIS RAT.

1. John Jobson lived in a fine new house,
That cost him ten thousand dollars and more :
'Twas the pride of his heart, for the plan was his own,
From the grand French roof to the basement floor.
2. John Jobson was known as a cruel man,
Who never pitied a living thing :
The dog sneaked off if he came in sight,
And the frightened canary ceased to sing.

3. One day, when his temper was sorely riled
Over sacks fresh gnawed and bins laid waste,
A hoary old rat fell into the snare
Which under some toasted cheese was placed.
4. "Ha! now I have got you, old villain," he cried,
"No doubt you're the leader of all the clan;
I'll teach you a lesson you'll never forget.
Here, Josephine, bring me the kerosene can!"
5. Then his wife ran out in a vague alarm,
And the children shuddered and left their play;
"O, husband, what are you agoing to do?
Don't torture the wretched creature, pray!"
6. "I'll run for old Tabby," said Josephine,
"And I for the terrier Snap," says Ned;
John Jobson glared upon one and all,
And roared like a lion, "*Dò as I said!*"
7. He drenched with the fluid the writhing rat,
And fired a match on his gray-wool sleeve,
Applied it, and laughed like a fiend the while.
"So now — I give you 'ticket of leave!'"
8. Away flew the creature, entirely ablaze,
With a shriek so human that Jobson stared.
The next was a moment of dire suspense;
The next John Jobson was thoroughly scared.
9. And well he might be: the rat had rushed
To the fine new barn like a streak of light,
And the hay and the straw that were stored within
In an instant after were blazing bright.
10. And still he fled in his mortal pain,
Burning and broiling beneath the floor
Of the mansion itself, where shavings lay
That the carpenters left but a month before.

11. And behold! John Jobson's house and barn,
That had cost him ten thousand dollars and more,
In a dozen places burst out into flame,
'Twixt the grand French roof and the basement
floor!
12. And the whole went down! Not a stick remained;
For the timber was sound and seasoned well,
And the bright fresh paint fed the roaring flames,
'Till, charred and blackened, the structure fell.

S. H. BROWNE.

LXXVIII.—A SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

1. In the midst of the village of Sandwich stood a small white house, whose nicely whitewashed fences, well cultivated gardens, and vines of honeysuckle and jessamine, twined around the doors and windows, all showed the industry and neatness of the occupants.

2. This pretty little place was owned by Mr. Brown, a poor, but honest and industrious man, who gained a support for himself, his wife and two children by day labor on the farms of his more wealthy neighbors.

3. He employed his leisure hours, after return from work, in embellishing this little cottage, which, to a person of his few simple desires, seemed quite a palace. In this pleasant task he was assisted by his two little sons, Edward and Henry, who always waited with impatience for the time of their father's arrival, and were ever ready with their little hoes and spades to render their assistance in the garden.

4. While they were thus waiting one afternoon, after their return from school, their mother told them that they might go down to the sea-shore and dig some clams

for their father's supper. To this the little boys consented with alacrity, and immediately set out on their errand; for they were always glad to do any thing for those parents who were so kind to them.

5. After they had quite filled their basket with clams they observed a small boat tied near the shore, in which they both seated themselves. Finding that the sun was still far above the horizon, and remembering that their father never returned home till the sun had set, they agreed to untie the boat and sail about for a short time.

6. This they ought not to have done, for their mother had often told them never to get into a boat; but these little boys, though generally very obedient, had yet to learn that children will always, sooner or later, find that their parents have good reasons for what they tell them to do, or not to do.

7. They glided along for some time very smoothly; and Edward, the elder, kept the oar in his hand to be in readiness to row back whenever they should wish to return. The sun was just sinking behind the western mountains, leaving in that part of the heavens a vast expanse of purple and gold, when little Henry, beginning to be weary of the sport, begged his brother to return.

8. The oar was accordingly lifted out and Edward used all his strength to change the course of the boat, but in vain. The tide was going out; and his little strength was nothing against the mass of water. The boat still drifted on in spite of all his efforts; and he was obliged to lay down his oar in fatigue and despair.

9. Then sadly did they regret their folly in disobeying their good mother's advice; and little Henry, in the midst of his tears, declared that were he once on land again, he would always remember to do what she told him. After some time this poor little boy, overcome by fatigue, fell asleep.

LXXIX.—A SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

(CONCLUDED.)

1. Edward was left alone to his bitter reflections. "Ah! my poor brother!" said he, "it is my fault that we are now in this danger; for I am the elder and should have dissuaded you from this." Then he thought of his father, returning from his labors and finding neither of his darling sons to greet his coming.

2. He thought of the snow-white cloth spread on the supper-table; of his mother preparing their refreshment and wondering where her boys could be; of the prayer at night; of the blessing and kiss before they laid their head on the pillow;—all these came to his mind, and bitterly did he lament his folly.

3. To the uncertain future he dared not look, for the boat, borne on by the current, had passed the last point of land in the harbor, and beyond that what could they expect? He dared not trust himself even to think of it.

4. The deepening twilight was now dissipated by the appearance of the moon, which cast a broad sheet of silver light over the body of waters. Edward, as he sat motionless and in despair, thought he perceived something in the distance moving on the water.

5. Hope was suddenly kindled in his bosom, and, straining his eyes to keep the object in view, he discovered that it was a vessel which was approaching him. He raised his voice and tried to make himself heard, but his voice was not strong enough to reach them, though the waters were as calm as the sleep of the unconscious child who lay at his feet.

6. Fortunately, however, the man at the helm of the vessel perceived the boat, and, using the glass, discovered that it contained only two children. The captain was informed and immediately ordered the ship's boat to be lowered, and sent a man to their relief.

7. They were taken on board the vessel, which was bound to Duxbury, carried there, and having told their little story, were very kindly treated during their stay, and the next day sent in a wagon to Sandwich.

8. The anguish of the parents at the loss of their children was indescribable. Finding they did not return at twilight, Mr. Brown went to the shore and saw there the basket filled with clams, but the children were not to be seen.

9. The people from the village collected, and the names of Edward and Henry resounded in a hundred different places,—but no answer was returned. The parents were obliged to return at night to their dwelling, late the abode of health and pleasure, but now cheerless and gloomy.

10. The night was spent in watching and anxiety, and at the break-of day the search was recommenced. The father walked twenty miles along the coast, hoping to hear something of them; but all his inquiries were answered in the same manner,—“that no such children had been seen and that no boat had drifted that way.”

11. He was returning home the next day, with a desponding heart and a sad countenance, when the first objects that met his eye as he approached his own house were his two darlings bounding over the grass to meet him. He could scarcely believe the evidence of his own eyes till he felt them clinging to him and heard their loud shouts of joy.

12. “Come in, come in, my children,” said he, “and let us hear all about it;” and all fatigue was soon forgotten in the joy of meeting and the relation of their adventure. Edward concluded his narrative with the firm resolve never to do any thing which he knew his parents would disapprove, in which he was heartily joined by little Henry.

LXXX.—THE COMPASS, THE LIGHT-HOUSE AND THE LIFE-BOAT.

1. The compass is of great value to the sailor, as it guides him over the wide ocean when there is nothing else to show him which way to go. In the compass, and forming a part of it, is a needle which has been made magnetic by being rubbed with a magnet.

2. This needle always points to the north. And when we know which way north is we know that south is directly opposite, and that if we face the north the east will be at our right hand and the west at our left.

3. These are called the four points of the compass. It is said that the use of the compass was first known to the Chinese many hundred years ago. It was unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and was not used in Europe till the twelfth century.

4. Its first use was to guide travelers in their journeys by land. It is now often called the mariner's compass, because so much used by sailors.

5. The light-house, on the sea-coast, or on some rock far from shore, is to warn ships from rocks, shoals and other dangers, and also for the purpose of lighting or guiding them into a harbor or port. It is usually a tall building with a large lantern at the top, in which a bright light is kept burning during the night.

6. These lights are not all alike; they are purposely made different that sailors may know one light-house from another. Some burn steadily, some flash, and others rotate so as to be visible only part of the time. Formerly fires were lighted on the tops of towers or on high hills. These fires were called beacons.

7. In ancient times there was a light-house built on a rock called Pharos, near the coast of Egypt. It was very

high, and had a large mirror of bright metal to reflect the light. After this, for a long period, with the ancients a light-house was called a Pharos.

8. There was another called the Colossus of Rhodes. It was in the form of a huge man, and the lamp was placed in its right hand. It stood at the entrance of the harbor of Rhodes. The Eddystone is the best known light-house of our times. It is built on a rock near the coast of Cornwall, England, where the sea is often very rough.

9. It is the third light-house that has been built there. The first was erected nearly two hundred years ago; and although it was thought to be very strong, it was quite swept away by a great storm about four years after it was finished. The next was built much stronger than the first; but after standing securely against several severe tempests it was finally destroyed by fire.

10. The light-house now standing was erected by Mr. Smeaton. The lower part is made to fit into the rock itself, and all the blocks of stone are so fitted together that they appear like a solid mass of rock.

11. There are also two famous light-houses near the coast of Scotland, one of which is known as the Bell Rock light-house. In 1873 there were six hundred and twenty light-houses on the coasts of the United States, including the Atlantic, Pacific, gulf and lake coasts.

12. The life-boat is so built that it will float on a very rough sea, and will even right itself if upset. Its sides are hollow, and it is very light.

13. Life-boats are kept at various places along the coasts, and there are always companies of brave men ready to go out and save the sailors who may be shipwrecked. It is the duty of the government to do all that is possible for the protection of our ships and the brave men who sail on them.

LXXXI.—NOBODY'S CHILD.

1. Alone in the dreary, pitiless street,
With my torn old dress and bare, cold feet,
All day I've wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering, and nowhere to go;
The night's coming on in darkness and dread,
And the chill sleet's beating upon my bare head;
'O, why does the wind blow upon me so wild?
Is it because I'm nobody's child?
2. Just over the way there's a flood of light,
And warmth and beauty, and all things bright;
Beautiful children, in robes so fair,
Are carolling songs in rapture there.
I wonder if they, in their blissful glee,
Would pity a poor little beggar like me,—
Wandering alone in the merciless street,
Naked and shivering, and nothing to eat?
3. O, what shall I do when the night comes down
In this terrible blackness all over the town?
Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky,
On the cold hard pavement alone to die?
When the beautiful children their prayers have said,
Their mothers will tuck them up snugly in bed.
No dear mother ever upon me smiled:
Why is it, I wonder? I'm nobody's child!
4. No father, no mother, no sister—not one
In all the world loves me! e'en the little dogs run
When I wander too near them. 'Tis wondrous to see
How everything shrinks from a beggar like me.
Perhaps 'tis a dream; but sometimes, when I lie
Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,
Watching for hours some large, bright star,
I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar,

5. And a host of white-robed, nameless things,
Come fluttering o'er me on gilded wings;
A hand that is strangely soft and fair
Caresses gently my tangled hair;
And a voice like the carol of some wild-bird
(The sweetest voice that ever was heard)
Calls me many a dear, pet name,
Till my heart and spirit are all aflame;
- 6 And tells me of such unbounded love,
And bids me come up to their home above;
And then, with such pitiful, sad surprise,
They look at me with their soft, sweet, blue eyes;
And it seems to me, out of the dreary night,
I am going up to the world of light:
And, away from the hunger and storm so wild,
I am sure I shall then be somebody's child.
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LXXXII.—THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

1. An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped.

2. Upon this the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others.

3. At length the dial instituted an inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence. But now a

faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke :

4. "I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking."

5. Upon hearing this the old clock became so enraged that it was on the very point of striking.

5. "Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands.

7. "Very good!" replied the pendulum; "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as every body knows, set yourself up above me — it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backwards and forwards year after year, as I do."

8. "As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house for you to look through?"

9. "For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here, and, although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out of it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and, if you wish, I will tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some of you can give me the exact sum."

10. The minute-hand, being quick at figures, replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

11. "Exactly so," replied the pendulum. "Well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not

enough to fatigue one; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I will stop."

12. The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue, but, resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden suggestion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do, which, although it may fatigue us to think of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to do. Will you now give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

13. The pendulum complied, and ticked six times in its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

14. "Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

15. "Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect that, though you may think of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one, and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

16. "Then, I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty, for the maids will lie in bed if we stand idling thus."

17. Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, and the pendulum began to swing; while a red beam of the

rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

18. When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

JANE TAYLOR.

LXXXIII.—EIDER-DOWN.

1. The soft and valuable article called eider-down is procured from the nests of a bird called the eider-duck. In Greenland, Iceland, Norway, Scotland, and other northern countries, these birds associate in vast flocks, their favorite localities usually being on small islands near the shore, to which they resort year after year. Here they construct nests so close to each other that, in some places, it is difficult for a man to walk among them without crushing their eggs.

2. The duck pulls the down from her breast to line the nest and cover her eggs. The inhabitants watch them, and visit the nests frequently to remove the down, which is as often replaced, until the duck has entirely removed all the warm covering from her breast. Her mate, the drake, also contributes his, which is taken away in the same manner.

3. About half a pound is procured from each nest. It combines with a peculiar lightness, softness and fineness, so great a degree of elasticity, that a quantity of it which might be compressed and hidden between two hands, will serve to stuff a small coverlet.

4. "The eider-duck," says a traveler in Iceland, "holds the very first rank among the useful birds of this cold region. Its chief breeding places are small, flat islands

on various parts of the coast, where it is safe from the attacks of its greatest enemy, the arctic fox.

5. "These breeding places are private property, and have, some of them, descended from generation to generation in the same family, and have proved a rare source of wealth."

6. There are very strict laws for the protection of these birds in Iceland, and any persons found guilty of killing the birds or stealing the down are severely punished. Proprietors of certain small islands frequented by them reside alone among their feathered tenants, and allow no visitors to land without special permission.

7. All noise, shouting, or loud speaking is prohibited, as the birds will quickly forsake a locality in which they are disturbed. Materials, like hay or straw, supplied for the construction of nests will sometimes induce them to leave one island for another.

8. The female lays five or six greenish eggs in a nest lined with her beautiful down, which the collectors remove, lifting the duck from her nest. She soon after commences to lay again, though this time only three or four eggs.

9. These and the down are also removed, and she has her labor to perform the third time, assisted in lining her nest by the down of the drake, her own having been exhausted. Two or three eggs are now allowed to remain in the nest, the rest having been preserved for winter use.

10. A small island on the north of Iceland (one of the chief resorts of the eider-duck) is occasionally visited by travelers. It is represented as affording a most wonderful sight in the breeding season of these birds. Says one: "The ducks and their nests were everywhere—some even piled in heaps, one upon another.

11. "The solitary farm-house, occupied by the good

woman who owned the island, was also thronged with ducks. The base of the wall that surrounded it, and that of the building itself, was fringed with ducks sitting upon their nests. The window seats were occupied by ducks; on the turf slopes of the roofs were ducks, and a duck was sitting in the scraper at the door.

12. "A grassy bank near by had been cut into squares of about eight or ten inches, and a hollow made in each. These were all filled with ducks, as were the outbuildings, mounds rocks and crevices. Many of them were so tame as to allow themselves to be handled on their nests.

13. "The woman who had charge of them said that there was scarcely a duck on the island that would not allow her to take the eggs without fear or flight." These birds are about twice the size of the common ducks. The drake is nearly white, or much lighter colored than the duck. The down is used largely for making coverlets, the warmth and lightness of which are unequalled.

Manual of Commerce.

LXXXIV.—FARMER JOHN.

1. Home from his journey Farmer John

Arrived this morning safe and sound.

His black coat off and his old clothes on,

"Now I'm myself," says Farmer John;

And he thinks, "I'll look around."

Up leaps the dog; "Get down you pup!

Are you so glad you would eat me up?"

The old cow lows at the gate to greet him;

The horses prick up their ears to meet him;

"Well, well, old Bay!

Ha, ha, old Gray!

Do you not get good food when I'm away?"

2. "You haven't a rib!" says Farmer John;
 "The cattle are looking round and sleek:
The colt is going to be a roan,
And a beauty, too; how he has grown!
 We'll wean the calf next week."
Says Farmer John, "When I've been off,
To call you again about the trough,
And watch you, and pet you, while you drink,
Is a greater comfort than you can think!"
 And he pats old Bay,
 And he slaps old Gray;
"Ah, this is the comfort of going away!"
3. "For after all," says Farmer John,
 "The best of a journey is getting home!
I've seen great sights,—but would I give
This spot, and the peaceful life I live,
 For all their Paris and Rome?
These hills for the city's stifled air,
And big hotels, all bustle and glare,
Lands all houses, and roads all stones,
That deafen your ears and batter your bones?
 Would you, old Bay?
 Would you, old Gray?
That's what one gets by going away!"
 * * * * * *
4. "I've found out this," says Farmer John,—
 "That happiness is not bought and sold,
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,
In nights of pleasure and days of worry;
 And wealth isn't all in gold,
Mortgage and stocks and ten per cent.,
But in simple ways, and sweet content,

Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends,
Some land to till and a few good friends,
 Like you, old Bay,
 And you, old Gray!
That's what I've learned by going away."

5. And a happy man is Farmer John,—
 O, a rich and happy man is he!
He sees the peas and pumpkins growing,
The corn in tassel and buckwheat blowing,
 And fruit on vine and tree;
The large kind oxen look their thanks
As he rubs their forehead and strokes their flanks;
The doves light round him and strut and coo;
Says Farmer John, I'll take you, too,—
 And you, old Bay,
 And you, old Gray,
The next time I travel so far away!"

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

LXXXV.—RAILROADS.

1. The history of railroads is truly marvelous. George Stephenson,* the inventor (if it can be said that railroads were invented), when eighteen years old had never been to school. He could not write nor even read. His father was very poor, and he was compelled to work incessantly to aid in supporting a large family.

2. At that age he was fired with an ambition to learn, and for this purpose secured admission to an evening school, working during the day. He was indefatigable in his efforts to learn, and soon developed a passion for

*An Englishman, born June 9, 1781; died August 12, 1848.

mathematics, the acquisition of which proved of great use to him in after-life.

3. When twenty years old he was made brakeman on a colliery engine, and soon after began to think about improving it himself. He kept on working and thinking and reading until, at thirty-two years of age, he made an engine, which he named "My Lord," in honor of Lord Ravensworth, who had furnished the money with which to build it. This was in 1813, and it was the first locomotive engine ever built. It was used to draw coal-cars on a tramway.

4. The construction of this engine was a great achievement, but Mr. Stephenson was not satisfied. He was sure that one could be built that would run much faster, and he ventured to predict that a speed of twelve miles an hour would be attained, and that passengers would yet travel by steam.

5. He was laughed at for his folly; and one grave-looking gentleman, thinking to put him down by ridicule, said, "Suppose one of these engines to be going at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, and that a cow were to stray upon the line, would not that be a very awkward circumstance?" "Yes," replied Mr. Stephenson, "very awkward, indeed — for the cow."

6. A few quaker gentlemen, influenced by one Edward Pease, himself a quaker, who, it was said, could see a hundred years ahead, and who had become interested in what George Stephenson was doing, formed a railroad company, and their first line of rail was laid from Wilton colliery (near Darlington, England,) to Stockton, in September, 1825. This line was called in derision "the Quaker-Line." Five years afterwards it was extended to Middlesborough, a distance of four or five miles. This extension was opened on the 27th of December, 1830.

7. There was, of course, plenty of laughter in con-

nection with the idea of railroads, and a good deal of opposition to them. People used the word "ridiculous" very freely. Some noblemen would not have their fox-covers disturbed; others ordered their people to drive off any person making surveys, as trespassers, or to summarily duck them in a neighboring horse pond; and pamphlets were written to alarm the public.

8. It was gravely stated that if railroads were laid it would prevent the cows from grazing, hens from laying, and that the poisoned air from the locomotives would kill the birds as they flew, and render the preserving of game impossible; while householders near the line were told that their houses would be burned, vegetation destroyed, innkeepers ruined, and passengers massacred. And when it was known that Mr. Stephenson had said travelers could journey at a speed of twelve miles an hour, there was one general expression of derision.

9. The first railroad in the United States was built in 1827, for the purpose of transporting granite for the Bunker Hill monument, from the quarry at Quincy, Massachusetts, to the river Neponset, which flows into Boston harbor. The distance was three miles, and the cars were drawn by horses.

10. The engine which drew its first train over "the Quaker Line" in England, in September, 1825, opened a new era to the world. In the half-century just completed, greater progress and improvements in the arts generally have been made than in any corresponding period before in the world's history.

11. The few miles of track between the out-of-the-way little English towns have grown and ramified until their iron net-work, already pushing its way into the wildernesses of Siberia and the burning sands of the African deserts, will soon have encompassed the world.

12. For the old stage-coach bodies, deprived of their

wheels and mounted on trucks, which constituted the first railroad cars, there have been substituted elegant saloons, where one may eat and sleep in luxury over journeys from ocean to ocean; instead of the slow, wheezing machine, typical of childhood in its fragility and incapacity, now exists the magnificent engine, equally typical of the strength and might of manhood.

13. At first the locomotive crawled along at the rate of four miles an hour, over wooden tracks. Now it vies with the wind and seems like a bird in its swiftest flights, scarcely visible in its wild rushing over the country, on steel rails, at a speed often of more than a mile a minute.

14. The opening of communication between New York and Chicago by means of a "fast mail line," on the 15th of September, 1875, bringing those two cities, though a thousand miles apart, within twenty-six hours of each other, is a fit closing of the half-century's progress in railroading. Well may we, whose memories cover the whole period, look with wonder on the achievements of the past, and turn toward the future hoping all things, and believing all things with the faith that removes mountains.

It is not so much what you say,
As the manner in which you say it;
It is not so much the language you use,
As the tones in which you convey it.

The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart;
The words may be soft as the summer air,
And the tones may break the heart.

Men of the noblest dispositions think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

LXXXVI.—THE BRIGHT SIDE.

1. There is many a rest in the road of life
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaiileth.
2. Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted,
For the sweet blue sky will still peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.
3. There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure:
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven;
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.
4. Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

LXXXVII.—HOW A FLY WALKS ON THE
CEILING.

1. "Will you explain to us, father, the means by which flies are enabled to ascend a pane of glass and walk with ease along the ceiling of the room? You know you told us the other day you would do so."

2. "Well, Harriet, I will try; though I am not sure that I shall be able to make you understand me."

3. "O, never fear that!" exclaimed Harriet and her two little brothers at the same time; "we can surely understand how a fly walks—it must be very simple."

4. "Undoubtedly very simple; but it requires some previous knowledge of philosophy."

5. "O, if the walking of a fly is at all connected with philosophy, I assure you that I shall want to know nothing about it, for I hate philosophy, it is such dry stuff."

6. "Never mind my sister, father," said William. "James and I want very much to understand, and Harriet need not stay to hear the explanation, if she does not wish to."

7. "Well, come, my boys, to the library. I have just arranged my solar microscope, to show you the foot and leg of a fly, and some other curious things. I have likewise my air pump ready, which will help to explain what you want to know."

8. Harriet looked a little disappointed, and wished that she had not pronounced so decidedly against philosophy, for she was very fond of seeing, and only disliked the labor of studying.

9. Her father, observing the moody expression of her countenance, said, "I wish, William, that you would try to persuade your sister to go with us to the library." William had no difficult task to perform, and in a minute

they were all seated in the library, eager to hear what could be said about the little pedestrian.

10. "The fly, my children," began their father, "every time he moves his foot, performs a philosophical experiment, similar, in every respect, to that which I now show you, by moving the handle of the air pump. You perceive that this glass vessel, which is put on this brass plate, now adheres so firmly to it that I am unable to force it away."

11. "How wonderful!" exclaimed Harriet. "It is as fast to the plate as the friend* of Hercules, that I read about the other day, was to the stone on which he sat, in the drear dominions of Pluto."

12. "How is this done, father? it looks like some conjurer's trick. I see nothing pressing upon the glass, to cause it to stick so fast."

13. "Though you can not see it, I assure you there is something pressing very hard upon and all around it, and that something is the air."

14. "You astonish me. Has the air weight? I never heard of that before."

15. "But you have heard of hurricanes sweeping away forests and houses, and rendering the country over which they passed a wilderness; haven't you? They are almost as much to be dreaded as earthquakes, and a hurricane is only air put in motion."

16. "I have been very stupid not to find out that air has weight; but how is it that we do not feel it, father? I should think," continued Harriet, "that if it was so heavy it would pin us to the earth, as Prometheus was

* Prometheus; fastened to a rock by order of Jupiter, and afterwards released by Hercules, who was the most celebrated of the mythological gods of the Greeks, and noted for his great strength. Pluto was another of their gods. He was king of the shades, and had control of the dead.

fastened to the rock, and then we should be in a pretty condition, I think. How will you answer that, father?"

17. "I have had a more puzzling question to answer, I assure you. The air is a very subtle fluid, and finds its way into every crevice; and one of its properties is, that it presses equally in all directions, up and down and sideways, and we perceive its weight only when we remove the air from one side of a body, so as to cause the whole weight to be upon the other. In this glass vessel I withdrew the air that was in the inside of it, and which pressed it upwards with a force exactly equal to that with which the air above pressed downwards, and then the whole weight of the atmosphere pressing in one direction kept it firmly attached to the brass plate."

18. "That is a very beautiful arrangement," cried William; "I shall never breathe the air again without thinking of its wonderful properties."

19. "I will take off this vessel and put this one on, which is open at both ends; now put your hand, Harriet, on the upper end, and I will cause a slight vacuum to take place, so that you may feel the pressure."

20. "Stop, father, you will crush my hand if you move that handle another time. Do look at my hand, William; the gripe of a giant is nothing to that."

21. William tried the experiment for himself. "How heavy is the atmosphere, father? Is it very great?"

22. "It presses upon the surface of all bodies near the level of the ocean with a force equal to fourteen pounds on every square inch. I will now make another experiment to show its pressure."

23. "I will place on this same glass vessel, which you see is open at both ends, this piece of glass, which so closely fits it as to exclude the air. I now withdraw the air from under it."

24. "What a crash, father!" exclaimed William and

Harriet at the same instant, as the glass was shattered to pieces by the weight of the air.

25. "I think you can now understand that if a fly has the power to withdraw the air from under its feet as it moves along, the pressure of the atmosphere is sufficient to hold it fast to any surface, however smooth, and however much inclined to the horizon."

26. "If the fly can do that, he is more of a philosopher than I took him for," said William. "But I am impatient to see how he accomplishes the feat."

27. "Here is the leg of a common fly, that I have placed in the solar microscope; I will bring it to the proper focus. It is now so much magnified that we can examine the various parts of it with ease."

28. "What a strange-looking thing it is, and so large; my arm is nothing to it. How I should like to see an elephant put into a microscope."

29. "What an idea, Harriet! why an elephant would appear as large as one of the Alps!" exclaimed William.

30. "Microscopes are used only to examine bodies that are too small for the naked eye to see. You will observe a line of light running up the middle of the leg. This line of light shows that the leg is hollow. On the foot you can distinctly observe a flap or membrane, to which are attached two points, one in front and the other behind. These the fly can move at pleasure, and can extend or contract the flap just as it pleases. When the fly wishes to move without the trouble of raising himself in the air, he stretches out these points, tightens the flap, draws the air from under it, through the tube in the legs, and moves along the polished surface of the glass with as much ease and security as you do on the garden walk."

31. "How delightful! How beautiful! How ingenious!" they all exclaimed at once. "I shall never see a fly again without feeling an interest in him."

LXXXVIII.—THE SPARROW'S NEST ON THE
RAFTER BEAM.

1. The bare old rafter beam, in this empty ferry-house waiting-shed did not seem like the most inviting place for a home. But the sparrows had determined, after looking carefully around, to settle there for the season. The tramp of feet and the rattle of wheels, with the rush and clank of the ever-going, ever-coming ferry-boats, had stopped for awhile.

2. The place grew very quiet, with just a little splash of the waves against the green, mossy pier logs; so Mrs. Trill, with her head under her wing, fell to thinking things all over, which is just the very best way to do; for in the "all over" there is sure to be some comfort.

3. Building began next day, and, with the prospect of making a home out of it, the dingy old rafter seemed less desolate. They would see plenty of people, and be at a safe distance, too. To be sure there was fun in the exciting rock and in the sway of tree-life in a storm; but here they were safe, and even birds can not have everything in this life.

4. So, cheerfully and earnestly they went on with their work, never noticing that again and again during the day, while waiting for the boat, crowds of eager faces were turned with kindly interest toward them. A wisp of hay, from a cart rolling off the boat, caught on a corner of a beam and lodged at a safe distance from the floor.

5. Just what they wanted at this stage of the building, for a cellar beam. Mr. Trill tried to lift it alone, but it was too large; so up he flew for bonnie Mrs. Trill. Two are better than one in some cases, of which burden-bearing, for instance, is one.

6. How they worked and tugged! Half-way up Mrs. Trill lost her breath and stopped, and dropped her end

of the load. Mr. Trill had to let his end go too, and the straw fluttered down again. But what matter? There was no scolding nor fretting, and with good-natured perseverance they took hold again.

7. Though the way was long, and their building blocks hard to manage, they worked on patiently and gladly till into their voices there came a tone that made people look up and say, "Why, I never heard such music from English sparrows before. There is something truly sweet in the ring of that constant, cheery chirp."

8. In time, they built for themselves a snug, sound home, strong and serviceable and full of softness within, and the attractive beauty of a rustic summer-house outside.

9. Constant travelers over the ferry stepped out of their way to see how the birdies were getting on. And here is just one little corner of the many into which the echoes of their glad, helpful songs entered.

10. Had you stopped that busy little man on a certain morning, he would have said, "Can't wait now; bless you, I haven't a single minute to spare!" in such a jerky, good-natured way, that you would not have attempted to keep him. But, though he is truthful, he actually lost a boat in his anxiety to watch the lifting of that hay wisp.

11. All that building time he carried home nightly accounts of the birds, and their bright good nature always made such a gleam in his story, that, somehow, a spirit of forbearance seemed to shine and lighten up his own girls and boys in their intercourse with each other the next day.

12. In the hurry of business during the week, the memory of the birds' helpfulness and patience jogged his conscience so that he found himself at the desk of his new boy clerk, helping him along with his burden of puzzling figures.

13. How far the music of those little workers has gone, we can never know; but if we work on earnestly, we shall some day know that the grandest and best way to "help the world along," is to turn to the first work at hand, which is often just the very hardest to do, because it seems so simple and common-place.

JENNETH HOLME.

LXXXIX.—DO THE DUTY THAT LIETH
NEAREST THY HAND.

1. Do the duty that lieth nearest thy hand,
And seek not thy mission o'er all the wide land;
Thy field lies before thee, around thee, and thine
Is the hand that should open that field's precious mine.
Whether country or city, green fields or grand hall,
Shall claim thee, that claim is thy mission's loud call.
2. O that I could tell thee, in words that would burn,
Of chances now lost that will never return!
And lost while thou'rt searching, with sad, anxious
mind,
In some distant vineyard thy lifework to find.
Do the duty that lieth the nearest thy hand:
'Tis the faithful in little that much shall command.
3. Where now thou'rt abiding, seek work for the Lord,
While thy heart and thy hands move in cheerful
accord;
Give the kind word that's needed, the smile that
will cheer,
And a hand to relieve the tired laborer, near.
In the mart, in the field, in the dearer home band,
Do the duty that lieth the nearest thy hand.

XC.—TURNING THE GRINDSTONE.

1. When I was a little boy, I remember, one cold winter's morning, I was accosted by a smiling man with an ax on his shoulder.

2. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?"

3. "Yes, sir," said I.

4. "You are a fine little fellow," said he; "will you let me grind my ax on it?"

5. Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "O yes, sir," I answered. "It is down in the shop."

6. "And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?"

7. How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettleful.

8. "How old are you, and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply; "I am sure you are one of the finest lads that I have ever seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

9. Tickled with the flattery, like a little fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new ax, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and the ax was not half ground.

10. At length, however, it was sharpened; and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant; scud to the school, or you'll rue it."

11. "Alas!" thought I, "it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal is too much." It sunk deep into my mind, and often have I thought of it since.

12. When I see a merchant over polite to his customers, I think, "That man has an ax to grind."

13. When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, "Look out, good people! that fellow would set you turning grindstones!"

14. When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful, "Alas!" methinks, "deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby!"

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

XCI.—THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

1. The application of electricity as a means of conveying thought, is of recent date. In 1816 John R. Coxe, of Philadelphia, suggested that such a result might be accomplished by the aid of the "Galvanic Battery," discovered and constructed by Volta, an Italian, in 1801.

2. But the electro-magnetic agency was first fully developed and applied by Professor Morse, an American, in 1832. The first telegraph line was constructed in 1844 between Baltimore and Washington, and the first message sent over the wires was in these words: "What hath God wrought!"

3. The Atlantic cable is the most wonderful application of Professor Morse's discovery yet made. Cyrus W. Field, of New York, was the moving spirit in its conception and construction. Five attempts to lay it were made before complete success was attained, as will be seen by the following history.

4. First attempt, 1857. The American frigate *Niagara* and the English *Agamemnon*, each bearing half of the cable, sailed from Valentia Bay on the 7th of August. The former vessel was to lay the Irish half and the latter the American.

5. On the 11th of August the Niagara, having laid three hundred and thirty-four miles, parted the cable in a swell of the ocean, leaving but seven hundred and fifty-nine miles on board. The aggregate surplus on board the two vessels being but two hundred and seven miles greater than the distance between Ireland and Newfoundland, the attempt was abandoned.

6. Second attempt, 1858. The same vessels, laden as before, sailed from Valentia on the 10th of June. On the 26th the cable was spliced in mid-ocean. At the end of five days, the cable having parted three times with a loss of over one hundred miles of its length, the expedition was temporarily abandoned and both vessels were headed for Ireland.

7. Third attempt, 1858. The same vessels, laden as in former attempts, spliced the cable ends on the 29th of July, in mid-ocean, and on the 4th of August the Niagara, in Trinity Bay, received a dispatch from the Agamemnon that she had laid over eleven hundred miles of the cable.

8. On the 5th of August the two countries were wild with enthusiasm over the announcement of success. Bells were rung, men shouted, bonfires blazed, cannon thundered, processions were marched, and the world received this as an unprecedented piece of secular news.

9. Among the public dispatches transmitted were the news of peace in China, a neat congratulation from Queen Victoria to President Buchanan, the President's response to the same, exchange of congratulations between the mayors of New York and London, and, on the 31st of August, an order from England to Halifax for the 62d regiment not to return to England.

10. The whole number of words thus sent to Valentia was two thousand eight hundred and eighty-five, and to Newfoundland one thousand four hundred and seventy-

four—a total of four thousand three hundred and fifty-nine. Owing to some defect in the cable no further messages could be sent. The cost of this cable was one million two hundred and fifty-six thousand two hundred and fifty dollars, and the total cost to the company was one million eight hundred and thirty-four thousand five hundred dollars.

11. Fourth attempt, 1865. On the 22d of July the *Great Eastern* (the largest ship in the world, and which had been lately built,) sailed from Valentia with a cable twenty-six hundred miles long, one and one-eighth inches in diameter, and weighing five thousand tons.

12. Faulty insulation was discovered and repaired on the 29th. On the 2d of August, after paying out over thirteen hundred miles, the cable broke, and the weary days until the 11th were spent in vain efforts to regain the submerged end.

13. Fifth attempt, 1866. On the 7th of July the shore end was landed from the *Great Eastern*, at Valentia, and on the 13th it was connected with the main cable on board the ship which on the next day (the 14th of July, 1866,) sailed for America, paying out the cable on her way.

14. On the 27th of July, after fourteen days of intense anxiety, the ship reached *Heart's Content*—the place selected for the American end of the cable—having successfully accomplished its work. The entire length of the cable is eighteen hundred and sixty-four miles.

15. The value of the Atlantic cable, financially considered, is too great for comprehension, and it is hoped that it will have a far greater value in binding together the hearts of the people of England and America; that now, as “mother and child” can talk together “face to face,” they will know each other better, and love each other more.

16. Let the cable be an emblem of peace—an end of strife. And as in language, in civilization, in Christianity, in hopes, Great Britain and America are one, so henceforth let their aims be one, and that one the securing of a general and practical recognition of the universal brotherhood of mankind.

XCII.—SAINT JONATHAN.

1. There's many an excellent Saint:
 St. George with his dragon and lance;
 St. Nicholas, so jolly and quaint;
 St. Vitus, the saint of the dance;
 St. Denis, the saint of the Gaul;
 St. Andrew, the saint of the Scot;
 But Jonathan, youngest of all,
 Is the mightiest saint of the lot!
2. He wears a most serious face,
 Well worthy a martyr's possessing;
 But it isn't all owing to grace,
 But partly to thinking and guessing.
 In sooth, our American Saint
 Has rather a secular bias,
 And I never have heard a complaint
 Of his being excessively pious!
3. He's fond of financial improvement,
 And is always extremely inclined
 To be starting some practical movement
 For mending the morals and mind.
 Do you ask me what wonderful labors
 St. Jonathan ever has done
 To rank with his calendar neighbors?
 Just listen a moment to one:

4. One day when a flash in the air
Split his meeting-house fairly asunder,
Quoth Jonathan, "Now,—I declare,—
They're dreadfully careless with thunder!"
So he fastened a rod to the steeple;
And now when the lightning comes round
He keeps it from building and people
By running it into the ground!
5. Reflecting, with pleasant emotion,
On the capital job he had done,
Quoth Jonathan, "I have a notion
Improvements have barely begun;
If nothing's created in vain,
(As ministers often inform us),
The lightning that's wasted, 'tis plain,
Is really something enormous!"
6. While ciphering over the thing,
At length he discovered a plan
To catch the Electrical King
And make him the servant of man!
And now, in an orderly way,
He flies on the fleetest of pinions,
And carries the news of the day
All over his master's dominions!
7. One morning while taking a stroll
He heard a lugubrious cry,
Like the shriek of a suffering soul
In a hospital standing near by;
Anon such a terrible groan
Saluted St. Jonathan's ear,
That his bosom—which wasn't of stone—
Was melted with pity to hear.

8. That night he invented a charm
So potent that folks who employ it,
In losing a leg or an arm,
Don't suffer, but rather enjoy it!
A miracle, you must allow,
As good as the best of his brothers',
And blessed St. Jonathan now
Is patron of cripples and mothers.

9. There's many an excellent Saint:
St. George with his dragon and lance;
St. Nicholas, so jolly and quaint;
St. Vitus, the saint of the dance;
St. Denis, the saint of the Gaul;
St. Andrew, the saint of the Scot;
But Jonathan, youngest of all,
Is the mightiest saint of the lot!

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

XIII.—“SHE HAS OUTLIVED HER USEFULNESS.”

1. Not long since a man in middle life came to our door asking for the minister. When informed that he was out of town, he seemed disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business, he replied: “I have lost my mother; and as this place used to be her home, and as my father lies here, we have come to lay her beside him.”

2. My heart rose in sympathy, and I said: “You have met with a great loss.”

“Well, yes,” he replied, with hesitancy; “a mother is a great loss in general, but our mother had outlived her usefulness. She was in her second childhood, and her

mind had grown as weak as her body, so that she was no comfort to herself, and was a burden to everybody.

3. "There were seven of us, sons and daughters; and we agreed to keep her among us a year about. But I have had more than my share of her, for she was too feeble to be moved when my time was out, and that was more than three months before her death. But then she was a good mother in her day, and toiled very hard to bring us up."

4. Without looking at the face of the heartless man, I directed him to the house of a neighboring pastor, and returned to my nursery. I gazed on the merry little faces which smiled or grew sad in imitation of mine,—those little ones to whose ear no word in our language is half so sweet as "mother,"—and I wondered if the day would ever come when they would say of me, "She has outlived her usefulness—she is no comfort to herself, and a burden to every body else!"

5. Rather than that such a day should dawn on me, let me be taken to my rest. God forbid that I should outlive the love of my children! Rather let me die while my heart is a part of theirs, that my grave may be watered with their tears and my love linked with their hopes of heaven.

6. When the bell tolled for the mother's burial I went to the sanctuary to pay respect to the aged stranger; for I felt that I could give her memory a tear, even though her own children had none to shed.

7. "She was a good mother in her day, and toiled hard to bring us all up;" "She was no comfort to herself, and a burden to every body else!" These cruel, heartless words rung in my ears as I saw the coffin borne up the aisle. The bell tolled long and loud, until its iron tongue had chronicled the years of the toil-worn mother.

8. One, two, three, four, five. How clearly and almost merrily each stroke told of her once peaceful slumber in her mother's bosom, and of her seat at night-fall on her weary father's knee. Six, seven, eight, nine, ten, rang out the tale of her sports upon the greensward in the meadow and beside the brook. Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, spoke more gravely of school-days, and little household joys and cares.

9. Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, sounded out the enraptured visions of maidenhood and the dream of early love. Nineteen brought before us the happy bride. Twenty spoke of the young mother, whose heart was full to bursting with the new, strong love which God had awakened in her bosom.

10. And then stroke after stroke told of her early womanhood—of the loves, and cares, and hopes, and fears, and toils through which she passed during those long years, till fifty rang out harsh and loud. From that to sixty, each stroke told of the warm-hearted mother and grandmother, living over again her own joys and sorrows in those of her children and children's children.

11. Every family of all the group wanted grandmother then, and the only strife was who should secure the prize. But, hark, the bell tolls on!—seventy, seventy-one, two, three, four. She begins to grow feeble, requires some care, is not always perfectly patient or satisfied; she goes from one child's house to another, so that no place seems like home.

12. She murmurs in plaintive tones, that after all her toil and weariness, it is hard she can not be allowed a home to die in; that she must be sent rather than invited from house to house. Eighty, eighty-one, two, three, four. Ah! she is a second child—now “she has outlived her usefulness, she has now ceased to be a comfort to herself or anybody”—that is, she has ceased to be

profitable to her earth-craving and money-grasping children.

13. Now sounds out, reverberating through our lovely forest, and echoing back from our "hill of the dead," eighty-nine! There she lies now in the coffin, cold and still; she makes no trouble now, demands no love, no soft words, no tender little offices. A look of patient endurance,—we fancied, also, an expression of grief for unrequited love,—sat on her marble features. Her children were there clad in weeds of woe, and in irony we remembered the strong man's words, "She was a good mother in her day."

14. When the bell ceased tolling, the minister rose in the pulpit. His form was very erect and his voice was strong, but his hair was silvery white. He read several passages of Scripture expressive of God's compassion to feeble man, and especially of his tenderness when gray hairs are on him and his strength faileth. He then made some touching remarks on human frailty, and of dependence on God, urging all present to make their peace with Him while in health, that they might claim His promises and receive His comforting presence when heart and flesh failed them.

15. Then leaning over the desk, and gazing intently on the confined form before him, he said reverently: "From a little child I have honored the aged; but never till gray hairs covered my own head did I know truly how much love and sympathy this class have a right to demand of their fellow-creatures. Now I feel it. Our mother," he added most tenderly, "who now lies in death before us, was a stranger to me, as are all of these her descendants.

16. "All I know of her is what her son has told me to-day,—that she was brought to this town from afar, sixty-nine years ago, a happy bride; that here she had

past most of her life, toiling as only mothers ever have strength to toil, until she had reared a large family of sons and daughters; that she left her home here, clad in the weeds of widowhood, to dwell among her children." And, turning to the children, he added: "God forbid that conscience should accuse any of you of ingratitude or murmuring on account of the care she has been to you of late.

17. "When you go back to your homes, be careful of your example before your own children; for the fruit of your own doings you will surely reap from them when you yourselves totter on the brink of the grave. I entreat you as a friend, as one who has himself entered the evening of life, that you may never say in the presence of your families nor of Heaven, 'Our mother had outlived her usefulness — she was a burden to us.' Never, never! — a mother can never live so long as that!

18. "No; when she can no longer labor for her children, nor yet care for herself, she can fall like a precious weight on their bosoms, and call forth by her helplessness all the noble, generous feelings of their hearts. Adieu, then, poor toil-worn mother; there are no more days of pain for thee. Undying vigor and everlasting usefulness are thy inheritance."

XCIV.—THE MONEY PANIC.

MR. AUBREY, a London banker. MR. FREELAND, a merchant.

Scene.—A back-room in the banking-house. MR. AUBREY enters, much agitated.

1. *Aubrey.* It is a perfect panic! There has been nothing like it since eighteen twenty-six. The run on the bank was fearful yesterday, and I was glad when the hour of closing arrived. But it was only postponing the crash. Things look worse still to-day. Every man who

has a shilling deposited with us rushes to demand it. All confidence is gone; those I thought my friends are as mad as the rest. If I could gain a little time — but no! [*Listens.*] Hear the gold jingling on my counter! It can't last much longer at this rate. Ah! here comes one of them — I must not appear disturbed. What can I do for you, sir?

2. *Freeland.* I have come to ask a blunt question; for I am a plain man, and I like to come straight to the point.

3. *Aubrey.* Well, sir?

4. *Freeland.* I hear that you have a run on your bank; is that so?

5. *Aubrey.* I see the drift of your question. If you have any money in the bank, present your account to the cashier, and he will pay you at once.

6. *Freeland.* I have not a penny in your hands.

7. *Aubrey.* Then may I ask what is your business with me?

8. *Freeland.* I wish to know if a small sum will aid you at this crisis.

9. *Aubrey.* Why ask that question?

10. *Freeland.* Because if it would, I should be glad to pay in a deposit.

11. *Aubrey.* Sir?

12. *Freeland.* You are no doubt surprised that, when those who know you are hastening to drain your vaults, a stranger should come to pay money in.

13. *Aubrey.* I confess it is unusual.

14. *Freeland.* Let me explain myself. Do you remember when, some twenty years ago, you lived in Essex?

15. *Aubrey.* Perfectly.

16. *Freeland.* And perhaps you recollect the turnpike gate you used to pass every day?

17. *Aubrey*. Certainly, I do.

18. *Freeland*. My father kept that gate.

19. *Aubrey*. Ah, I remember him!

20. *Freeland*. And do you remember one Christmas morning, when the gate-keeper was sick, and a little boy opened the gate for you?

21. *Aubrey*. I have forgotten the circumstance.

22. *Freeland*. Very likely; but I have not. I was that little boy. As you passed, I called out, "A merry Christmas, sir!" You replied, "Thank you, my lad; the same to you, and here's a trifle to make it so." And you threw me a seven-shilling piece.

23. *Aubrey* (*smiling*). Well, I trust you had a merry Christmas!

24. *Freeland*. It was the first money I ever had in my life; and that, and the kind smile you gave me with it, made me the happiest boy in the world that day. Well, sir — to cut a long story short — that seven-shilling piece brought me good luck; it was the beginning of — well, sir, a tolerably large fortune for a plain man like me. I have kept sight of you, though I dare say you never gave me a second thought. I got into trade, first in a small way, then in a large way, — and, sir, I consider that I owe all I have to you.

25. *Aubrey*. You owe it rather to your own thrift and industry, and I heartily congratulate you!

26. *Freeland*. Thank you! But excuse me for insisting — I owe all to you. Hearing yesterday that there was a run on your bank, I hastily scraped together what I could — a small sum — which is at your service, if it will be of any use to you. Here it is, sir.

[*Puts a roll of bank-notes into Aubrey's hand.*]

27. *Aubrey*. But my dear sir!

28. *Freeland*. A small sum, a small sum, sir. You will really oblige me by keeping it for me for a few days.

Pardon me for taking so much of your time. I will call again. Good day, sir! [Goes out.]

29. *Aubrey (turns over the bank-notes).* Twenty thousand pounds! Thank Heaven, the bank is saved!

XCV.—THE LIFE-BOAT.

1. Man the life-boat! man the life-boat!
Hearts of oak, your succor lend!
See the shattered vessel stagger;
Quick, O, quick, assistance send!
2. See, they launch the gallant life-boat!
See, they ply the lusty oar!
Round them rage the foamy breakers,
Cheers attend them from the shore.
3. Now the fragile bark is hanging
On the billows' giddy height;
Now to fearful depths descending,
While we sicken at the sight.
4. Courage! courage!—she's in safety;
For again her buoyant form
Mounts and mocks the dashing surges,
Like the petrel in the storm.
5. With her precious cargo freighted,
Now the life-boat nears the shore;
Parents, brethren, friends, embracing
Those they thought to see no more.
6. Blessings on the dauntless spirits,
Dangers thus who nobly brave;
Ready life and limb to venture,
So they may a brother save!

XCVI.—HISTORY OF A SCHOOL DESK, TOLD BY ITSELF.

1. I was made in Philadelphia, in a cabinet shop; myself and three others being joined together in one frame. When finished, our lids were all covered with beautiful green baize, and the color of the cherry, of which we were made, was rendered of a dark, rich and glossy hue by a handsome coat of varnish which the carpenter carefully applied.

2. I recollect when we were coming home with what contempt I looked down upon a load of common school desks which we passed in the street. Alas! little did I think to what indignities I should myself subsequently be exposed.

3. I was placed with many other similar desks in a long and very pleasant room, and in a few days afterwards there came in a considerable number of young ladies of various ages, and the school commenced.

4. A pleasant looking girl was stationed before me. I never could ascertain her name, as it was not written upon the outside of any of her books. I soon found that she was quite pleased with my form and appearance, for she took great pleasure in arranging all her books and papers in great order and often surveyed me with a look of much satisfaction.

5. Her books were placed carefully in one corner, her slate in another and her manuscripts in a third; and whenever she had any thing for a luncheon at school she was careful to put it into a paper by itself. She made, however, one mistake; for not many hours after she took possession of me, while busily engaged in writing, she laid her pen, which was full of ink, down upon my face and made an ugly ink spot.

6. She, however, instantly perceived it, and with a

countenance expressive of great solicitude she hastened to bring a wet sponge, and with it she carefully and gently, but thoroughly, removed the spot. I found great assistance from my coat of varnish in this adventure, as this substance prevented the ink from passing through into the pores of the wood.

7. I found that my mistress was much beloved by her fellow pupils; they often came to sit with her and entertain me with their conversation. I observed, too, that when the teacher of this school came to her desk to speak to her she always looked pleased and happy, and was not afraid to open her desk in his presence, if he wished any thing from it.

8. This happy life, however, could not long continue. I was one day surprised and grieved to find my mistress taking out her books and carrying them away, and there came instead another girl, who brought a most confused collection of books, maps, manuscripts, rules, boxes, pens and paper.

9. She hastily crowded some of the largest books into the back part of the desk, pushed the other things this way and that a little, then let my lid fall down with a violence that terrified me, and ran off into the play-room. I thought that she would put me in order when she returned; but no, this was the usual treatment which I received from her.

10. When she wanted any thing she tumbled over her books and papers until she found it. Her luncheon was kept with every thing else and soon the crumbs were strewed all around; and what was worse than all the rest, she inked the beautiful cherry wood of which I was made again and again without any concern.

11. Sometimes she would upset her inkstand and then never more than half wipe up the ink. In such cases I made as much effort as I could, with the help of my

varnish, to prevent the ink from insinuating itself into my pores; but all in vain, it would get through, and I was afraid it would stain, indelibly, my beautiful wood.

12. I think the teacher of this school was very much to blame for not getting some old, inky, wooden desks for those of his pupils who were so very slovenly, and not give them such beautiful pieces of furniture as we are, merely to see them spoiled. The teacher would occasionally say something to his pupils about the importance of tidiness and of keeping the desks neat, and then my mistress would take it into her head to brush up her establishment.

13. She would put her books into some tolerable order, and would get a wet sponge and rub the outside of the desk in a vain attempt to remove the spots. Ink spots, like bad habits, must be removed as soon as they are first formed, otherwise they become indelibly fixed. The repeated rubbings which my mistress thus gave me had no effect but to wear away the varnish and turn me from a glossy bright color to a dirty brown. I soon considered myself irretrievably spoiled.

14. After a time my mistress was changed again, and the one who succeeded her remains to this day. She has spread a large paper on the inside and arranges her books and papers neatly upon it. If she makes a blot she carefully wipes it off at once. A few afternoons since two or three ladies came into the school room, and one of them lifted up my lid and said to the others, "See how neatly these scholars keep their desks."

Classical Journal.

Hope is the sweetest friend that ever kept a distressed soul company; it beguiles the tediousness of the way — all the miseries of our pilgrimage.

XCVII.—THE HAPPY FAMILY.

1. Among the novel sights which throng the streets of the city of London, for the cheap entertainment of the people, none of them has made a more pleasing impression on my mind than a family circle of different animals and birds, whose deportment is truly an admirable illustration of the reign of peace. The proprietor of this novel menagerie calls it, very appropriately, "The Happy Family."

2. A cage would be too harsh a name for this place of residence, which is almost simple enough to be of their own construction. It is rather a large, square hen-coop, placed on a low hand-cart, which the man draws about from one street to another, and gets a few pennies a day from those who stop to look at the domestic felicity of his motley family circle.

3. Perhaps the first thing that strikes the eye is a large cat, "washing her face," with a dozen large rats nestling under her like so many kittens, whilst others are climbing up her back and playing with her whiskers. In another corner of the room a dove and hawk are billing and cooing on the head of a dog, which is resting across the neck of a rabbit.

4. The floor is covered with the oddest social circles imaginable. Here weasels, and guinea-pigs, and funny, peeping chickens are putting their noses together caressingly. The slats above are covered with birds whose natural antipathies have been subdued into mutual affection by the law of kindness. For instance, a grave old owl is sitting bolt upright, and meditating in the sun, with a twittering, keen-sighted sparrow perched between his cat ears, and trying to open the eyes of the old sage with his sharp bill.

5. I never pass this establishment without stopping to look at the scene it presents. Its teachings are more eloquent than a hundred lectures on peace and universal brotherhood. I love to see the children stop to look at it, for I know they will carry away a lesson which will do them good; they will think of it on their way to school,—and at home too, I hope, when any thing crosses their will in the family circle or playground. I could not but wish that this “Happy Family” might be exhibited every morning to all the unhappy human families in the land.

ELIHU BURRITT.

XCVIII.—EVENING SONG OF THE TYROLESE PEASANTS.

It is the custom in some parts of the Tyrol for the laborers to assemble in the evening, after their day's work, around some spreading tree, generally at the entrance of the village, and sing a hymn or song in concert. The following is a song supposed to be sung by some of these peasants.

1. Come to the sunset tree!
The day is past and gone;
The woodman's ax lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.
2. The twilight star to heaven,
And the summer dew to flowers,
And rest to us is given,
By the cool soft evening hours.
3. Sweet is the hour of rest!
Pleasant the wind's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie,

4. When the burden and the heat
Of labor's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door.
5. Come to the sunset tree!
The day is past and gone;
The woodman's ax lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.
6. Yes; tuneful is the sound
That dwells in whispering boughs;
Welcome the freshness 'round,
And the gale that fans our brows.
7. But rest more sweet and still
Than ever night-fall gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.
8. There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noontide heat;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary wandering feet.
9. So we lift our trusting eyes
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the sabbath of our God.
10. Come to the sunset tree!
The day is past and gone;
The woodman's ax lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.

MRS. HEMANS.

Every good act is a flower, which will beautify our final home.

XCIX.—THE HUMMING-BIRD.

1. Of all the birds that flutter in the garden or paint the landscape, the humming-bird is the most delightful to look upon, and the most inoffensive. Of this charming little animal there are six or seven varieties, from the size of a small wren down to that of a humble-bee.

2. Many, perhaps, do not really know that there exist any birds so very small, and yet so completely furnished with a bill, feathers, wings, and digestive organs, exactly resembling those of the largest kind.

3. Birds not so big as the end of one's little finger would probably be supposed mere creatures of imagination, were they not seen in infinite numbers, and as frequently as butterflies on a summer's day, sporting from flower to flower and extracting sweets with their little bills.

4. The smallest humming-bird is about the size of a hazel nut. The feathers on its wings and tail are black; but those on its body and under its wings are of a greenish brown, with a fine red cast or gloss, which no silk or velvet can imitate.

5. It has a small crest on its head, green at the bottom and as it were gilded at the top, and which sparkles in the sun like a little star in the middle of its forehead. The bill is black, straight, slender, and of the length of a small pin. It is inconceivable how much these birds add to the high finishing and beauty of a rich and luxurious landscape.

6. As soon as the sun is risen, the humming-birds of different kinds are seen fluttering about the flowers, without ever lighting upon them. Their wings are in such rapid motion that it is impossible to discern their colors except by their glittering. They are never still, but

are continually in motion, visiting flower after flower, and extracting its honey as if with a kiss.

7. For this purpose they are furnished with a forked tongue, that enters the cup of the flower and extracts its nectared tribute. Upon this alone they subsist. The rapid motion of their wings occasions a humming sound, from whence they have their name; for whatever divides the air swiftly must produce a murmur.

8. The nests of these birds are also very curious. They are suspended in the air, at the point of the twigs. Sometimes they make their nests even in houses, if a small and convenient twig for the purpose is found there. The female is the architect, while the male goes in quest of materials — such as cotton, fine moss, and the fibers of vegetables.

9. Of these materials a nest is composed, about the size of a hen's egg cut in two; it is admirably contrived, and warmly lined with cotton. There are never more than two eggs found in the nest; these are about the size of small peas, and as white as snow, with here and there a yellow speck.

10. The male and the female sit upon the nest by turns; but the female takes to herself the greatest share. She seldom quits the nest, except for a few minutes in the morning and evening, when the dew is upon the flowers, and their honey in perfection. During this short interval the male takes her place.

11. The time of incubation continues twelve days, at the end of which the young ones appear, and are about the size of a blue-bottle fly. They are at first bare; by degrees they are covered with down; and, at last, feathers succeed, but less beautiful at first than those of the old ones.

12. Father Labat, in his account of the mission to America, says that his companion found the nest of a

humming-bird in a shed near the dwelling-house, and took it in at a time when the young ones were about fifteen or twenty days old.

13. "He placed them in a cage at his chamber window, to be amused by their sportive flutterings; but he was much surprised to see the old ones, which came and fed their brood regularly every hour in the day. By this means they themselves grew so tame that they seldom quitted the chamber, and without any constraint came to live with their young ones.

14. "All four frequently perched upon their master's hand, chirping as if they had been at liberty abroad. He fed them with a very fine clear paste, made of wine, biscuit and sugar. They thrust their tongues into this paste till they were satisfied, and then fluttered and chirped about the room.

15. "I never beheld any thing more agreeable," continues he, "than this lovely little family, which had possession of my companion's chamber, and flew in and out just as they thought proper; but were ever attentive to the voice of their master when he called them."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

C.—BUDS, FLOWERS, FRUIT.

1. "Milton, you may bring me a branch from the pear-tree, and also one off the cherry-tree in the garden, and we will examine into their structure a little.

2. "Very good, my son; these specimens will nicely serve our purpose. Please look carefully at this branch of cherry, and see if you can distinguish any thing peculiar about it."

3. "I notice, father," said Milton, "a little cluster of buds, and several others scattered over the branch, and that some are larger than the others."

4. "Well, that is correct. Can you tell me the characteristics of these buds?"

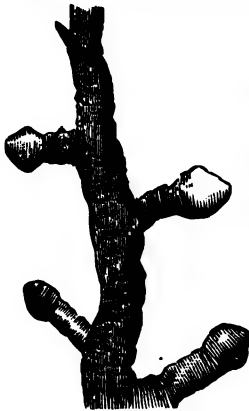
5. "I do not know that I can. I see a difference in the size, but can not account for it."

6. "I think I understand the difference," said Minnie. "The large, round buds will come out blossoms, but the sharp-pointed ones produce the leaves."

7. "That is right, Minnie. These two classes of buds are found on fruit trees after they come into bearing, and are easily distinguished by a practiced eye. The fruit buds are always on the older branches of the tree, while leaf buds appear on all parts, and exclusively so on the new shoots.



8. "It is a fact of peculiar interest that rank growth is always inimical to fruitfulness; hence young and vigorous trees are seldom productive. It is only when they become feebler in growth that fruit is produced.



9. "In this sprig of pear, the contrast of the buds is more marked. The one-leaf bud toward the end is small and sharp, while the fruit-buds are very large and plump.

10. "A closer look at these buds will show that they are wrapped up in cerements alike impervious to wind and weather. These are the cradles in which the infant leaf and flower are safely rocked through the winter's storm for the genial influences of spring to warm into life and beauty. This preservation is very wonderful.

11. "Let the leaf or flower be ever so little exposed to the touch of the frost, and its death ensues at once;

but here the tender germ lies snugly enveloped in these thin folds of nature's providing, capable of enduring all the rigors of the severest winter.

12. "God's protectors are sure. These invulnerable bud-shields are quite thick, and are glued together by a gummy substance that effectually shuts out all the rains and cold until the sunshine is ready for the little nursling within, and then they open gently to let it grow.

13. "In this bud of horse-chestnut this arrangement is beautifully seen. As the only object of this casing is to protect the dormant bud during the winter, it is cast off as soon as the leaf begins its expansion in the spring, and will be seen scattered profusely beneath the tree.



14. "Pick up one of these cast-off scales, and you will have a still more impressive conception of this special provision of God. The outside is a flinty shell, but within you will find a lining of the softest velvet, the dainty and downy swaddling-clothes of the coming generations of leaves and flowers.

15. "You wonder at these special adaptations of God's handiwork — a feeling which will certainly be increased when you learn that buds in warm climates do not have this winter covering, as you will see in the orange and lemon trees grown in hot-houses.

16. "O, how wonderful and minute is God's care for all the works of his hands! It is only by such clear conceptions of His presence every-where, that we can understand the sublime and gracious lessons of the 'God with us.' 'If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?'

17. "Let us take our place as sentinel at the gateway leading to one of these little fruit-buds, and if we could

only see all the beautiful messengers passing through it, carrying into its store-house the treasures which God has provided to enrich it, our wonder and admiration would be beyond expression.

18. "And why should our conceptions be measured by a lower scale, when we can be fully cognizant of the facts, though we may not clearly understand all the processes by which they are established? Through that little neck connecting the bud with the branch, how many different and brilliant dyes are passed to pencil the petals of the flower and blush in the cheek of the fruit!

19. "What a commingling of odors and infusion of acids, bitters and sweets! What skillful little architects are at work there, shaping dome and column, scooping out seed-chambers and wrapping up the little embryo, with its store of infant food!

20. "Could we see all these crowding through the same narrow entrance, with their loads of treasure, jostling each other on the way, we should say, 'What a confusion is here!' and tremble for the impending fate of our poor bud. But our anxiety would be uncalled for.

21. "Guided by unerring skill, each tint blushes in its appropriate leaf-fringe, or dots itself on the petal—the drop of nectar distills in the bosom of the flower, and exhales in sweetness on the air; while bitter and sweet, seed and pulp, assimilate and perfect the fruit by the great law stamped upon them when God said, 'Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth; and it was so.'

22. "And so it will ever be while time endures; and he is little above the swine, that eats of the acorn and looks not up to see from whence it comes, who can pluck flower or fruit and not adore the God who gives them for his enjoyment by such a marvelous process."

CI.—GIVING.

1. The sun gives ever; so the earth —
What it can give, so much 'tis worth;
The ocean gives in many ways —
Gives paths, gives fishes, rivers, bays:
So, too, the air — it gives us breath;
When it stops giving, comes in death.
Give, give, be always giving;
Who gives not, is not living.
The more you give,
The more you live.
 2. God's love hath in us wealth unheap'd;
Only by giving is it reap'd:
The body withers, and the mind,
If pent in by a selfish rind.
Give strength, give thought, give deed, give pelf,
Give love, give tears, and give thyself.
Give, give, be always giving;
Who gives not, is not living.
The more we give,
The more we live.
-

CII.—THE TOWN PUMP.

1. Noon, by the north clock! Noon, by the east!
High noon, too, by those hot sunbeams which fall,
scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the
water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose.
2. Truly we public characters have a tough time of it!
Among all the town officers, chosen at the yearly meet-
ing, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the
burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in per-
petuity, upon the Town Pump?

3. The title of town treasurer is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes.

4. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians of the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water drinkers confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are pasted on my front.

5. To speak within bounds, I am chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post.

6. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for all day long I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and at night I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and to keep people out of the gutters.

7. At this sultry noontide, I am cup-bearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. I cry aloud to all, and in my plainest accents, and at the very top of my voice, "Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen! Walk up, walk up!"

8. It were a pity if this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat.

9. Who next? O, my little friend, you are just let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of school-boy troubles,

in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life : take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now.

10. I hold myself the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of a vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise the cow shall be my great confederate.

11. The Town Pump and the Cow. Such is the glorious partnership that shall finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation ! Then, Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw his own heart, and die. Then, Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

CIII.—EXCEL.

1. Every young man starting in life should write one resolution upon his heart, and that is, "I will excel." We care not what his business may be,—whether it is professional, scientific, mechanical, agricultural, manufacturing, or any department of labor,—every man should strive to excel.

2. The mere wish for excellence, the ambition to surpass others, is possessed by all except the veriest drones and boobies. But wish and ambition alone will not effect the object. He who excels must study for it. He must give thought to it ; he must be laborious in pursuit ; he must turn neither to the right hand nor to

the left if he would reach the topmost round of the ladder.

3. He who sets out determining to excel rarely fails. At the bidding of energy aid appears to come, which the slothful look upon with surprise, and term the success the work of blind but capricious Fortune. They are unwilling to admit that it is the achievement of the man himself that thus pushes him forward, for it would be a censure upon their own idleness.

4. In every department of labor the man that excels is the one who has plenty to do, whether others are idle or not. Excellence commands employment. A first-rate clerk, a quick, ready journeyman mechanic, a skillful artisan, an active laborer, is not long out of employ if he is industrious and honest.

5. Then, young man, let your resolution be formed to excel. Live for it day by day, and as sure as you are worthy, so sure you will rank high among your fellows.

CIV.—TWENTY YEARS AGO.

1. I've wandered in the village, Tom—I've sat beneath the tree

Upon the school-house playing ground which sheltered you and me;

But none were there to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know,

That played with us upon the green some twenty years ago.

2. The grass is just as green, Tom—barefooted boys at play,

Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay;

But the master sleeps upon the hill, which, coated
o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place just twenty years ago.

3. The old school-house is altered now — the benches
are replaced

By new ones very like the same our penknives had
defaced ;

But the same old bricks are in the walls, the bell
swings to and fro,

Its music just the same, dear Tom, as twenty years
ago.

4. The river is running just as still, the willows by its
side

Are larger than they were, dear Tom, the stream
appears less wide,

The grapevine swing is ruined now, where once we
played the beau,

And swung our sweethearts, pretty girls, just twenty
years ago.

5. The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by
the spreading beech,

Is very high — 'twas once so low we could it
scarcely reach ;

And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I
started so,

To see how much I, too, had changed since twenty
years ago.

6. Near by the spring, upon the elm, you know I cut
your name,

Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you
did mine the same.

Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark—'twas
dying sure but slow,
Just as the one whose name we cut died twenty
years ago.

7. My lids had been dry, Tom, but tears came in my
eyes.

I thought of her I loved so well—those early
broken ties;

I visited the old church-yard and took some flowers
to strew

Upon the graves of those we loved some twenty
years ago.

8. Some are in the church-yards laid—some sleep
beneath the sea—

But few are left of our old class excepting you
and me;

And when our time shall come, Tom, and we are
called to go,

I hope they'll lay us where we played just twenty
years ago.



CV.—BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

1. I am asked, What good will the monument do?
And I ask, What good does any thing do? What is
good? Does any thing do good? The persons who
suggest this objection, of course, think that there are
some projects and undertakings that do good; and I
should, therefore, like to have the idea of good explained,
and analyzed, and run out to its elements.

2. When this is done, if I do not demonstrate, in
about two minutes, that the monument does the same

kind of good that any thing else does, I will consent that the huge blocks of granite, already laid, should be reduced to gravel and carted off to fill up the mill-pond; for that, I suppose, is one of the good things.

3. Does a railroad or a canal do good? Answer: Yes. And how? It facilitates intercourse, opens markets, and increases the wealth of the country. But what is this good for? Why, individuals prosper and get rich.

4. And what good does that do? Is mere wealth, as an ultimate end, gold and silver—without an inquiry as to their use,—are these good? Certainly not. I should insult this audience by attempting to prove that a rich man, as such, is neither better nor happier than a poor one.

5. But as men grow rich, they live better. Is there any good in this, stopping here? Is mere animal life—feeding, working and sleeping, like an ox,—entitled to be called good? Certainly not.

6. But these improvements increase the population. And what good does that do? Where is the good in counting twelve millions instead of six of mere feeding, working, sleeping animals?

7. There is, then, no good in the mere animal life, except that it is the physical basis of that higher moral existence which resides in the soul, the heart, the mind, the conscience; in good principles, good feelings, and the good actions—and the more disinterested, the more entitled to be called good—which flow from them.

8. Now, sir, I say that generous and patriotic sentiments—sentiments which prepare us to serve our country, to live for our country, to die for our country—feelings like those which carried Prescott, and Warren, and Putnam, to the battle-field, are good—good, humanly speaking, of the highest order.

9. It is good to have them, good to encourage them, good to honor them, good to commemorate them; and whatever tends to cherish, animate and strengthen such feelings, does as much downright practical good as filling low grounds and building railroads.

EDWARD EVERETT.

CVI.—THE STOMACH.

1. The wisdom of the Creator has provided animals with stomachs of different kinds, suited to their food and habits of life. Some chew their victuals and then swallow it, while others swallow it first and then chew it over at leisure.

2. As the Almighty never acts without reason, and always proportions the means to the end, we are led naturally to conclude that each of these methods is that most fitted to the animal's necessities, and best adapted to the circumstances under which it is placed in the great plan of nature; and so we shall find it on consideration.

3. Sheep, for instance, being naturally a timid and very defenseless order of animals, are provided with a stomach divided into four parts. By means of this they are enabled, when they meet with a good piece of pasture, to crop it hastily, and swallow it almost whole; it then passes into the first division of the stomach.

4. When the feeding is completed, a portion of this substance is passed from the first to the second division of the stomach; here it is rolled into the form of a ball, and returned to the mouth to be ground finer. After this process, it is once more swallowed, and it passes into the third division of the stomach, and from that to the fourth.

5. By this arrangement these timid animals are ena-

bled to gather and swallow their food whenever they have an opportunity, and to chew it over at their leisure.

6. But the horse is adapted to be the servant and friend of man, and another organization and arrangement has been wisely provided for him.

7. His stomach is small in proportion to his size—considerably less than man's; he is consequently unable to take much food at a time. He requires to be more frequently fed; but by this means he is almost always able to be at his master's service, as we shall presently show.

8. To explain our present subject, it will be sufficient to say that the front of the horse's chest contains his lungs, by which he breathes. Behind them, separated only by a thin kind of skin, is the stomach, destined to receive and digest the food.

9. Each of these organs becomes larger when in use; the lungs occupying more room when the animal is moving about and breathing more quickly. The space they occupy is then so filled that only one of them can be safely distended at a time.

10. The horse can swell out his lungs, and breathe hard, trot, or gallop fast, provided his stomach be empty; he can fill it with safety if he remains at rest, or nearly so, till the food is digested. But if they are both full, the greatest danger is to be apprehended; the horse is sure to be "blown" almost immediately, because he has no room to breathe, and apoplexy may cause the animal to suddenly drop dead.

11. We have mentioned that the horse's stomach is small compared with his size; and from this we may learn that he is not able to eat much at a time without injury to himself; but he is apt to do this, especially when he has been kept long at work without being supplied with food.

12. When brought home his small stomach is crammed full before any part of it is turned into healthy nourishment to recruit his exhausted frame; he continues eating on, and the diseases called the staggers, megrims or apoplexy are the dangerous and generally fatal result.

13. We may take a hint from this, and see that no horse is allowed to get at an unlimited supply of food. A proper quantity should be given, and no more—enough to satisfy his requirements, and then proper time should be allowed for him to digest it.

14. Many a horse has been killed from a fit brought on by the corn-bin having been left open at night, thus giving him an opportunity to gorge himself to death with the tempting food. Recollect this rhyme, which may perhaps serve to recall an important principle to mind:

“Full feed, then rest;
Often feed does best.”

15. Horses that are obliged to be at work constantly for a long time, should never leave the stable without a nose-bag, and a liberal supply of feed. When the horse stops for awhile, the bag should be put on, and he be allowed to chew a few mouthfuls—enough to prevent his becoming exhausted.

16. His strength is kept up; he is not able to eat too much, so as to hinder his capacity for work; and the danger of his over-gorging himself in the stable is greatly lessened. This useful implement (the nose-bag) has saved the lives of hundreds, nay, thousands of horses.

The principle I wish to inculcate is this: If we treat animals kindly they will give us love; if we teach them kindly and wisely, they will give us obedience and service; and that such treatment is necessary for the comfort and perfection of both man and beast.

CVII.—THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

1. We were crowded in the cabin;
Not a soul would dare to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.
2. 'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"
3. So we shuddered there in silence;
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring
And the breakers talked with Death.
4. And as thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.
5. But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"
6. Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer;
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

• J. T. FIELDS.

Every one, however humble, is daily and hourly altering and moulding the character of all with whom he mingles, and exerting a power that will reproduce itself through countless generations.

CVIII.—THE TWO BROTHERS.

An Arabian Legend.

1. The site occupied by the temple of Solomon was formerly a cultivated field, possessed in common by two brothers. One of them was married and had several children; the other was unmarried. They lived together, however, cultivating, in the greatest harmony possible, the property they had inherited from their father.

2. The harvest soon arrived. The two brothers bound up their sheaves, and made two equal stacks of them, and laid them on the field. During the night the unmarried brother was struck with an excellent thought. "My brother," said he to himself, "has a wife and children to support; it is not just that my share of the harvest should be as large as his."

3. Upon this he arose, and took from his stack several sheaves, which he added to those of his brother; and this he did with as much secrecy as though he had been committing an evil action, so that his brotherly offering might not be refused.

4. On the same night the other brother awoke, and said to his wife, "My brother lives alone without a companion; he has no one to assist him in his labor, nor to reward him for his toils, while God has bestowed on me a wife and children; it is not right that we should take from our common field as many sheaves as he, since we have already more than he has — domestic happiness.

5. "If you consent, we shall, by adding secretly a certain number of sheaves to his stack, by way of compensation, and without his knowledge, see his portion of the harvest increase." The project was approved and immediately put into execution.

6. In the morning each of the brothers went to the field, and were much surprised at seeing the stacks equal.

During several successive nights the same performance was repeated on both sides; each kept adding to his brother's store; and on each successive morning both were surprised to find that the stacks remained the same.

7. But one night, both having stood sentry to dive into the cause of this miracle, they met, each bearing the sheaves mutually destined for the other. It was thus all explained, and they rushed into each other's arms, each grateful to heaven for having so good a brother.

CIX.—THE BEEF LAWSUIT.

1. During the distress of the American army, caused by the invasion of Cornwallis and Phillips in 1781, Mr. Venable, an army commissioner, took two steers for the use of the troops from Mr. Hook, a Scotchman and a man of wealth, who was suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause.

2. The act was not strictly legal; and after the war had closed, Hook, by the advice of one Mr. Cowan, a lawyer of some distinction, thought proper to bring an action for trespass against Mr. Venable.

3. Patrick Henry appeared for the defendant; and he is said to have contributed much to the enjoyment of his hearers. At one time he excited their indignation against Hook, and vengeance was visible in every countenance; again, when he chose to ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter.

4. He painted the distress of the American army, exposed almost naked to the cold of a winter sky, and marking the frozen ground over which they marched with the blood of their unshod feet. "Where was the man," said he, "who had an American bosom, who would

not have thrown open his fields, his barns, his cellars, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to receive with outspread arms the meanest soldier in that little band of starving patriots?

5. "Where is the man? There he stands! But whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to judge." He then carried the jury by the power of his imagination to the plains of Yorktown; the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of.

6. He painted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colors of his eloquence. The audience saw before their eyes the humbled and dejected British as they marched out of their trenches; they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriotic face; they heard the shout of "Victory!" the cry of "Washington and liberty!" as it rung and echoed through the American ranks, and was re-echoed from the hills, and from the shores of the neighboring river.

7. "But hark!" continued Henry, "what notes of discord are these which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory? They are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, 'Beef! beef! beef!'" The court was convulsed with laughter. The jury retired, and, we need scarcely say, John Hook lost his case.

CX.—THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

1. Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door;
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span:
O! give relief, and heaven will bless your store.

2. These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak;
 These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years;
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek,
 Has been the channel to a flood of tears.
3. Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
 With tempting aspect drew me from my road;
 For plenty there a residence has found,
 And grandeur a magnificent abode.
4. Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
 Here, as I craved a morsel of their bread,
 A pampered menial drove me from the door,
 To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.
5. O! take me to your hospitable home;
 Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
 Short is my passage to the friendly tomb;
 For I am poor, and miserably old.
6. Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
 If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
 Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
 And tears of pity would not be repressed.
7. Heaven sends misfortunes; why should we repine?
 'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see;
 And your condition may be soon like mine,
 The child of sorrow and of misery.
8. A little farm was my paternal lot;
 Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn;
 But ah! oppression forced me from my cot,
 My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.
9. My tender wife, sweet soother of my care,
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
 Fell, lingering fell, a victim to despair;
 And left the world to wretchedness and me.

10. Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
door;
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span:
O! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.
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CXI.—WASHINGTON AND THE POOR WIDOW.

1. "It must be, my child," said the poor widow, wiping away the tears which slowly trickled down her wasted cheeks. "There is no other resource. I am too sick to work, and you can not, surely, see me and your little brother starve. Try and beg a few dimes, and perhaps, by the time that is gone, I may be better. Go, Henry, my dear. I grieve to send you on such an errand, but it must be done."

2. The boy—a noble-looking little fellow of about ten years—started up, and, after throwing his arms around his mother's neck, left the house without a word. He did not hear the groan of anguish that was uttered by his parent as the door closed behind him; and it was well that he did not, for his little heart was ready to burst without it.

3. It was a by-street in Philadelphia, and, as he walked to and fro on the sidewalk he looked first at one person and then at another, as they passed him; but no one seemed to look kindly on him, and the longer he waited, the faster his courage dwindled away, and the more difficult it became to muster resolution to beg. The tears were running fast down his cheeks; but nobody noticed them, or if they did, nobody seemed to care; for, although clean, Henry looked poor and miserable, and it is common for the poor and miserable to cry.

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earned what I could by shoveling snow, and other work that I could find to do. But, night before last, she was taken very sick, and has since become so much worse that I fear she will die. I can not think of any way in the world to help her.

11. "I have had no work for several weeks. I have not had the courage to go to any of my mother's old acquaintances, and tell them that she has come to need charity. I thought you looked like a stranger, sir, and something in your face overcame my shame and gave me courage to speak to you. O, sir, do pity my poor mother!"

12. The tears, and the simple and moving language of the poor boy, touched a chord in the breast of the stranger that was accustomed to frequent vibrations.

13. "Where does your mother live, my boy?" said he in a husky voice; "is it far from here?"

14. "She lives in the last house on this street, sir," replied Henry. "You can see it from here, in the third block, and on the left-hand side."

15. "Have you sent for a physician?"

16. "No, sir," said the boy sorrowfully, shaking his head. "I had no money to pay either for a physician or for medicine."

17. "Here," said the stranger, drawing some pieces of silver from his pocket,—“here are three dollars; take them, and run immediately for a physician.”

18. Henry's eyes flashed with delight. He received the money with a stammering and almost inaudible voice, but with a look of the warmest gratitude he vanished.

19. The benevolent stranger instantly sought the dwelling of the sick widow. He entered a little room, in which he could see nothing but a few implements of female labor, a miserable table, an old bureau, and a

little bed, which stood in one corner, on which the invalid lay. She appeared weak, and almost exhausted; and on the bed, at her feet, sat a little boy crying as if his heart would break.

20. Deeply moved at this sight, the stranger drew near the bedside of the invalid, and, feigning to be a physician, inquired into the nature of her disease. The symptoms were explained in a few words, when the widow, with a deep sigh, added, "O, my sickness has a deeper cause, and one which is beyond the art of the physician to cure.

21. "I am a mother—a wretched mother. I see my children sinking daily deeper and deeper in want, which I have no means of relieving. My sickness is of the heart, and death alone can end my sorrows; but even death is dreadful to me, for it awakens the thought of the misery into which my children would be plunged, if—"

22. Here emotion checked her utterance, and the tears flowed unrestrained down her cheeks. But the pretended physician spoke so consolingly to her, and manifested so warm a sympathy for her condition, that the heart of the poor woman throbbed with a pleasure that was unwonted.

23. "Do not despair," said the stranger; "think only of recovery, and of preserving a life that is so precious to your children. Can I write a prescription here?" The poor widow took a little prayer-book from the hands of a child who sat with her on the bed, and, tearing out a blank leaf, "I have no other," said she; "but perhaps this will do."

24. The stranger took a pencil from his pocket, and wrote a few lines upon the paper. "This prescription," said he, "you will find of great service to you. If it is necessary, I will write you a second. I have great hopes

of your recovery." He laid the paper on the table, and departed. Scarcely was he gone when the elder son returned.

25. "Cheer up, dear mother," said he, going to her bedside, and affectionately kissing her. "See what a kind, benevolent stranger has given us. It will make us rich for several days. It has enabled us to have a physician, and he will be here in a moment. Compose yourself, now, mother, and take courage."

26. "Come nearer, my son, come nearer, that I may bless you. God never forsakes the innocent and the good. O, may He watch over you in all your paths! A physician has just been here. When he went away he left that prescription on the table: see if you can read it."

27. Henry glanced at the paper and started back. He took it up, and, as he read it through again, a cry of wonder and astonishment escaped him.

28. "What is it, my son?" exclaimed the poor widow, trembling with an apprehension of—she knew not what.

29. "Ah! read, dear mother! God has heard us."

30. The mother took the paper from the hands of her son; but no sooner had she fixed her eyes upon it than she exclaimed, "My God, it is Washington!" and fell back fainting on her pillow.

31. The writing was an obligation from Washington—for it was indeed he—by which the widow was to receive the sum of one hundred dollars, from his own private property, to be doubled in case of necessity.

32. Meanwhile, the expected physician made his appearance, and soon awoke the mother from her fainting fit. The joyful surprise, together with a good nurse, with which the physician provided her, and a plenty of wholesome food, soon restored her to perfect health.

33. The influence of Washington, who visited them

more than once, provided for the widow friends who furnished her with constant employment; and her sons, when they arrived at the proper age, were placed in respectable situations, where they were able to support themselves, and render the remainder of their mother's life comfortable and happy.

34. Let the children who read this story remember, when they think of the great and good Washington, that he was not above entering the dwelling of poverty, and carrying joy and gladness to the hearts of its inmates. This is no fictitious tale, but is only one of the thousand incidents which might be related of him, and which stamp him as one of the best of men.

CXII.—A GOOD LIFE.

1. He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away:
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.
 2. Then fill each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go:
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.
 3. Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest home of light.
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Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.

PART SECOND.

I.—READING.

1. To read with propriety is a pleasing and important attainment, and is productive of improvement both to the understanding and the heart. It is essential to a correct reader that he minutely perceives the ideas, and that he enters into the feelings of the author whose sentiments he professes to repeat; for how is it possible to represent clearly to others what we have but faint or inaccurate conceptions of ourselves?

2. If there were no other benefits resulting from the art of reading well, than the necessity it lays us under of precisely ascertaining the meaning of what we read, and the habit thence acquired of doing this with facility (both when reading silently and aloud), they would constitute a sufficient compensation for all the labor we can bestow upon the subject.

3. But the pleasure derived to ourselves and others, from a clear communication of ideas and feelings, and the strong and durable impressions made thereby on the minds of the reader and the audience, are considerations which give additional importance to the study of this necessary and useful art.

4. The perfect attainment of it doubtless requires great attention and practice, joined to extraordinary natural powers; but as there are many degrees of excellence in the art, the student whose aims fall short of

perfection will find himself amply rewarded for every exertion he may think proper to make.

5. To give rules for the management of the voice in reading, by which the necessary pauses, emphasis and tones may be discovered and put in practice, is not possible. After all the directions that can be offered on these points, much will remain to be taught by the living instructor; much will be attainable by no other means than the force of example influencing the imitative powers of the learner.

II.—EMPHASIS IN READING.

1. In order to read with proper emphasis, the reader must study to attain a just conception of the force and spirit of the sentiments which he is to pronounce; for to lay the emphasis with exact propriety, is a constant exercise of good sense and attention.

2. It is far from being an inconsiderable attainment. It is one of the most decisive trials of a true and just taste, and must arise from feeling delicately, ourselves, and from judging accurately of what is fittest to strike the feelings of others.

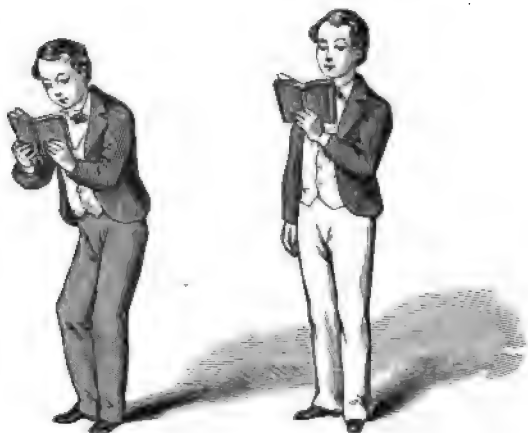
3. There is one error, against which it is particularly proper to caution the learner, namely, that of making too many emphatic words, and using the emphasis indiscriminately.

4. It is only by a prudent reserve and distinction in their use that we can give them proper weight. If they occur too often,—if the reader attempts to render every thing he expresses of high importance by a multitude of strong emphases,—we soon learn to pay little regard to them.

5. To crowd every sentence with emphatical words is like crowding all the pages of a book with italic characters; which, as to the effect, is just the same as to use no such distinction at all.

III.—POSITION IN READING.

1. However well the reader may comprehend his subject, and lay his emphasis, a graceful manner and position must be added to produce the best effect.



A—Wrong position.

B—Right position.

2. The manner of delivery is quite as important an agent in producing the desired result as the matter delivered. So important is it, that it has always been considered, by the greatest orators, as the essential element in oratory, and it is equally essential in reading, for reading is speaking at sight.

3. The position of the reader is quite as important as his manner. The above cuts will sufficiently illustrate

this. *A* represents a position often seen. It is wrong for several reasons. It is awkward, offensive, obstructive and unhealthy.

4. That it is awkward, any one can see. That it is offensive, our feelings bear witness whenever we are compelled to behold it. That it is obstructive, the ear ever will declare, as long as it is treated to half-stifled guttural sounds. That it is unhealthy, the experience of old practitioners, physical laws, and common sense alike assert.

5. *B* represents the correct position. It is in every respect the reverse of *A*. It is a commanding position, and never fails to secure the attention and create pleasing emotions. It allows free exercise of the muscles of the chest; a full and natural inflation of the lungs; easy modification of the voice by the organs of speech; and, of course, a full, distinct articulation and modulation. This position (*B*) should always be taken in reading at school. The right hand hangs gracefully at the side, and is free to gesticulate, and turn pages, if necessary.

IV.—SHORT EXTRACTS TO ILLUSTRATE VARIETY OF EXPRESSION.

1. Few and short were the prayers we said,
We spoke not a word of sorrow;
But steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And bitterly thought of the morrow.
2. What is't?—a spirit?
See! how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form;—but 'tis a spirit!
I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble!

3. O, save me, Hubert, save me: my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men!
Alas! what need you be so boisterous rough?
I will not struggle,—I will stand stone still;
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the irons angrily;
Thrust but these men away and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torments you do put me to.

4. Painting, poetry, eloquence, and every other art on which the genius of mankind has exercised itself, may be abused and prove dangerous in the hands of bad men; but it were ridiculous to contend that, on this account, they ought be abolished.

5. I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

6. The world recedes, it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! My ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

7. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies. And what's his reason?—I am a Jew.

8. Hath not a Jew eyes, hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?—fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is?

V.—THE NATURE OF TRUE ELOQUENCE.

1. When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake and very strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction.

2. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech; it can not be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil for it in vain; words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they can not compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion.

3. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation,—all may aspire after it; they can not reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbursting of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires—with spontaneous, original, native force.

4. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments, and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives and the fate of their wives, their children and their country, hang on the decision of the hour.

5. Then, words have lost their power; rhetoric is vain; and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself, then, feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence

of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent.

6. The clear conception outrunning the deductions of logic; — the high purpose; the firm resolve; the dauntless spirit, speaking from the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object; — this, this is eloquence; or rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence: it is action — noble, sublime, god-like action.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

VI.—THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

1. Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.
2. His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can;
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.
3. Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

4. And children coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.
5. He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.
6. It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.
7. Toiling — rejoicing — sorrowing —
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.
8. Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

VII.—I MUST DO THE CHURNING.

1. I never undertook but once to set at naught the authority of my wife. You know her way — cool, quiet, respectful, but determined. Just after we were married, and all was going “nice and cozy,” she got me into a habit of doing all the churning. She never asked me to do it, you know; but then she — why it was done just in this way:

2. She finished breakfast rather before me one morning, and, slipping away from the table, she filled the churn with cream, and set it just where I could not help seeing what was wanted. So I took hold regularly enough, and churned till the butter came. She did not thank me, but looked so nice and sweet about it that I felt well paid.

3. Well, when the next churning day came along, she did the same thing; and I followed suit and fetched the butter. Again and again it was done just so; and I was regularly “in for it” every time. Not a word said, you know, of course. Well, by and by this began to be rather irksome. I wished she would just ask me; but she never did, and I could not say any thing about it, to save my life; and so on we went.

4. At last I made a resolve that I would not churn another time, unless she asked me to. Churning day came, and then my breakfast — she always got nice breakfasts — when that was swallowed, there stood the churn. I rose up, and standing a few minutes, just to give her a chance to ask me, put on my hat and walked out door. I stopped in the yard to give her time to call me; but not a word did she say; and so, with a palpitating heart, I moved on.

5. I went down town, up town, and all over town;

and my foot was as restless as was that of Noah's dove. I felt as if I had done a wrong, I did not exactly know what; but there was an indescribable sensation of guilt resting on me all the forenoon. It seemed as if dinner time never would come; and as for going home one minute before dinner, I would as soon have had my ears taken off. So I went fretting and moping around town till dinner hour came.

6. Home I went, feeling very much as a criminal must when the jury is out, having in their hands his destiny—life or death. I could not make up my mind exactly how she would meet me, but some kind of a storm I expected. Well, will you believe it? She never greeted me with a sweeter smile; never had a better dinner for me than on that day: but there stood the churn, just where I left it!

7. Not a word was said; I somehow felt guilty, and every mouthful of that dinner seemed as if it would choke me. She did not seem to notice it, but went on just as if nothing unusual had happened. Before dinner was over I had again resolved, and shoving back my chair I marched to the churn, and went at it just in the old way. Splash, drip, rattle, splash: I kept it up. As if in spite, the butter never was so long coming. I supposed that the cream, standing so long, had become warm; and so I redoubled my efforts.

8. Obstinate matter! the afternoon wore away while I was churning. I paused at last, from real exhaustion, when she spoke for the first time: "Come, my dear, you have rattled that buttermilk quite long enough, if it is only for fun you are doing it!" I knew how it was in a flash. She brought the butter in the forenoon, and left the churn standing, with the buttermilk in, for me to exercise with. I never set up for myself in household matters after that.

VIII.—HOW TO READ.

1. President Porter, of Yale College, lays down principles with regard to reading, worthy of attention.

2. Among other points he suggests that: Reading should be followed in an earnest and reflecting spirit. If we are careful in the selection of books, we must be equally careful as to the way in which we read them.

3. If a man has little time to read, he has no right to allow these golden hours of his life to be wasted, or worse than wasted.

4. If he reads a great deal, he has no right to allow influences, which are silently but most powerfully affecting his whole character, to be what the chance or mood of the hour decides them — to bring disease or health, life or death, to that which makes him a man.

5. Read with attention. This is the golden rule, and is more important than all the rest. The great objection to omnivorous and indiscriminate reading is, that it jades and wearies the power of attention.

6. Edmund Burke and Abraham Lincoln always so read a book as to make it their own, a possession for life. Passive reading is to be carefully guarded against, as a habit that will destroy all good in reading.

7. Read with interest. Find out what will interest you, ask yourself in what particulars your ignorance most disturbs or annoys you. With what class of thoughts, facts, principles or emotions, would it please you best to be conversant.

8. "Read what will satisfy your wants and appease your desires, and you will comply with the first condition to reading with interest and profit," is a direction that must be received with caution, for you should see that your wishes and desires are correct before you attempt to satisfy them.

IX.—WASHINGTON ASKS PARDON.

1. In 1755, Washington, then a young man, twenty-two years of age, was stationed with his regiment at Alexandria. At this time an election for public officers took place, and the contest between the candidates became close and exciting.

2. A dispute took place between Mr. Payne and Washington, in which the latter (an occurrence very uncommon with him) became warm, and said something which gave Mr. Payne so much offense that he knocked Washington down.

3. Instead of flying into a passion, and sending Payne a challenge to fight a duel, as was expected, Washington, upon mature reflection, finding he had been the aggressor, resolved to ask pardon of Mr. Payne on the morrow.

4. Accordingly he met Mr. Payne the next day, and extended his hand in a friendly manner. "Mr. Payne," said he, "to err is nature; to rectify error is glory. I find I was wrong yesterday, but I wish to be right to-day. You had some satisfaction yesterday, and if you think that was sufficient, here is my hand, let us be friends." It is hardly necessary to state that ever afterwards they were so.

X.—THE FROST.

1. The frost looked forth one still clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way;

I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;—
But I'll be as busy as they."

2. Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest;

He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

3. He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept:
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stept,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things. There were flowers and trees;
There were bevvies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers, and these
All pictured in silver sheen.

4. But he did one thing that was hardly fair:
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare—
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he;
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall click! to tell them I'm drinking."

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD.

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

XI.—SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

1. Newton was born in 1642. He discovered the principle of gravitation by which all bodies attract one another in proportion to their size and solidity. This power makes things fall to the ground, and, in like manner, makes the earth itself move round the sun.

2. The earth is prevented from falling into the sun by a force originally given to it, which tends to drive it off in a straight line; but the two forces acting together compel it to move in a circular direction. This is the Newtonian system, which is now universally received.

3. It was thought so remarkable that such discoveries, respecting bodies so far removed from us as the sun and stars, and apparently so much beyond our comprehension, should be made by mortal man, that those who lived in Newton's time were almost disposed to believe that there was something miraculous in it.

4. This is expressed in the lines inscribed on Newton's monument :

“Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said, ‘Let Newton be,’ and all was light.”

He died in 1727, aged eighty-four years.

5. There are several interesting anecdotes of Newton. The first relates to his great discovery of gravitation. Being in the country, and sitting at his door one day, overlooking his garden, he saw an apple fall to the ground.

6. The thought occurred to him, “Why does the apple fall?” It is no answer to say, “Its weight makes it fall;” for then the question would only take a different form, and be, “Why do heavy bodies fall?” He could find no answer satisfactory to his own mind but this: “The earth attracts them.”

7. But why suppose the earth only to have this attractive power? This led to the conclusion that all bodies have it in proportion to their bulk; and if all bodies on this earth have it, then why not also the heavenly bodies—the sun, moon and stars? This idea, reflected upon, and submitted to mathematical investigation, resulted in the theory of gravitation.

8. Another anecdote illustrates his self-command. He had been laboring for many years on very abstruse calculations relating to a particular branch of inquiry; and one day, returning to his study, he found that his favorite dog, Diamond, had overturned a lighted candle, which had set fire to his papers and completely destroyed them. He only said, “O Diamond, Diamond! little do you know the mischief you have done!”

9. Another anecdote illustrates his modesty. A short time before his death he remarked, “I know not what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.”

BULFINCH.

XII.—LIFE COMPARED TO A RIVER.

1. The life of every individual may be compared to a river, rising in obscurity, increasing by the accession of tributary streams, and, after flowing through a longer or shorter distance, losing itself in some common receptacle.

2. The lives of individuals also, like the course of rivers, may be more or less extensive, but will all vanish and disappear in the gulf of eternity.

3. While a stream is confined within its banks, it fer-

tilizes, enriches, and improves the country through which it passes; but if it deserts its channel, it becomes injurious and destructive—a sort of public nuisance; and, by stagnating in lakes and marshes, its exhalations diffuse pestilence and disease around.

4. Some glide away in obscurity and insignificance, while others become accelerated, traverse continents, give names to countries, and assign the boundaries of empires. Some are tranquil and gentle in their course, while others, rushing in torrents, dashing over precipices, and tumbling in water-falls, become objects of terror and dismay.

5. But however diversified their character or their direction, all agree in having their course short, limited and determined. Soon they fall into one capacious receptacle: their waters eventually mix in the waves of the ocean.

6. Thus human characters, however various, have one common destiny. Their course of action may be greatly diversified, but they all lose themselves in the ocean of eternity.

ROBERT HALL.

XIII.—THE SHIP ON FIRE.

1. There was joy in the ship as she furrowed the foam,
For fond hearts within her were dreaming of home.
The young mother pressed fondly her babe to her breast,
And sang a sweet song as she rocked it to rest;
And the husband sat cheerily down by her side,
And looked with delight on the face of his bride.
2. "O, happy!" said he, "when our roaming is o'er,
We'll dwell in a cottage that stands by the shore!

Already in fancy its roof I descry,
And the smoke of its hearth curling up to the sky;
Its garden so green, and its vine-covered wall,
And the kind friends awaiting to welcome us all.

3. Hark! hark! what was that! Hark — hark to the shout —

“Fire! fire!” — then a tramp and a rush and a rout —

And an uproar of voices arose in the air,
And the mother knelt down, and the half-spoken prayer

That she offered to God in her agony wild
Was “Father, have mercy! look down on my child!”
She flew to her husband, she clung to his side;
O, there was her refuge whatever betide!

4. Fire! fire! it is raging above and below;
And the smoke and hot cinders all blindingly blow.
The cheek of the sailor grew pale at the sight,
And his eyes glistened wild in the glare of the light.
The smoke in thick wreathes mounted higher and higher;

O Heaven! it is fearful to perish by fire!
Alone with destruction — alone on the sea!
Great Father of Mercy, our hope is in thee!

5. They prayed for the light, and at noontide, about,
The sun o’er the waters shone joyously out.
“A sail, ho! a sail!” cried the man on the lea,
“A sail!” and they turned their glad eyes o’er the sea.
“They see us! they see us! the signal is waved!
They bear down upon us! — Thank God! we are saved!”

CHARLES MACKAY.

XIV.—OLD THINGS.

1. Give me the old songs, those exquisite bursts of melody which thrilled the lyres of the inspired poets and minstrels of long ago. Every note has borne on the air a tale of joy and rapture — of sorrow and sadness! They tell of days gone by, and time hath given them a voice which speaks to us of those who once breathed these melodies — of what they now are, and what we soon shall be.

2. My heart loves those melodies; may they be mine to hear till life shall end, and as I “launch my boat” upon the sea of eternity, may their echoes be wafted to my ear, to cheer me on my passage from the scenes of earth and earthland!

3. Give me the old paths, where we have wandered and culled the flowers of love and friendship, in the days of “Auld Lang Syne;” sweeter, far, the dells whose echoes have answered to our voices; whose turf is not a stranger to our footsteps, and whose rills have in childhood’s days reflected back our forms, and those of our merry playfellows, from whom we have been parted, and meet no more in the old nooks we loved so well.

4. May the old paths be watered with heaven’s own dew, and be green forever in my memory! Give me the old house, upon whose stairs we seem to hear light footsteps, and under whose porch a merry laugh seems to mingle with the winds that whistle through old trees, beneath whose branches lie the graves of those who once trod the halls and made the chambers ring with glee.

5. Above all, give me the old friends — hearts bound to mine in life’s sunshiny hours, and a link so strong that all the storms of earth might not break it asunder — spirits congenial, whose hearts through life have throbbed

in unison with our own ! When death shall still this heart, I would not ask for aught more sacred to hallow my dust than the tear of an old friend.

XV.—THE RAIN.

1. How blessed, how beautiful is the rain ! whether it falls gently from heaven like the still, small voice of God, or comes dashing and dancing in wild glee down upon the thirsty earth, which drinks it gratefully, and pours out in return its beauty and abundance.

2. There can not live a soul so sordid as to wish the heavens to pour down even gold, instead of the balmy, liquid blessings of the clouds. God forbid the exchange. The heavens shower better than coined gold upon the parched earth.

3. From the vast ewer of his never-failing bounty, the Father of Mercies sends us fruit, and grain, and flowers, which will, all over the land, coin into the plenty that gives nourishment, and life, and joy to millions.

4. Such is the gold that best fills the purse of the country — gold glinting in buttercups and roses, down in the valley meadows, and shimmering on all the hill-sides.

5. Out on these covetous mortals, who would have the heavens shed mint drops instead of rains and dews. Let such delve in the dirt and darkness of the mine ; slaves to the ignoble desire that refuses to accept the bounties of nature and nature's God, as better than any human coinage or device.

The great mind seizes the idea in the fact ; while the small mind seizes the fact alone : one grows ; the other fills.

XVI.—THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew:
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it;
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it;
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well!
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well!

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure—
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell:
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

XVII.—THE IRON AGE.

1. It matters little what were the early modes of iron-making. The Bible tells us that one Tubal Cain was “the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron”—a sort of blacksmith-general in his neighborhood.

2. Classic history points out Vulcan as the half-divine and half-human prodigy who made shields, chains, spears, swords—in short, nothing beyond the needs of a barbarous people; but to-day—mark the change!

3. Iron is the most valuable of the metals, because it is the most useful. While it is one of the lightest, it is by far the strongest, and has the widest range of application. It is also the most widely distributed, no part of the earth being without it.

4. In the mechanic arts it is the right hand, and indeed has furnished to every man a hundred hands; so that in modern days a person can be a Vulcan* and Briareus† at the same time. It combines a thousand uses, and has a vast residue latent, which will be easily evoked by the dexterous cunning of man.

5. It does any thing—every thing. It serves every where—any where. Let any one name, if he can, any implement or article of food or clothing that has not been fashioned with iron fingers. With iron plowshares we turn a soil, rich in iron, for food that must contain iron, or we die.

6. We walk upon iron pavements and sit upon iron chairs. We live in iron houses and sleep upon iron beds made soft with springs of steel. We travel on iron roads, in cars made of iron, drawn by iron steeds. We attend

*A god of the ancients who presided over fire, and was the patron of all artists who worked iron and metals.

†A giant with a hundred arms and fifty heads; indicative of a general ability.

an iron church and occupy iron pews, listen to a sermon written with a pen of iron, and return to our iron hearths and firesides.

7. From our domes and roofs an iron rod points heavenward, and renders harmless the fierce lightning of the passing storms. On the trackless ocean an iron needle points out the way like an unerring finger.

8. With iron wands we have annihilated both time and space, and made of all nations one neighborhood; and with iron ships we have changed the art of warfare, and fought and won the greatest battles of history.

9. It would be instructive to show that labor is the chief element of value conferred upon iron. There is no material that can receive so high a degree of labor value and return its equivalent in usefulness.

10. A bar of iron worth \$5.00 is worth \$10.50 made into horse-shoes, \$55.00 when made into needles, \$3,285 into penknife blades, \$29,480 into shirt-buttons, and \$250,000 into hair springs. The iron ore used in a locomotive costs perhaps \$100, but by the laying on of many hands it is worth \$20,000.

Journal of Mines.

XVIII.—PLEASANT HOMES.

1. The homes of America will not become what they should be until a true idea of life shall become more widely implanted. The worship of the dollar does more to degrade American homes than any thing—than all things else.

2. The chief end of life is to gather gold, and that gold is counted lost which hangs a picture upon the wall, which purchases flowers for the yard, which buys a toy or a book for the eager hand of childhood.

3. Is this the whole of human life? Then it is a mean, meager, and most undesirable thing. A child will go forth from a stall, glad to find free air and wider pasture. The influence of such a home upon him in after-life will be just none at all, or nothing good. Thousands are rushing from homes like these every year.

4. They crowd into cities. They crowd into villages. They swarm into all places where life is clothed with a higher significance; and the old shell or home is deserted by every bird as soon as it can fly.

5. Ancestral homesteads and patrimonial acres have no sacredness; and when the father and mother die, the stranger's money and the stranger's presence obliterate associations that should be among the most sacred of all things.

6. I would have you build up for yourselves and for your children a home that will never be lightly parted with—a home which will be to all whose lives have been associated with it the most interesting, precious spot on earth.

7. I would have that home the abode of dignity, beauty, grace, love, genial fellowship, and happy associations. Out from such a home I would have good influences flow into neighborhoods. In such a home I would see ambition taking root and receiving generous culture.

8. And then I would see you young husbands, and you young wives, happy. Do not deprive yourselves of such influences as will come through an institution like this. No money can pay you for such a deprivation. No circumstances but those of utter poverty can justify you in denying these influences to your children.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

“Sporting,” for mere pleasure, is not only wrong, but it tends to destroy the finer feelings of pity and sympathy.

XIX.—HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

1. Home of my childhood! I can not forget thee,
 Though here I am happy surrounded by friends;
 Deeply and warm in my heart have I set thee;
 The holiest thought with thy memory blends.
2. Darling old homestead, quietly nestling
 Under the tall trees that shelter thee o'er,
 Where with the shadows sunlight is wrestling
 On the short greensward in front of thy door.
3. Shaggy old house-dog — playmate of childhood;
 Oft have we wandered together away
 To where the low strawberry reddened the wild-
 wood,
 And loitered beside the still water to play.
4. Gnarled old apple-tree, near to the window,
 Maples that rise to the blue of the sky,
 Mulberry, where the bright oriole buildeth,
 Still do ye toss your strong branches on high.
5. Still grows the damask rose in the old garden,
 Fleur-de-lis mingles its blue and its white,
 Currants and raspberries bend with their burden,
 Neighborly standing with peonies bright.
6. Lowly red school-house, close by the wayside,
 Many a year hath it stood where it stands;
 Curly-haired girlhood, and stout, ruddy boyhood,
 Throng its worn threshold in mischievous bands.
7. Church of our forefathers, silently pointing
 Thy tapering spire to the infinite sky;
 There the dear pastor of God's own anointing
 Laboring to teach us to live and to die.

8. Reverend bell, in the belfry still swinging,
Many a time have we shrank at thy tone,
For we knew when the sexton was solemnly ringing
That one from among us forever was gone.
 9. Grave-yard of centuries! head-stones all moss-grown
Side by side stand with the mound of to-day;
Cherished and lost ones sleep sound in thy bosom,
Heedless of footsteps above them that stray.
 10. Friends of my childhood! while fond recollection
Lingers around my old haunts with delight,
I would never forget how your priceless affection
Hath gilded them all with a glory more bright.
 11. And O, the dear faces around the old hearth-stone,
Where the wood-fire burneth warmly and clear;
Father, and mother, and dark-eyed young brother,
That home were a desert unless ye were there.
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XX.—WORDS FITLY SPOKEN.

BRAVEST.

1. Who struggles with his baser part,
Who conquers and is free,
He may not wear a hero's crown,
Or fill a hero's grave;
But truth will place his name among
The bravest of the brave.

SELF KNOWLEDGE.

2. There is nothing that helps a man in his conduct
through life more than a knowledge of his own charac-
teristic weakness, which, guarded against, becomes his
strength.

BE KIND.

3. As stars upon the tranquil sea
 In mimic glory shine,
 So words of kindness in the heart
 Reflect the source divine;
 O, then be kind, whoe'er thou art,
 That breathe'st mortal breath,
 And it shall brighten all thy life,
 And sweeten even death.

KINDNESS BRINGS ITS OWN REWARD.

4. Every kindly word and feeling, every good deed and thought, every noble action and impulse, is like the ark-sent dove, and returns from the troubled waters of life bearing a green olive branch to the soul.

IN WHAT WE LIVE.

5. We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart throbs.
 He most lives
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

A QUESTION.

6. Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed and make every body around you miserable? You can live among flowers and singing birds, or in the mire surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable, if you will only show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words and a fretful disposition you can make others unhappy almost beyond endurance. Which will you do?

7. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant word; and if you do a kind act during the day whereby some fellow mortal has been happy, you will feel its glorious influence at night when you rest, the next morning when you rise, and throughout the day, when about your daily business. Then wear a pleasant countenance; let joy and love beam in your eye, and ripple forth in words and deeds of kindness.

XXI.—THE HISTORY OF POSTAGE-STAMPS.

1. The introduction of postage-stamps, as at present used in all countries on the globe, has been credited to England, where, in 1840, covers and envelopes were devised to carry letters all over the kingdom at one penny the single rate. This plan was adopted through the exertions of Sir Rowland Hill, who has been aptly termed the “father of postage-stamps.” It now appears, however, that there is another aspirant for the introduction of the stamp system.

2. In Italy, as far back as 1818, letter sheets were prepared, duly stamped in the left lower corner, while letters were delivered by specially appointed carriers, on the prepayment of the money which the stamp represented. The early stamp represented a courier on horseback, and was of three values. It was discontinued in 1836.

3. Whether Italy or Great Britain first introduced postage-stamps, other countries afterward began to avail themselves of this method for the prepayment of letters, although they did not move very promptly in the matter.

4. Great Britain enjoyed the monopoly of stamps for two years, and though the first stamps were issued in 1840, she has made fewer changes in her stamps than

any other country, and has suffered no change at all in the main design — the portrait of Queen Victoria.

5. In other countries, notably in our own, the Sandwich Islands, and the Argentine Republic, the honor of portraiture on the stamps is usually distributed among various high public officers; but in Great Britain the Queen alone figures on her stamps, and not even the changes that thirty-five years have made in her face are shown on the national and colonial postage-stamps.

6. The next country to follow the example of England was Brazil. In 1842 a series of three stamps was issued, consisting simply of large numerals denoting the value, and all printed in black. Then came the cantons in Switzerland, and Finland, with envelopes which to-day are very rare, and soon after them, Bavaria, Belgium, France, Hanover, New South Wales, Tuscany, Austria, British Guiana, Prussia, Saxony, Schleswig, Holstein, Spain, Denmark, Italy, Oldenburg, Trinidad, Würtemberg, and the United States.

7. Other countries followed in the train, until, at the present moment, there is scarcely any portion of the globe, inhabited by civilized people, which has not postage-stamps.

St. Nicholas.

XXII.—THE DAISY.

1. There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.
2. The prouder beauties of the field,
In gay but quick succession shine;
Race after race their honors yield,
They flourish and decline.

3. But this small flower to nature dear,
While moon and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.
4. It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on its way,
And twines December's arms.
5. The purple heath, and golden broom,
On many mountains catch the gale;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume;
The violet in the vale:
6. But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.
7. Within the garden's cultured round,
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms in consecrated ground,
In honor of the dead.
8. The lambkin crops its crimson gem;
The wild bee murmurs on its breast;
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem
Light o'er the skylark's nest.
9. 'Tis Flora's page; in every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

XXIII.—THE STRUCTURE OF BIRDS.

1. The structure of birds affords a striking instance of the care of Providence, in fitting animals for the kind of life to which they are appointed. Their bodies are so light as easily to float in the air. Their largest bones are hollow, so as to have sufficient strength without much weight.

2. A certain degree of thickness is necessary to give strength to the bone, according to the size of the bird; but it is found that a hollow bone is as little liable to break as a solid one of the same thickness. The hollowness, therefore, of the bones does not make them weaker, while at the same time it makes them lighter than if they were solid.

3. Besides this, their bodies are constructed with internal cavities, which may be blown up like bladders, and which are supposed to be useful both in making the bird more buoyant and in enabling it to keep its breath during the swiftness of its flight.

4. The shape of birds is no less beautifully adapted to their situation. The small round head terminating in a sharp beak; the neck growing gradually thicker towards the shoulders, the gentle swell of the breast, the body lengthened out, and narrowing behind; all are admirably fitted for enabling them to cleave their way through the yielding air.

5. Nothing, indeed, can be more finely adapted for swiftness of motion than the whole frame of the bird in its flight: the forepart piercing the atmosphere by its sharpness, the feet drawn up or stretched out behind, the wings and tail spread out so as to float on the air, and the body all light and buoyant.

6. The wings of birds are so constructed as to combine

lightness with strength. The feathers of which they consist are thickest at the roots, where most strength is required, but formed into a quill, hollow, and of a tough, light consistency. They gradually grow thinner, and taper towards a point at the other extremity, where they do not need to be so strong; and thus every thing superfluous is avoided that would in the least add to the weight of the body.

7. To enable the bird to move its wings quickly and with force, it is provided with very strong muscles lying along each side of the breast,—so strong in proportion to its size, that a swan has been known to break a man's leg with a flap of its wing. Thus it is enabled to pursue its way for a long time through the air without weariness, though its wings be in constant motion.

8. The feathers of birds would be apt to be ruffled and put out of order by rain, were there not a curious contrivance to prevent it. Most birds have a gland or bag of oil situated under a tuft of feathers near the tail. The bird, by pressing this bag with its beak, extracts the oil from it, and with this oil it trims and dresses its feathers.

9. This keeps them always in good order, and fits them for throwing off any wetness that may fall upon them. You often see birds working with their beak among their feathers: at these times they are pluming and dressing themselves with the oil which nature has provided for that purpose.

10. Hens, and other birds which have better opportunities of shelter and fewer occasions for flight, have little or none of this oil; and, accordingly, when they are caught in a shower, they have a very drenched and moping appearance.

11. Besides these advantages in their structure, which are common to the generality of birds, each kind has

some peculiarity fitted for its own situation. Ducks, for example, and other water-fowl, have their breasts thickly covered with down, so that they may receive no injury from being much in the water. They are also web-footed, for the purpose of swimming.

12. Some, such as the heron, have long legs for wading in marshes and pools, and necks proportionably long for picking up their food. Others, again, such as swans, have short legs, with webbed feet, for swimming easily, but still have long necks to gather up their food from below the water.

13. Woodpeckers, which feed on insects in the rotten parts of trees, have short, strong legs, with four claws, two standing out forwards and two backwards, that they may climb and take fast hold of the trunks of the trees. They have a sharp beak, by which they pierce the wood, and are provided with a tongue which they can shoot out to a great length, and which ends in a sharp bony point, barbed somewhat like a fish-hook, so as to pierce and keep fast the insects on which the bird feeds.

14. Swallows are so formed as not only to fly with great swiftness, but to wind and shift about quickly in the air; by which means, together with the wideness of their mouths, they are enabled to catch the insects flying about, which are their principal food. The pelican, which feeds on fish, has a large bag or net at the lower part of its beak, by which it catches the fish in sufficient abundance for the supply of its wants.

15. These are some instances of the care which Providence employs in furnishing those animals with the means of safety and subsistence. How pleasant is the thought that we are under the protection of the same great Being, whose care is so bountifully extended to the fowls of heaven, and without whose permission not even a sparrow falls to the ground.

XXIV.—A TOUCHING PLEA FOR BIRDS.

Extract from a letter to a noted "sportsman."

1. I assume that you will not deny the postulate that all living creatures are endowed with the right to live—so long as they do not, by reason of their acts or hurtful presence, forfeit that right—unless necessary to the preservation of other life. To do otherwise would be to question divine wisdom and authority.

2. Now let us suppose a case. It is that of a bird, which has already been captured by your artifice or skill. It is not only harmless, but by reason of its beauty, innocence and helplessness, appeals most touchingly to your pity, justice and humanity.

3. You are a practical marksman, and you require, perhaps, recreation, or demand relief from wasting ennui. The day is fine; the fields and groves are melodious with the songs of happy feathered creatures.

4. Suddenly you are possessed of a strange desire to disfigure the scene which lies like a dream of paradise before you; you feel a strange necessity to kill something, and you fix upon the hapless little bird within your power to gratify that desire, and to meet the demands of that necessity.

5. You are not alone. Friends, and admirers of your accuracy of aim, are with you—among them fair women are seen! Your unresisting captured bird is placed in a trap, and the life which God gave to make us better and happier, for our profit and support, awaits its unrequired sacrifice to gratify your passion.

6. Now let us imagine that this bird is suddenly endowed with articulate speech: "I am wholly in your power," it says, "but you will not pretend that I ever harmed you, or that there exists any natural or legitimate reason for my destruction.

7. "The sphere in which I move was assigned me by the same All-wise Being who made you, and who so bountifully endowed you with reason and wealth to enable you to fill the sphere He assigned to you.

8. "I was betrayed into captivity while seeking food for my little helpless family, who, on account of my captivity, have died of starvation; you now seek to immolate me upon the blood-stained altar of inglorious rivalry. By crushing my delicate form, and tearing away my limbs, what will you gain that a senseless target would not give?

9. "If, however, my little body, so cunningly and so mysteriously contrived by our common Creator, be necessary to your reasonable benefit—if the brief existence which it inherits be required for any purpose which an enlightened humanity will not condemn,—take it, it is yours; but offend not its Author, nor offend the cultivated spirit of your race by a deed which your own conscience, on reflection, will characterize, but which I, in pity for you, refrain from doing."

10. Thus, I say, might the unoffending little creatures address you; and what answer could you make? None, absolutely none; nor could the combined intellect and learning of the world controvert the argument of the tiny pleader awaiting your irresistible fiat. That the taking of life is a required necessity of our civilization, I regretfully admit; all I urge is, that it be rendered as just and merciful as it is necessary.

HENRY BERGH. (*Adapted.*)

XXV.—SOWING.

1. Are we sowing seeds of kindness?
They shall blossom bright ere long;
Are we sowing seeds of discord?
They shall ripen into wrong.

Are we sowing seeds of honor?
They shall bring forth golden grain;
Are we sowing seeds of falsehood?
We shall yet reap bitter pain.
Whatsoe'er our sowing be,
Reaping, we its fruits must see!

2. We can never be too careful
What the seed our hands shall sow;
Love from love is sure to ripen,
Hate from hate is sure to grow.
Seeds of good or ill we scatter,
Heedlessly along our way;
But a glad or grievous fruitage
Waits us at the harvest day.
Whatsoe'er our sowing be,
Reaping, we its fruits must see.
-

One pound of gold may be made into a wire that would extend around the globe. So one good deed may be felt through all time, and cast its influence into eternity. Though done in the first flush of youth, it may gild the last of a long life, and form the brightest and most glorious spot in it.

XXVI.—THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

1. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: This is a right pleasant world to live in. If you or I had been consulted as to which of all the stars we would choose to walk upon, we could not have done a wiser thing than to select this. I have always been glad that I got aboard this planet.

2. The best color that I can think of for the sky is blue, for the foliage, green; for the water, crystalline flash.

The mountains are just high enough, the flowers sufficiently aromatic, the earth right for solidity and growth. The human face is admirably adapted for its work — sunshine in its smile, tempest in its frown. Two eyes, one more than absolutely necessary, so that if one is put out, we still can look upon the sunrise and the faces of our friends.

3. One nose, which is quite sufficient for those who walk among so many city nuisances, being an organ of two stops, and adding dignity to the human face, whether it have the graceful arch of the Roman, or turn up towards the heavens with celestial aspirations in the shape of a pug, or wavering up and down, now as if it would aspire, now as if it would descend, until suddenly it shies off in an unexpected direction, illustrating the proverb that it is a long lane which has no turn. People are disposed, I see, to laugh about the nose, but I think that it is nothing to be sneezed at.

4. Standing before the grandest architectural achievements, critics have differences of opinion; but where is the man who would criticise the arch of the sky, or the crest of a wave, or the flock of snow-white fleecy clouds driven by the Shepherd of the Wind across the hilly pastures of the heavens, or the curve of a snow-bank, or the burning cities of the sunset, or the fern-leaf pencilings of the frost on a window pane? Where there is one discord, there are ten thousand harmonies.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

In many parts of Germany the children have formed themselves into societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. In some towns of France, whole schools, including teachers and pupils, constitute such societies. Are not these examples worthy of imitation by the children of America?

XXVII.—SCENE FROM THE “LITTLE MERCHANTS.”

PIEDRO and FRANCISCO.

1. *Piedro*. This is your morning's work, I presume ; and you'll make another journey to Naples to-day, on the same errand, I warrant, before your father thinks you have done enough.

2. *Francisco*. Not before my father thinks I have done enough, but before I think so myself.

3. *P*. I do enough to satisfy myself and my father, too, without slaving myself after your fashion. Look here ! (*showing money*.) All this was had for asking. It is no bad thing, you'll allow, to know how to ask for money properly.

4. *F*. I should be ashamed to beg, or to borrow either.

5. *P*. Neither did I get what you see by begging, or borrowing either, but by using my wits — not as you did yesterday, when, like a novice, you showed the bruised side of your melon, and so spoiled your market by your wisdom !

6. *F*. Wisdom I think it, still.

7. *P*. And your father ?

8. *F*. And my father.

9. *P*. Mine is of a different way of thinking. He always tells me that the buyer has need of a hundred eyes, and if one can blind the whole hundred, so much the better. You must know I got off the fish to-day that my father could not sell yesterday in the market. Got it off for fresh, just out of the river — got twice as much as the market price for it ; and from whom, think you ? Why, from the very booby that would have bought the bruised melon for a good one, if you would have let him. You'll allow that I am no fool, Francisco, and that

I am in a fair way to grow rich, if I go on as I have begun.

10. *F.* Stay,—you forgot that the “booby” you took in to-day will not be so easily taken in to-morrow. He will buy no more fish from you, because he will be afraid of your cheating him; but he will be ready enough to buy fruit of me, because he will know I shall not cheat him. So you will have lost a customer, and I gained one.

11. *P.* With all my heart. One customer does not make a market; if he buys no more, what care I? There are people enough to buy fish in Naples.

12. *F.* And do you mean to serve them all in the same manner?

13. *P.* If they will be only so good as to give me leave. “Venture a small fish to catch a large one!”

14. *F.* You have never considered, then, that all these people will, one after another, find you out in time.

15. *P.* Aye, in time; but it will be some time first: there are a great many of them,—enough to last me all summer, if I lose a customer a day.

16. *F.* And next summer, what will you do?

17. *P.* Next summer is not come yet; there is time enough to think what I shall do before next summer comes. Why, now, suppose the blockheads, after they had been taken in and found it out, all joined against me, and would buy none of our fish,—what then? Are there no trades, then, but that of a fisherman? In Naples, are there not a hundred ways of making money for a smart lad like me—as my father says? What do you think of turning merchant, and selling sugar-plums and cakes to the children in the market? Would they be hard to deal with, think you?

18. *F.* I think not. But I think the children would find it out in time if they were cheated, and would like it as little as the men.

19. *P.* I don't doubt that; then, in time, I could, you know, change my trade, sell chips and sticks in the wood market; hand about lemonade to the fine folks, or twenty other things; there are trades enough for a man.

20. *F.* Yes, for the honest dealer, but for no other; for in all of them you'll find, as my father says, that a good character is the best fortune to set up with. Change your trade ever so often, you'll be found out for what you are at last.

21. *P.* And what am I, pray? The whole truth of the matter is, that you envy my good luck and can't bear to hear this money jingle in my hand. "It's better to be lucky than wise," as my father says. Good morning to you; when I am found out for what I am, or when the worst comes to the worst, I can drive a stupid donkey, with his panniers filled with rubbish, as well as you do now, honest Francisco.

22. *F.* Not quite so well; unless you were honest you would not fill his panniers quite so readily.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

XXVIII.—CLEAR THE WAY.

1. Men of thought, be up and stirring,
Night and day!
Sow the seed — withdraw the curtain —
Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them
As ye may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,

There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray.

Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way!

2. Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say

What the unmingled glories
Of the day?

What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;

Aid it, hopes of honest men;

Aid it, paper — aid it type —

Aid it, for the hour is ripe,

And our earnest must not slacken

Into play.

Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way!

3. Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day;

Lo! a right's about to conquer —
Clear the way!

And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.

With that right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;

With the giant wrong shall fall

Many others, great and small,

That for ages long have held us

For their prey;

Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way!

XXIX.—ICELAND.

1. There are no large trees in Iceland, a few low bushes and stunted pines alone adorning the ground. Corn will not ripen in its short summer, nor on its sterile soil. It is a land of vast snow-plains and huge icebergs. In the latter ships often get frozen up for the long winter of these regions.

2. The people live chiefly on butter, milk, fish, and porridge made of Iceland moss, with a little fresh meat occasionally,—but the latter and rye bread are considered holiday fare. Yet they are very happy and contented; and they will tell you that “Iceland is the best country that the sun shines on.”

3. One day a traveler was rambling among the rocks admiring the wild scenery before him, when he heard some children singing. On looking, he saw a party of little folks with baskets on their arms. They were gathering the moss which grew among the rocks and hardened lava. The following lines were the burden of their song:

4. “Over slippery rocks we climb,
Or through lonely valleys go;
These have beds of flowery thyme,
Those of chill and frozen snow:
Both alike with joy we tread
While bright the sky is overhead.

5. No lonely birds need guard their nest
When our hasty steps they hear;
Be still the rabbit’s panting breast,
For search like ours ye need not fear;
The mossy rock can well supply
The guiltless feast we fain would try.

6. Steep the rock and straight the path;
Sure the death that waits below!
Yet we climb with fearful step,
For the power of God we know;
Naught can harm a single hair
While He keeps us in His care."

7. Those who dwell on the coast are employed in fishing, while those in the interior guide their flocks, and range over the hills in search of moss, repair their little huts, get in turf for fuel, take the wool from the sheep, dry meat and fish for winter food, gather down from the nests of the eider-duck, and prepare articles to export to Denmark.

8. Iceland is a little world of ice-mountains, volcanoes, and geysers, or boiling springs. The "Great Geyser" is a mound of stones, at the top of which is a basin formed by the action of the water. At the bottom of the basin is a kind of deep pit, like a pipe, through which the water is forced. This basin gradually fills with water. There is a noise like distant artillery, and the ground trembles under feet.

9. In a short time there is another shock, when the earth around the basin begins to heave and sink and the water boils violently and overflows. Loud reports now follow one another rapidly, increasing to a perfect roar, and in a few moments the boiling water rushes upward through volumes of steam, column rising above column, as if each were bent on outstripping the other, and throwing up stones to a considerable height. This is repeated at intervals of some hours, and when the water is spent, columns of steam continue to rush up with a deafening roar.

10. Mount Hecla, in Iceland, is celebrated on account of its frequent eruptions; but another mount, called Skaptar

Jökul, is still more fearful and destructive. In 1783, three fire-spouts broke out on this mountain, which rose to a great height, and sent forth a torrent of red-hot lava, which flowed for six weeks, and dried up rivers, destroyed valleys, villages, cattle, and more than two hundred people. This terrible eruption was followed by a famine and pestilence which lasted for two years.

Picture Gallery of Nations.

XXX.—LIFE IN RUSSIA.

Extract from an address by Hon. Marshall Jewell, formerly Minister of the United States at the Court of the Czar.

1. "I have experienced much greater cold in my home in Hartford than in Russia. But the average winter temperature is certainly very low there. Frosts begin in September; by the first of October all the leaves have fallen; by the 10th and 12th ice is abundant, and by November every thing is hermetically sealed up for the next eight months.

2. "The sun's rays fall so nearly horizontally in mid-winter that they impart but little warmth during the short days of four or five hours; consequently the temperature at noonday is but few degrees higher than at night.

3. "After winter sets in the houses are carefully closed up to keep out the cold, and, as the ventilation is very defective, nearly all the women who are confined at home have a sallow, unhealthy complexion, but the men are generally a fine stalwart race.

4. "The fruit buds do not begin to swell before May, but, by the accumulation of heat in the long days and short nights of summer, fruit and grass are ripened in an incredibly short period, as they have to be if at all, to

avoid the early frosts; but of course fruit grown and harvested in the space of sixty or seventy days can not be of remarkable quality.

5. "Although there is plenty of snow, I have never seen a snow-storm during my residence in Russia. The explanation is as follows: St. Petersburg is built on very low, flat land at the mouth of the Neva, and the atmosphere is saturated with moisture arising from the soil and the bodies of water adjacent.

6. A slight reduction of temperature is sufficient to congeal this moisture, and it is deposited in the form of snow, or rather ice-crystals, at the rate of two inches every night, until it attains the depth of several feet; and yet no one has seen it fall.

7. "As there is no such thing as a hill any where near St. Petersburg, artificial ones are made, so as to provide the means for the amusement of coasting on steel-shod sledges, of which the Russians are very fond. As an illustration of the soil in St. Petersburg, it is said the piles upon which the principal church is built cost as much as some of the finest churches in this country, and yet it has settled some."

XXXI.—BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

1. Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
2. I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

3. Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
 Though heart were weary or sad,
 These patient hands kept toiling on,
 That children might be glad.
 4. I almost weep, as, looking back
 To childhood's distant day,
 I think how these hands rested not
 When mine were at their play.
 5. But, O! beyond the shadow land,
 Where all is bright and fair,
 I know full well these dear old hands
 Will palms of victory bear.
 6. Where crystal streams, through endless time,
 Flow over golden sands,
 And where the old grow young again,
 I'll clasp my mother's hands.
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XXXII.—ANDROCLES AND THE LION.

1. When Rome was mistress of the world she had a colony in Africa, over which a governor was appointed. This governor had many slaves, to whom he was so cruel that they sometimes ran away from him.

2. Among these slaves was one called Androcles, who was so cruelly treated that he ran away and escaped into the desert, where he soon hid himself in a large cave. He was very weary and sore from the scratches of the thorns through which he had passed.

3. He had been but a short time in the cave when a huge lion approached. Androcles was greatly terrified, and felt that he should surely be torn to pieces by the savage beast.

4. But, to his surprise, the lion gently came near and held up its right paw, which was wounded and bloody. Almost overcome with fear, the slave took the foot and carefully examined it. He there found a large thorn, which was evidently causing the animal great pain.

5. With trembling hand Androcles ventured to pull the thorn out, all the time fearing the beast would destroy him, as he caused pain to the foot. But, to his great joy, the lion caressed him in the kindest manner instead of offering any harm.

6. At night the man and the lion lay down and slept together in the greatest harmony. The next day when the beast went forth for his prey he brought a good supply of food and placed it at the feet of Androcles. For nearly three years they lived together in harmony.

7. At the end of this period Androcles was captured as a runaway slave and sent to Rome, whither his cruel master had gone. At that time a master had power to put to death a slave who had escaped. This cruel master rejoiced in the opportunity to exercise his power, and resolved that his returned slave should be thrown to a lion for destruction.

8. The people assembled in great numbers to witness such an awful death as they expected the poor slave would meet with. Androcles was placed in a lot from which he could not escape and where he could be seen by the crowd of people. When all was ready an enormous lion was let loose upon him as his executioner.

9. In great agony the slave awaited what he supposed would be sure death. But, to his surprise and that of all the spectators, instead of opening his jaws to devour the poor man, the lion commenced fawning upon him and caressing him, as a dog would do on finding his long lost master. Androcles soon discovered, with great joy, that

this was the same lion with which he had so long lived in Africa, and which, like himself, had been captured and taken to Rome for exhibition.

10. The Roman emperor, hearing of this singular friendship between the lion and Androcles, ordered not only that the slave should be set free, but also that the lion should be given to him as a present. From this time the noble lion and the freed slave were constant companions.

11. Androcles received quite an income by leading the lion about the streets and giving the people an opportunity to witness his gentleness and his friendship for the man who had so long before, relieved him from pain and suffering by extracting a thorn from his foot.

12. Kindness, sooner or later, in some way or other, will bring its reward.

T. DAY.

XXXIII.—HOW TO MOVE AN AUDIENCE.

1. A speaker will affect his audience according to the degree in which he is affected himself. There is a congenial sympathy which darts like an electrical spirit from heart to heart! It will strike others more or less forcibly, according to the impulse it receives from the speaker.

2. He is the master-spring which puts all others in motion. But can a man transfuse the very life of the passions into the souls of others, while he himself remains unmoved, or but moderately agitated?

3. No; he must feel, in the most exquisite degree, every tender, every bold, every animated emotion he would produce! Then, and then only, will he be able to excite kindred feelings in the hearts of his audience.

4. Many of our public addresses have a kind of freez-

ing and benumbing influence, which is an antidote to animation. Such speeches may be compared to a waxen image, which has form, proportion and ornament, but is destitute of life and motion.

5. But there is an inborn fire of the soul, which is the very spirit of eloquence. There is a wide-flaming enthusiasm in the strains of a masterly speaker which will force its way into the hearts of all. It may not necessarily produce conviction, but it will command respect, for it loads words with power. If that power be truth, men must bow to it.

HERRIES.

XXXIV.—THE OLD BARN.

1. The ghostly old barn, with its weather-stained frame,
How often it rises to view!
In its narrow, green lane, cut in parallel tracks,
Where the heavy-wheeled wagon passed through.
Its broad folding doors, and the stable door next,
And the roof soaring up in gloom,
Save the net-work of light from the knot-holes and
chinks,
Which scarce could the darkness illumine
2. The hay-mow, how fragrant and welcome its scent!
How soft and elastic the hay!
The nooks, what safe coverts for "hide-and-go-seek!"
The floor, what a platform for play!
On that floor, like the beat of the pulse, went the
flail;
And the huskers, the corn how they hulled!
And, when ceased the husking, how merry the dance
Till the stars in the daybreak were dulled.

3. O, what though the storm blustered fiercely with-
out,
And the hail as from catapults flew ?
There dozed the meek oxen secure in their stalls,
And, with Crumple, did nothing but chew ;
There chanticleer roamed with his partlets about,
Each scratching and snatching the seed ;
And the pigeons flew in on their silken-toned wings :
'Twas a picture of comfort, indeed !
4. A rough harness streamed from a peg in a beam,
A saddle sat, bridle hung, nigh ;
And the road-wagon stood, bright as satin, beside,
With its silver-plate trappings near by.
Next champed the two steeds—and what trotters
they were !
And I counted it one of my joys
To ride them with halter, bare-backed, to the pond—
Then race with the rest of the boys.
5. The lane in the summer, how greenly it smiled,
With its milk-weeds and tall mullein-spears !
There I sliced the long pumpkin vines, wreathed
through the fence,
For trumpets that deafened all ears. .
And the pumpkins—what lanterns they made, to be
sure !
What mouths, and what noses and eyes !
And when on my head flamed the horrible face,
How the household resounded with cries !
6. But alas ! the old barn has long since passed away—
The lane has been turned to a street,
And the fields into court-yards and gardens of
flowers :
All is new—all is strange that I meet.

All is shrunken in size, and the distances, too;
The pond at the wood is near by;
And the long fence I trembled to skirt in the night,
As I pass it, scarce catches my eye.

7. The old barn is gone, like the past with its dreams,
Which crowded, chaotic, my brain;
All are gone—all are gone! and yet often I wish
I could live in their Eden again.
Though the barn, low and dark, is a dwelling of
mark,

And the lane is a street wide and bright,
Yet I long to go back to that paradise track,
All flashing and living with light.

8. All are gone—all are gone! The soft pictures I draw,
Not one has Time's cruelty spared.
All are gone; and I wonder and smile to myself
That for such things I ever have cared.
Yet, somehow, they bear in their presence a glow
That the present can never display;
'Tis the light in the urn alabaster of youth
That soon fades forever away.

9. And in that sweet light the heart grows pure and
bright
In the paradise smiling around;
And we wish o'er and o'er we were children once
more,
And roaming that magical ground.
Its scenes, how grotesque, and how trivial and tame!
And yet, as upon it we dwell,
Like the pools of Bethesda, it freshens the heart,
And brightens our thoughts with a spell.

ALFRED B. STREET.

XXXV.—THE SHELL ON THE SHORE.

1. I had turned over the pebbles and the damp weeds, and sought with naked feet among the waves for some bright shell or colored stone to carry home, but I could find none.

2. Tired out, I sat down on a pile of stone to rest, and to watch the waves unroll themselves on the waiting sands. I heeded not the tide, but let it go and come without notice.

3. After a longer interval than I dare tell, considering I was without boots or stockings, and my coat damp with the spray of the last tide, I woke from my dreaming and renewed my search for a prize, and sure enough there was a shell glistening and gleaming, colored like sunlit crystal, just dropped from the white fingers of some wave.

4. I did not hurry to possess myself of it, but sat still admiring it. It was mine; I was sure I could reach it at any moment with my stick,—and who was near on this lonely beach to pick it up ere I could take full possession?

5. Splash, splash, and up rolled a huge wave, hissing and hurrying, rattling the stones, wetting my feet—and the shell; where is it? I looked around, I followed the receding water; dripping sea-grass, creamy lots of froth, only remained to meet me; the shell—the beautiful shell—was gone. Old Neptune had altered his mind, and got back his pearl.

6. A little loss, this, but uttering a lofty lesson,—never to lose an opportunity of taking every gift of mercy or usefulness the tide of time may bring us. If unused—neglected—the wave that brought it will soon take it away.

XXXVI.—FIDELITY REWARDED.

(KING, MILLER, COURTIER.)

1. *King.* (*Enters alone, wrapped in a cloak.*) No, no, this can be no public road, that's certain. I have lost my way, undoubtedly. Of what advantage is it now to be a king? Night shows me no respect; I can not see better, nor walk so well, as another man. When a king is lost in a wood, what is he more than other men? His wisdom knows not which is north and which is south; his power a beggar's dog would bark at, and the beggar himself would not bow to his greatness. And yet how often are we puffed up with these false attributes? Well, in losing the monarch I have found the man. But hark! somebody sure is near. What were it best to do? Will my majesty protect me? No. Throw majesty aside, then, and let manhood do it.

(*Enter the Miller.*)

2. *M.* I believe I hear the rogue. Who's there?

3. *K.* No rogue, I assure you?

4. *M.* Little better, friend, I believe. Who fired that gun?

5. *K.* Not I, indeed.

6. *M.* You lie, I believe.

7. *K.* (*aside*) Lie, lie? how strange it seems to me to be talked to in this style. (*Aloud*) Upon my word, I don't, sir.

8. *M.* Come, come, sirrah, confess; you have shot one of the king's deer, haven't you?

9. *K.* No, indeed; I owe the king more respect. I heard a gun go off, to be sure, and was afraid some robbers might be near.

10. *M.* I am not bound to believe this, friend. Pray, who are you? What is your name?

11. *K.* Name?

12. *M.* Name! aye, name! You have a name, haven't you? Where do you come from? What is your business here?

13. *K.* These are questions I have not been used to, honest man.

14. *M.* May be so; but they are questions no honest man would be afraid to answer; so if you can give no better account of yourself, I shall make bold to take you along with me, if you please.

15. *K.* With you! What authority have you to—

16. *M.* The king's authority, if I must give you an account. Sir, I am John Cockle, the miller of Mansfield, one of his Majesty's keepers in the forest of Sherwood; and I let no suspicious fellow pass this way unless he can give a better account of himself than you have done, I promise you.

17. *K.* Very well, sir, I am very glad to hear the king has so good an officer; and, since I find you have his authority, I will give you a better account of myself, if you will do me the favor to hear it.

18. *M.* You don't deserve it, I believe; but let's hear what you can say for yourself.

19. *K.* I have the honor to belong to the king, as well as you, and perhaps should be as unwilling to see any wrong done. I came down with him to hunt in this forest, and the chase leading us to-day a great way from home, I am benighted in this wood, and have lost my way.

20. *M.* This does not sound well; if you have been hunting, pray where is your horse?

21. *K.* I have tired my horse so that he lay down under me, and I was obliged to leave him.

22. *M.* If I thought I might believe this, now.

23. *K.* I am not used to lie, honest man.

24. *M.* What! do you live at court and not lie? That's a likely story, indeed!

25. *K.* Be that as it may, I speak truth now, I assure you; and to convince you of it, if you will attend me to Nottingham, or give me a night's lodging in your house, here is something to pay you for your trouble (*offering money*), and if that is not sufficient, I will satisfy you in the morning to your utmost desire.

26. *M.* Aye, now I am convinced you are a courtier; here is a little bribe for to-day, and a large promise for to-morrow, both in a breath. Here, take it again; John Cockle is no courtier. He can do what he ought without a bribe.

27. *K.* Thou art a very extraordinary man, I must own; and I should be glad, methinks, to be further acquainted with thee.

28. *M.* Prithee, don't thee and thou me at this rate. I suppose I am as good a man as yourself, at least.

29. *K.* Sir, I beg pardon.

30. *M.* Nay, I am not angry, friend; only I don't love to be too familiar with you until I am satisfied as to your honesty.

31. *K.* You are right. But what am I to do?

32. *M.* You may do what you please. You are twelve miles from Nottingham, and all the way through this thick wood; but if you are resolved upon going thither to-night, I will put you in the road, and direct you the best I can; or, if you will accept of such poor entertainment as a miller can give, you shall be welcome to stay all night, and in the morning I will go with you myself.

33. *K.* And can not you go with me to-night?

34. *M.* I would not go with you to-night if you were the king himself.

35. *K.* Then I must go with you, I think.

(*Enter a courtier, in haste.*)

Courtier. Ah! is your Majesty safe? We have hunted the forest over to find you.

36. *M.* How! are you the king? (*kneels.*) Your Majesty will pardon the ill usage you have received (*the king draws his sword*). His Majesty surely will not kill a servant for doing his duty too faithfully.

37. *K.* No, my good fellow. So far from having any thing to pardon, I am much your debtor. I can not but think so good and honest a man will make a worthy and honorable knight. Rise, Sir John Cockle, and receive this sword as a badge of knighthood and a pledge of my protection; and to support your nobility, and in some measure requite you for the pleasure you have done us, ten thousand crowns a year shall be your revenue.

XXXVII.—THE THREE BELLS.

Captain Leighton, of the English ship *Three Bells*, some years ago rescued the crew of an American vessel sinking in mid-ocean. Unable to take them off in the storm and darkness, he kept by them until morning, running down often during the night, as near to them as he dared, and shouting to them through his trumpet, "Never fear! Hold on! I'll stand by you."

1. Beneath the low-hung night cloud
That raked her splintering mast
The good ship settled slowly,
The cruel leak gained fast. ●
2. Over the awful ocean
Her signal guns pealed out.
Dear God! was that thy answer
From the horror round about?
3. A voice came down the wild wind,
"Ho! Ship ahoy!" its cry:

"Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow
Shall stand till daylight by!"

4. Hour after hour crept slowly,
Yet on the heaving swells
Tossed up and down the ship-lights,
The lights of the Three Bells!
5. And ship to ship made signals,
Man answered back to man,
While oft, to cheer and hearten,
The Three Bells nearer ran:
6. And the captain from her taffrail
Sent down his hopeful cry.
"Take heart! Hold on!" he shouted,
"The Three Bells shall stand by!"
7. All night across the waters
The tossing lights shone clear;
All night from the reeling taffrail
The Three Bells sent her cheer.
8. And when the weary watches
Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
All souls were saved at last!
9. Sail, on Three Bells, forever,
In grateful memory sail!
Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,
Above the wave and gale!
10. As thine, in night and tempest,
I hear the Master's cry;
And, tossing through the darkness,
The lights of God draw nigh.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

XXXVIII.—DECISIVE INTEGRITY.

1. The man who is so conscious of the rectitude of his intentions as to be willing to open his bosom to the inspection of the world, is in possession of one of the strongest pillars of a decided character.

2. The course of such a man will be firm and steady, because he has nothing to fear from the world. While he who is conscious of secret designs, which, if known, would blast him, is afraid of all around, and much more of all above him.

3. Such a man may, indeed, pursue his iniquitous plans steadily; he may waste himself to a skeleton in the guilty pursuit; but it is impossible that he can pursue them with the same health-inspiring confidence and exulting alacrity that one feels who is in the pursuit of honest ends by honest means.

4. The clear, unclouded brow, the open countenance, the brilliant eye which can look an honest man steadfastly, yet courteously, in the face; the healthfully beating heart and the firm, elastic step, belong to him whose bosom is free from guile, and who knows that all his purposes are pure and right.

5. Why should such a man falter in his course? He may be slandered; he may be deserted by the world; but he has that within which will keep him erect, and enable him to move onward in his course, with his eyes fixed on heaven, which he knows will not desert him.

6. Let your first step, then, in that discipline which is to give you decision of character, be the heroic determination to be honest men, and to preserve this character through every vicissitude of fortune and in every relation which connects you with society.

7. I do not use this phrase, "honest men," in the narrow sense merely of meeting your pecuniary engage-

ments, and paying your debts ; for this the common pride of gentlemen will constrain you to do.

8. I use it in its larger sense of discharging all your duties, both public and private, both open and secret, with the most scrupulous, heaven-attesting integrity ; in that sense, further, which drives from the bosom all little, dark, crooked, sordid, debasing considerations of self, and substitutes in their place a bolder, loftier and nobler spirit ; one that will dispose you to consider yourselves as born not so much for yourselves as for your country and your fellow-creatures, and which will lead you to act on every occasion sincerely, justly, generously, magnanimously.

9. There is a morality on a larger scale, perfectly consistent with a just attention to your own affairs, which it would be the height of folly to neglect,—a generous expansion, a proud elevation and conscious greatness of character, which is the best preparation for a decided course, in every situation into which you can be thrown ; and it is to this high and noble tone of character that I would have you aspire.

10. I would not have you resemble those weak and meagre streamlets which lose their direction at every petty impediment which presents itself, and stop and turn back, and creep around, and search out every little channel through which they may wind their feeble and sickly course. Nor yet would I have you resemble the headlong torrent that carries havoc in its mad career.

11. But I would have you like the ocean — that noblest emblem of majestic decision, which, in the calmest hour, still heaves its resistless might of waters to the shore, filling the heavens, day and night, with the echoes of its sublime declaration of independence, and tossing and sporting on its bed, with an imperial consciousness of strength that laughs at opposition.

12. It is this depth, and weight, and power, and purity of character that I would have you resemble; and I would have you, like the waters of the ocean, to become the purer by your own action.

WILLIAM WIRT.

XXXIX.—THE PETRIFIED FOREST OF CALIFORNIA.

1. Among California's most notable wonders may be mentioned the petrified forest, situated in the most romantic scenery of mountain wilds, about half way between two celebrated summer resorts, Mark West Springs, in Sonoma county, and Calistoga Springs, in Napa county. In speaking of these wonderful specimens of petrified wood we fain would connect them with some mysterious designs of nature — for what purpose is left with man to conjecture.

2. Here in a mountainous region, wild and weird, with rugged bluffs of volcanic formation, separated by deep and gloomy cañons studded with a dense foliage of modern growth, the tourist pursues his uneven way among the ever-varying and romantic scenes of a winding road, cut in the steep and rocky side of high mountains, between which Mark West Creek winds its way, splashing and tumbling over and around the rugged edge of some huge boulder that has in times past occupied a more elevated position on the mountain side.

3. Arriving at the forest, one is surprised at its quiet, or rather spell-bound, appearance. We enter feeling as if we were treading the cemetery of an antediluvian forest, whose stateliest trees were embalmed to last forever, while those of smaller growth were allowed to mix again with mother earth and lose their identity.

4. What at a little distance is seemingly a tree stump proves, on examination, to be a broken section of the body of some prostrate pine petrified. Every circle or year's growth is easily discernible, so that the exact duration of the tree's existence may be determined.

5. Next we view the partially-excavated trunk of a large pine, lying in an inclined position. Here we see a mass of solid stone, in the form of a fallen tree, some seven feet in diameter—every fissure in the bark and knot plainly indicated, as in that of a tree fallen by the woodman's ax; while around, thickly strewn upon the ground, are numerous fragments, similar to the chips and broken pieces of wood that are scattered by the wood-cutter in preparing a tree to be cut into logs for the mill.

6. Striking the stony mass before us with a piece of petrified wood, it gives back a metallic sound very different from the dull thud produced by striking a rock against a wooden log. So are to be seen many smaller trees, as we call these peculiar rocks, varying only in size and length; all, however, having the same incline and same general position—north and south.

7. Occasionally a peculiarity is noticeable, such as being divided into sections of various lengths, ranging from three to seven feet; yet so slight are the fissures that separate these sections that at a very short distance they have the appearance of being one solid log.

8. Another peculiarity in one tree is its dark color. The general color of the stone logs is a grayish white. This tree is to all appearances a tree of stone-coal, and the proprietor assures us that it burns equally as well as the best quality of that article.

9. The largest of these wonders so far found measures eleven feet in diameter, and is excavated to view for a distance of sixty-eight feet, though doubtless it penetrates the hillside many feet further.

10. The space within the inclosure is cleared of underbrush, and contains very many beautiful shade trees of live-oak, young pines, and several other varieties peculiar to this locality. Here, indeed, is a field for the geologist; not only in this particular place, but the whole range of mountains offers many attractive subjects for analysis.

XL.—THE KING'S PICTURE.

1. The king from the council chamber
Came weary and sore of heart;
He called for Hiff, the painter,
And spake to him apart:
"I am sick of faces ignoble,
Hypocrites, cowards and knaves!
I shall shrink to their shrunken measure,
Chief slave in a realm of slaves!
2. "Paint me a true man's picture,
Gracious, and wise, and good;
Dowered with the strength of heroes,
And the beauty of womanhood.
It shall hang in my inmost chamber,
That thither, when I retire,
It may fill my soul with its grandeur,
And warm it with sacred fire."
3. So the artist painted the picture,
And it hung in the palace hall;
Never a thing so goodly
Had garnished the stately wall.
The king, with head uncovered,
Gazed on it with rapt delight,
Till it suddenly wore strange meaning,
And baffled his questioning sight.

4. For the form was his supplest courtier's,
Perfect in every limb;
But the bearing was that of the henchman
Who filled the flagons for him;
The brow was a priest's, who pondered
His parchments early and late;
The eye was a wandering minstrel's,
Who sang at the palace gate.
 5. The lips, half sad and half mirthful,
With a fitting tremulous grace,
Were the very lips of a woman
He had kissed in the market-place;
But the smile which her curves transfigured
As a rose with a shimmer of dew,
Was the smile of the wife who loved him,
Queen Ethelyn, good and true.
 6. "Then learn, O king!" said the artist,
"This truth that the picture tells—
How in every form of the human,
Some hint of the Highest dwells;
How scanning each living temple
For the place where the veil is thin,
We may gather, by beautiful glimpses,
The form of the God within."
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XLI.—AN END OF ALL PERFECTION.

1. I have seen man in the glory of his days, and the pride of his strength. He was built like the tall cedar that lifts its head above the forest trees; like the strong oak that strikes its root deeply into the earth. He feared no danger; he felt no sickness; he wondered that any should groan or sigh at pain.

2. His mind was vigorous, like his body ; he was perplexed at no intricacy ; he was daunted at no difficulty ; into hidden things he searched ; and what was crooked he made straight.

3. He went forth fearlessly upon the face of the mighty deep ; he surveyed the nations of the earth ; he measured the distances of the stars, and called them by their names ; he gloried in the extent of his knowledge ; in the vigor of his understanding, and strove to search even into what the Almighty had concealed.

4. And when I looked on him, I said, "What a piece of work is man ! how noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a God !"

5. I returned ; his look was no more lofty, nor his step proud. His broken frame was like some ruined tower ; his hairs were white and scattered ; and his eye gazed vacantly upon what was passing around him.

6. The vigor of his intellect was wasted, and of all that he had gained by study, nothing remained. He feared when there was no danger, and when there was no sorrow he wept. His memory was decayed and treacherous, and showed him only broken images of the glory that was departed.

7. His house to him was like a strange land, and his friends were counted as his enemies ; and he thought himself strong and healthful, while his foot tottered on the verge of the grave. He said of his son, "He is my brother ;" of his daughter, "I know her not ;" and he inquired what was his own name.

8. And one who supported his last steps, and ministered to his many wants, said to me, as I looked on the melancholy scene, "Let thine heart receive instruction, for thou hast seen an end of all earthly perfection."

9. I have seen a beautiful female treading the first stages of youth, and entering joyfully into the pleasures of life. The glance of her eye was variable and sweet, and on her cheek trembled something like the first blush of the morning; her lips moved, and there was harmony; and when she floated in the dance, her light form, like the aspen, seemed to move with every breeze.

10. I returned, but she was not in the dance. I sought her in the gay circle of her companions, but found her not. Her eye sparkled not there; the music of her voice was silent; she rejoiced on earth no more. I saw a train, sable and slow-paced, who bore sadly to an open grave what once was animated and beautiful.

11. They paused as they approached, and a voice broke the awful silence: "Mingle ashes with ashes, and dust with its original dust. To the earth whence it was taken, consign we the body of our sister." They covered her with the damp soil and the clods of the valley; and the worms crowded into her silent abode.

12. Yet one sad mourner lingered to cast himself upon the grave; and as he wept, he said, "There is no beauty, nor grace, nor loveliness, that continueth in man; for this is the end of all his glory and perfection."

13. I have seen an infant with a fair brow, and a frame like polished ivory. Its limbs were pliant in its sports; it rejoiced, and again it wept; but whether its glowing cheek dimpled with smiles, or its blue eye was brilliant with tears, still I said to my heart, "It is beautiful." It was like the first pure blossom which some cherished plant had shot forth, whose cup is filled with a dewdrop, and whose head reclines upon its parent stem.

14. I again saw this child, when the lamp of reason first dawned in its mind. Its soul was gentle and peaceful; its eye sparkled with joy as it looked round on this good and pleasant world. It ran swiftly in the ways of

knowledge; it bowed its ear to instruction; it stood like a lamb before its teachers. It was not proud, nor envious, nor stubborn; and it had never heard of the vices and vanities of the world.

15. But the scene was changed, and I saw a man whom the world called honorable, and many waited for his smile. They pointed out the fields that were his, and talked of the silver and gold that he had gathered; they admired the stateliness of his domes, and extolled the honor of his family.

16. As I passed along, I heard the complaints of the laborers who had reaped down his fields, and the cries of the poor, whose covering he had taken away; but the sound of feasting and revelry was in his apartments, and the unfed beggar came tottering from his door. But he considered not that the cries of the oppressed were continually entering into the ears of the Most High.

17. And when I knew that this man was once the teachable child that I had loved, the beautiful infant that I had gazed upon with delight, I said in my bitterness, "I have seen an end of all perfection;" and I laid my mouth in the dust.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

XLII.—OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

1. O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun? thy everlasting light! Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone; who can be a companion of thy course?

2. The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in the heavens.

But thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.

3. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunders roll and lightnings fly, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds or thou tremblest at the gates of the west.

4. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou wilt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult, then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth—age is dark and unlovely: it is like the glimmering light of the moon when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills, the blast of the north is on the plains, the traveler shrinks in the midst of his journey.

XLIII.—AUCTION EXTRAORDINARY.

1. I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
And as fast as I dreamed it, it came into numbers;
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful meter,
I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter:
It seemed that a law had been recently made
That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid;
And in order to make them all willing to marry,
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.
2. The bachelors grumbled and said 'twas no use,
'Twas horrid injustice and horrid abuse,
And declared that, to save their own hearts' blood
from spilling,
Of such a vile tax they would not pay a shilling;
But the rulers determined them still to pursue,
So they set the old bachelors up at vendue.

3. A crier was sent through the town to and fro,
To rattle his bell and his trumpet to blow,
And to call out to all he might meet in his way,
"Ho! forty old bachelors sold here to day!"
And presently all the old maids in the town,
Each in her very best bonnet and gown,
From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red and pale,
Of every description, all flocked to the sale.
4. The auctioneer then in his labor began,
And called out aloud, as he held up a man,
"How much for a bachelor? who wants to buy?"
In a twink every maiden responded, "I! I!"
In short, at a highly extravagant price,
The bachelors all sold off in a trice;
And forty old maidens, some younger, some older,
Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder!

LUCRETIA DAVIDSON.

XLIV.—THE MOCKING-BIRD OF AMERICA.

1. The American mocking-bird is the prince of all song birds, being altogether unrivaled in the extent and variety of his vocal powers; and besides the fullness and melody of his original notes, he has the faculty of imitating the notes of all other birds, from the humming-bird to the eagle.

2. Pennant states that he heard a caged one imitate the mewing of a cat and the creaking of a sign in high winds. Barrington says his pipes come nearest to the nightingale of any bird he ever heard. The description, however, given by Wilson, in his own inimitable manner, as far excels Pennant and Barrington as the bird excels his fellow songster.

3. Wilson tells us that the ease, elegance and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening to and laying up lessons, marks the peculiarity of his genius. His voice is full, strong and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear, mellow tones of the wood thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle.

4. In measure and accents he faithfully follows his originals, while in strength and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. In his native woods, upon a dewy morning, his song rises above every competitor; for others appear merely inferior accompaniments.

5. His own notes are bold and full, and varied, seemingly, beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at most five or six, syllables, generally uttered with great emphasis, rapidly, and continued with undiminished ardor for half an hour at a time.

6. While singing, he expands his tail, glistening with white, keeping time to his own music; and the buoyant gayety of his action is no less fascinating than his song. He sweeps around with enthusiastic ecstasy; he mounts and descends, as his song swells or dies away; he bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain.

7. A bystander might suppose that the whole feathered tribe had assembled together on a trial of skill — each striving to produce his utmost effort — so perfect are his imitations. He often deceives the sportsman, and even birds themselves are sometimes imposed upon by this admirable mimic.

8. In confinement he loses little of the power or energy of his song. He whistles for the dog: Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He cries like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with feathers on end to protect her injured brood.

9. He repeats the tune taught him, though it be of considerable length, with perfect accuracy. He runs over the notes of the canary and the red-bird with such superior execution and effect that the mortified songsters confess his triumph by their immediate silence. His fondness for variety, some suppose, injures his song.

10. His imitation of the brown thrush is often interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and his exquisite warblings after the bluebird are mingled with the screaming of swallows or the cackling of hens. During moonlight both in the wild and tame state, he sings the whole night long. The hunters, in their nocturnal excursions, know that the moon is rising the instant they hear his delightful solo.

11. Barrington attributes, in part, the exquisiteness of the nightingale's song to the silence of the night; but if so, what are we to think of the bird which, in the open glare of day, overpowers and often silences all competition? The natural notes of the American mocking-bird are similar to those of the brown thrush.

JOHN J. AUDUBON.

XLV.—THE MOCKING-BIRD'S SONG.

1. Early on a pleasant day
In the poet's month of May,
Field and forest looked so fair,
So refreshing was the air,
That, in spite of morning dew,
Forth I walked where tangling grew
Many a thorn and breezy bush—
When the redbreast and the thrush
Gaily raised their early lay,
Thankful for returning day.

2. Every thicket, bush and tree
Swelled the grateful harmony;
As it mildly swept along,
Echo seemed to catch the song;
But the plain was wide and clear
(Echo never whispered here);
From a neighboring mocking-bird
Came the answering notes I heard.
3. Soft and low the song began;
I scarcely caught it as it ran
Through the melancholy trill
Of the plaintive whip-poor-will,
Through the ringdove's gentle wail--
Chattering jay and whistling quail,
Sparrow's twitter, catbird's cry,
Redbird's whistle, robin's sigh:
Blackbird, bluebird, swallow, lark,
Each his native note might mark.
4. Oft he tried the lesson o'er,
Each time louder than before.
Burst at length the finished song;
Loud and clear it poured along;
All the choir in silence heard;
Hushed before this wondrous bird,
All transported and amazed,
Scarcely breathing, long I gazed.
5. Now it reached the loudest swell;
Lower, lower, now it fell,
Lower, lower, lower still;
Scarce it sounded o'er the rill.
Now the warbler ceased to sing,
Then he spread his russet wing,
And I saw him take his flight
Other regions to delight.

J. R. DRAKE.

XLVI.—THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

1. Not many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

2. Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless; the council fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

3. Here, too, they worshiped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in every thing around.

4. He beheld him in the star that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that Light to whose mysterious source he bent in humble though blind adoration.

5. And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you ; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

6. Here and there a stricken few remain ; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors ! The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone, and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

7. As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away ; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave which will settle over them forever.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

XLVII.—NICHOLAS NICKLEBY SEEKING FOR A SITUATION.

MR. GREGSBURY in want of a secretary. NICHOLAS NICKLEBY in want of employment.

1. *Nicholas.* I brought this card, sir, from the general agency office, wishing to offer myself as your secretary.

2. *Mr. Gregsbury.* You have no connection with any of those rascally newspapers, have you ?

3. *N.* I have no connection, I am sorry to say, with any thing at present.

4. *Mr. G.* Well, what can you do?

5. *N.* I suppose I can do what usually falls to the lot of other secretaries.

6. *Mr. G.* What's that?

7. *N.* A secretary's duties are rather hard to define, perhaps. They include, I presume, correspondence?

8. *Mr. G.* Good.

9. *N.* The arrangement of papers and documents.

10. *Mr. G.* Very good.

11. *N.* Occasionally, perhaps, the writing from your dictation, and possibly the copying of your speech for some public journal, when you have made one of more than usual importance.

12. *Mr. G.* Certainly. What else?

13. *N.* Really, I am not able at this moment to recapitulate any other duty of a secretary, beyond the general one of making himself as agreeable and useful to his employer as he can, consistently with his own respectability, and without overstepping that line of duties which he undertakes to perform, and which the designation of his office is usually understood to imply.

14. *Mr. G.* This is all very well, Mr.—What is your name?

15. *N.* Nickleby.

16. *Mr. G.* This is all very well, Mr. Nickleby, and very proper so far as it goes,—but it does not go far enough. There are other duties, Mr. Nickleby, which a secretary to a parliamentary gentleman must never lose sight of. I should require to be “crammed,” sir.

17. *N.* I beg your pardon,—what?

18. *Mr. G.* To be crammed, sir.

19. *N.* I beg your pardon again. May I ask what you mean?

20. *Mr. G.* My meaning, sir, is perfectly plain. My secretary would have to make himself master of the foreign policy of the world, as it is mirrored in the newspapers; to run his eye over all accounts of public meetings, all leading articles, and reports of the proceedings of public bodies; and to make notes of any thing which appeared to him might be made a point of, in any little speech upon the question of some petition lying on the table, or any thing of that kind. Do you understand?

21. *N.* I think I do, sir.

22. *Mr. G.* Then it would be necessary for him to make himself acquainted, from day to day, with newspaper paragraphs on passing events, such as "Mysterious disappearances and supposed suicide of a pot-boy," or any thing of that sort, upon which I might found a question to the Secretary of State for the Home Department. Then he would have to copy the question and as much as I remembered of the answer (including a little compliment about my independence and good sense), and to send the manuscript, properly franked, to the local paper, with perhaps half a dozen lines as a leader, to the effect that I was always to be found in my place in parliament and never shrunk from the discharge of my responsible and arduous duties, and so forth, and so forth. You see?

23. *N.* Yes, I comprehend you.

24. *Mr. G.* Besides which, I should expect him, now and then, to go through a few figures in the printed tables, and to pick out a few results, so that I might come out pretty well on timber-duty questions and finance questions, and so on. And I should like him to get up a few little arguments about the disastrous effects of a return to cash payments and a metallic currency, with a touch, now and then, about the exportation of bullion, and the Emperor of Russia, and bank notes, and all that kind of thing,

which it is only necessary to talk fluently about, because nobody understands 'em. Do you take me ?

25. *N.* I think I understand.

26. *Mr. G.* With regard to such questions as are not political, and which one can't be expected to care a screw about, beyond the natural care of not allowing inferior people to be as well off as ourselves — else where are our privileges ? — I should wish my secretary to get together a few little flourishing speeches of a patriotic cast. For instance, if any preposterous bill were brought forward for giving poor grubbing wretches of authors a right to their own property, I should like to say that I, for one, would never consent to opposing an insurmountable barrier to the diffusion of literature among the people — you understand ? — that the creations of the pocket, being man's, might belong to one man or one family ; but that the creations of the brain, being God's, ought, as a matter of course, to belong to the people at large ; and if I was pleasantly disposed, I should like to make a joke about posterity, and say that those who wrote for posterity should be content to be rewarded by the approbation of posterity. It might take with the house, and could never do me any harm, because posterity can't be expected to know any thing about me or my jokes either. Don't you see ?

27. *N.* I see that, sir.

28. *Mr. G.* You must always bear in mind, in such cases as this, where our interests are not affected, to put it very strong about the people, because it comes out very well at election time ; and you could be as funny as you liked about the authors, because, I believe, the greater part of them live in lodgings, and are not voters. This is a hasty outline of the chief things you'd have to do, except waiting in the lobby every night, in case I forgot anything, and should want fresh cramming ; and now

and then, during great debates, sitting in the front row of the gallery, and saying to the people about, "You see that gentleman with his hand to his face, and his arm twisted round the pillar? That's Mr. Gregsbury," with any other little eulogium that might strike you at the moment. And for salary, I don't mind saying at once, in round numbers, to prevent any dissatisfaction — though it's more than I have been accustomed to give — fifteen shillings a week, and find yourself. There!

29. *N.* Fifteen shillings a week is not much.

30. *Mr. G.* Not much! — fifteen shillings a week not much, young man! fifteen shillings a —

31. *N.* Pray do not suppose that I quarrel with the sum; for I am not ashamed to confess that, whatever it may be in itself, to me it is a great deal. But the duties and responsibilities make the recompense small, and they are so very heavy that I fear to undertake them.

32. *Mr. G.* Do you decline to undertake them, sir?

33. *N.* I fear they are too great for my powers, however good my will may be.

34. *Mr. G.* That is as much as to say that you had rather not accept the place, and that you consider fifteen shillings a week too little. Do you decline it, sir?

35. *N.* I have no other alternative.

36. *Mr. G.* There's the door.

37. *N.* I am sorry I have troubled you unnecessarily, sir.

38. *Mr. G.* I am sorry you have; begone!

CHARLES DICKENS.

We can expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness we can show, or any good that we can do to any fellow-being, let us not defer or neglect it, — let us do it now, or the opportunity may slip from us; for we will not pass this way again.

XLVIII.—TELL ME, YE WINGED WINDS.

1. Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do you not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell—
Some valley in the west,
Where free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
'The loud wind softened to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered—"No!"
2. Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows 'round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot—
Some island, far away,
Where weary man might find
The bliss for which he sighs;
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for awhile, and sighed to answer—"No!"
3. And thou, serenest moon,
That with such holy face
Dost look upon the earth
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a sweet voice, but sad, responded—"No!"

4. Tell me, my secret soul,
O, tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where man is fully blest,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love — best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings and whispered — “Yes, in
Heaven!”

CHARLES MACKAY.

XLIX.—THE BOBOLINK.

1. The happiest bird of our spring, however, and one that rivals the European lark, in my estimation, is the boblincoln, or bobolink, as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice portion of our year which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May so often given by the poets. With us it begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of June.

2. Earlier than this winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year; and later than this, begin the parching and panting, and dissolving heats of summer. But in this genial interval, Nature is in all her freshness and fragrance: “the rains are over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.”

3. The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed with the sweet-

brier and the wild rose; the meadows are enameled with clover blossoms; while the young apple, the peach and the plum begin to swell, and the cherry to glow among the green leaves.

4. This is the chosen season of revelry of the bobolink. He comes amid the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows, and is most in song when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long, flaunting weed, and as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich tinkling notes, crowding one upon another like the outpouring melody of the sky-lark, and possessing the same rapturous character.

5. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his mate; always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody; and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight.

6. Of all the birds of our groves and meadows, the bobolink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbed in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin! was doomed to be mewed up during the live-long day in a school-room.

7. It seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me, as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. O, how I envied him! No lessons, no task, no school!—nothing but holiday, frolic, green fields, and fine weather. Had I been then more versed in poetry I

might have addressed him in the words of Logan to the cuckoo :

8. "Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

9. "O, could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
We'd make on joyful wing,
Our annual visit round the globe,
Companions of the spring."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

L.—THE SISTERS.

FIRST SPEAKER.

1. I go, sweet sister! yet my love would linger with thee fain,
And unto every parting gift some deep remembrance chain;
Take, then, the braid of eastern pearl, that once I loved to wear,
And with it bind, for festal scenes, the dark waves of thy hair;
Its pale, pure brightness will beseem those raven tresses well,
And I shall need such pomp no more in the lone convent cell.

SECOND SPEAKER.

2. O, sister, sister! wherefore thus?—why part from kindred love?
Through festal scenes, when thou art gone. my steps no more shall move.

How could I bear a lonely heart amidst a reckless
throng?
I should but miss earth's dearest voice in every tone
of song!
Keep, keep the braid of eastern pearl! and let me
proudly twine
Its wreath once more around that brow, that queenly
brow of thine.

FIRST SPEAKER.

3. O! wouldst thou seek a wounded bird from shelter to detain?
Or wouldst thou call a spirit freed to weary life again?
Sweet sister! take the golden cross that I have worn so long,
And bathed with many a burning tear, for secret woe and wrong!
It could not still my beating heart, but may it be a sign
Of peace and hope, my gentle one, when meekly pressed to thine!

SECOND SPEAKER.

4. Take back, take back the cross of gold, our mother's gift to thee;
It would but of this parting hour a bitter token be!
With funeral splendor to mine eyes, it would but sadly shine,
And tell of earthly treasure lost — of joy no longer mine!
O, sister! if thy heart be thus with voiceless grief oppressed,
Where couldst thou pour it forth so well as on thy sister's breast?

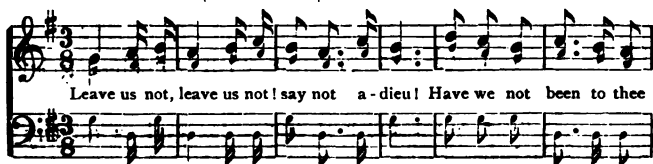
FIRST SPEAKER.

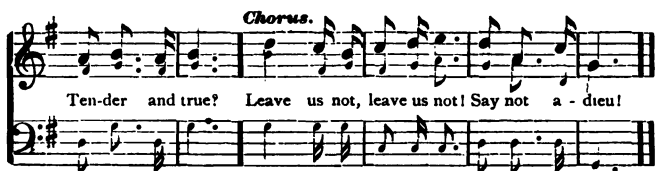
5. Urge me no more! a blight hath fallen upon my
 altered years;
 I should but darken thy young life with sleepless
 pangs and fears;
 But take, at least, the lute I loved, and guard it
 for my sake,
 And sometimes from the silvery strings one tone
 of memory wake!
 Sing to those chords, in starlight hours, our own
 sweet vesper-hymn,
 And think that I, too, chant it then, far in my
 cloister dim!

SECOND SPEAKER.

6. Yes! I will take the silvery lute, and I will sing to
 thee
 A song we heard in childhood's days, e'en from our
 father's knee;
 O! listen, listen! are those notes amidst forgotten
 things?
 Do they not linger, as in love, on the familiar
 strings?
 Seems not our sainted mother's voice to murmur
 in the strain?
 Kind sister! gentlest Leonore! say, shall it plead in
 vain?

SONG.—LEAVE US NOT.





1. Leave us not, leave us not!
Say not adieu!
Have we not been to thee
Tender and true?
2. Take not thy sunny smile
Far from our hearth!
With that sweet light will fade
Summer and mirth.
3. Leave us not, leave us not!
Can thy heart roam?
Wilt thou not pine to hear
Voices from home?
4. Too sad our love would be,
If thou wert gone!
Turn to us! leave us not!
Thou art our own!

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FIRST SPEAKER.

7. O sister! thou hast won me back! too many fond
thoughts lie
In every soft spring-breathing tone of that old
melody:
I can not, can not leave thee now! e'en though my
grief should fall
As a shadow on the pageantries that crowd our
ancient hall;

But take me! clasp me in thine arms!—I will not
mourn my lot,
Whilst love like thine remains on earth—I leave,
I leave thee not!

FELICIA HEMANS.

II.—BRANCHES OR TYPES OF ANIMALS.

1. Animals are divided into four great branches, or types, distinguished by the terms Vertebrated, Molluscos, Articulated and Radiated.

2. The first division includes all of those animals which are provided with a backbone; and they are so called because the similar bones, or joints, of which it is composed are called by anatomists vertebræ, from a Latin word signifying to turn. The individuals that belong to this division are called vertebrated animals.

3. They are subdivided into four classes: 1. Mammalia; comprehending man, land quadrupeds and the whale tribe; that is, all animals that give suck to their young. 2. Birds of all kinds. 3. Reptiles; of which are frogs, serpents, lizards, crocodiles, alligators, tortoises and turtles. 4. Fishes of all kinds, except the whale tribe, which belongs to the class Mammalia.

4. The second division includes all of those animals which have no bones; and because their bodies contain no hard parts, they are called molluscos animals, from a Latin word signifying soft. With a few exceptions, they have a hard covering, or shell, to which they are either attached, or in which they can inclose themselves, and be preserved from injuries to which, from their soft nature, they would otherwise be constantly exposed.

5. Apart from the few exceptions referred to, mollus-

cous animals are subdivided into three classes: 1. Univalves; that is, animals armed with a shell, or valve, forming one continuous piece; such as snails. 2. Bivalves, or those having two shells united by a hinge; such as oysters and clams. 3. Multivalves, or those having more than two shells; of which the common barnacle is an example.

6. The third division is assigned to what are called articulated animals; these having a peculiar structure called articulations, from *articulus*, Latin for a little joint. It is subdivided into four classes: 1. Annelides, or those having a ringed structure, from *annulus*, Latin for ring; leeches and earth-worms are examples. 2. Crustacea, or those which have their soft bodies and limbs protected by a hard coating, or crust, which in common language we call shell also; such as lobsters, crabs and prawns. 3. Spiders, which form a class by themselves. 4. Insects, such as flies, beetles, bees and butterflies.

7. The fourth division comprehends a great variety of animals which have a structure like an assemblage of rays diverging from a common point like the spokes of a carriage wheel; and on this account they are called radiated animals, from *radius*, the Latin for ray. It contains five classes; but as three of these are animals without hard parts, we may pass them by.

8. Of the remaining two, one contains the echini, or sea-urchins; the other, the very numerous tribe called zoophytes, from two Greek words signifying animal and plant; because the animal is fixed to the ground and builds its strong habitation in the form of a shrub, or branch, or leafy plant. Corals and sponges belong to this class; and among all the different animal remains that are found, there is no class which bears any proportion in point either of frequency of occurrence, or in quantity, to this last.

LII.—PRECEPTS.

1. Never speak any thing for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak truths, and not falsehoods. It is a great offense against humanity itself; for where there is no regard to truth, there can be no safe society between man and man.

2. And it is an injury to the speaker; for, besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind that he can scarcely tell truth, or avoid lying even when he has no color of necessity for it; and, in time, he comes to such a pass that, as other people can not believe he speaks truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood.

3. You must not equivocate, nor speak any thing positively for which you have no authority but report, or conjecture, or opinion. Let your words be few, especially when your superiors or strangers are present, lest you betray your own weakness, and rob yourself of the opportunity which you might otherwise have had to gain knowledge, wisdom and experience, by hearing those whom you silence by your impertinent talking.

4. Be not too earnest, loud, or violent in your conversation. Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise. Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking. Hear him out, and you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer.

5. Consider before you speak, especially when the business is of moment; weigh the sense of what you mean to utter, and the expressions you intend to use, that they may be significant, to the point, and inoffensive. Inconsiderate persons do not think till they speak; or they speak, and then think.

6. Some men excel in one thing, some in another. In

conversation learn, as near as you can, where the skill or excellence of any person lies ; put him upon talking on that subject ; observe what he says, keep it in your memory, or commit to writing. By this means you will glean knowledge from every one with whom you converse, and at an easy rate acquire what may be of use to you on many occasions.

7. When you are in company with light, vain, impertinent persons, let the observing of their failings make you the more cautious both in your conversation with them and in your general behavior, that you may avoid their errors.

8. If any one whom you do not know to be a person of truth, sobriety, and weight, relates strange stories, be not too ready to believe or report them ; and yet, unless he is one of your familiar acquaintances, be not too forward to contradict him.

9. If the occasion requires you to declare your opinion, do it modestly and gently, not bluntly nor coarsely. By this means you will avoid giving offense, or being abused for too much credulity.

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

LIII.—THE SOLITARY REAPER.

1. Behold her single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

2. No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travelers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands;
No sweeter voice was ever heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.
3. Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago;
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss or pain,
That has been, and may be again?
4. Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;
I listened till I had my fill,
And as I mounted up the hill
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LIV.—A FABLE.

1. A young man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterward, as he walked along, he kept his eye steadily fixed on the ground, in the hope of finding another.

2. And, in the course of a long life, he did pick up, at different times, a large amount of gold and silver. But all these days, as he was looking for them, he saw not that heaven was bright above him and nature was beautiful around.

3. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure; and when he died, a rich old man, he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road in which to pick up money as you walk along.

THEODORE PARKER.

LV.—CHEERFULNESS.

1. It is not enough for the preservation of health that our bodies are properly nourished, that we are fitly clothed, that we take exercise and enjoy rest, that we are cleanly in our persons and live in open and airy situations. All these things are useless if our temper and passions be not properly regulated and controlled.

2. It is useless to make a good meal of fit and nourishing diet, unless the mind is quiet and composed after it. A sally of passion, or a fit of sulkiness, spoils the digestion, and it would be better to go without food; because this not only prevents food undergoing its usual changes, but it may lay the foundation of lingering disease.

3. But it is not alone after we have taken food that passions and bad temper may injure us. We can not even eat if we yield to them. We lose our appetites, the stomach gets disordered, and the most delicate meal is rejected. Unless the temper be serene and cheerful we eat without an appetite, what we eat we can not digest, and food rather does us harm than good.

4. A happy-minded and amiable child is one of the

most beautiful and lovable of all God's creatures; the very sight of him has a tendency to soften our hearts and call into play our best affections. But God permits us all to be happy if we will seek happiness through Him.

5. Who that has been duly instructed in the way of true happiness, or who that has proper regard for his health and comfort, will indulge in bursts of violent passion, in fits of anger, or in sullenness? To do so is one of the greatest follies one can be guilty of. We can enjoy nothing when our hearts are filled with bad thoughts,—because as our internal feelings are bright or gloomy, so will every thing around us appear.

6. If, then, we are cheerful and contented, all nature smiles with us: the air seems more balmy, and the sky more clear; the meadows have a brighter gleam, the trees a richer foliage, and the flowers a more fragrant smell; the birds sing more sweetly, and the sun, moon and stars all appear more beautiful. We take our food with relish, and, whatever it may be, we enjoy it. We feel better for it, stronger, livelier and fitter for exertion.

7. Now, if we are ill-tempered and discontented, there is nothing which pleases us. We quarrel with our food, with our dress, with our amusements, with our companions, and with ourselves. Nothing comes right for us. The weather is either too hot or too cold, too dry or too damp. Neither sun, moon nor stars have any beauty; and the fields are barren, the flowers scentless, and the birds silent. We move alone, neither loving nor beloved.

8. Besides robbing ourselves of comfort and health, and becoming hateful to ourselves and to all around us, by passion and bad temper, we also unfit ourselves for performing our public and private duties. The passionate man—and the passionate child will become such—is not fit to mingle in society. He is always making himself enemies, and giving pain to himself and family.

9. Nor is this all. Every one who indulges in bad temper, and gives way to morose and sour feelings, sets a mischievous example to all around him, and spreads a baneful influence over all his associates. The affections become weakened, confidence is destroyed, health is injured, nervous and painful diseases are created, and all comfort is banished from his dwelling.

10. Let us always bear in mind that if we would preserve health, we must be good-tempered; that if we would enjoy the beauties of nature and the comforts of life, we must be good-tempered; that if we would be useful to ourselves and to others, we must be good-tempered; and that if we desire to show ourselves worthy of the blessings which our Heavenly Father showers down upon His children, we must be good-tempered, thankful, contented and cheerful.

LVI.—BETTER THAN GOLD.

1. Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank or titles a hundredfold,
Is a healthful body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,
And share his joy with a friendly glow,
With sympathies large enough to infold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.
2. Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep.
Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in realms of thought and books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and the good of yore.

3. Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come;
The shrine of love and the haven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble that home may be,
Or tried with sorrows by Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And center there, are better than gold.
4. Better than gold in affliction's hour
Is the balm of love with its soothing power;
Better than gold on a dying bed
Is the hand that pillows the sinking head.
When the pride and glory of life decay,
And earth and its vanities fade away,
The prostrate sufferer needs not to be told
That trust in Heaven is better than gold.

ALEXANDER SMART.

LVII.—A MOTHER'S LOVE: HOME.

1. Many of us — most of us who are advanced beyond the period of childhood — went out from that home to embark on the stormy sea of life. Of the feelings of a father, and of his interest in our welfare, we have never entertained a doubt, and our home was dear because he was there; but there was a peculiarity in the feeling that it was the home of our mother. While she lived there, there was a place that we felt was home. There was one place where we would always be welcome, one place where we would be met with a smile, one place where we would be sure of a friend.

2. The world might be indifferent to us; we might be unsuccessful in our studies or our business; new friends

which we supposed we had made might prove to be false; the honor which we thought we deserved might be withheld from us; we might be chagrined and mortified by seeing a rival outstrip us, and bear away the prize which we sought—but there was a place where no feelings of rivalry were found, and where those whom the world overlooked would be sure of a friendly greeting.

3. Whether pale and wan by study, care or sickness, or flushed with health and flattering success, we were sure that we should be welcome there. Though the world was cold towards us, yet there was one who always rejoiced in our success, and always was affected in our reverses; and there was a place to which we might go back from the storm which began to pelt us, where we might rest, and become encouraged and invigorated for a new conflict. So have I seen a bird, in its first efforts to fly, leave its nest and stretch its wings and go forth to the wide world.

4. But the wind blew it back and the rain began to fall, and the darkness of night began to draw on, and there was no shelter abroad, and it sought its way back to its nest to take shelter beneath its mother's wings and to be refreshed for the struggles of a new day; but then it flew away to think of its nest and its mother no more. But not thus did we leave our home when we bade adieu to it to go forth alone to the manly duties of life.

5. Even amidst the storms that then beat upon us, and the disappointments that we met with, and the coldness of the world, we felt still that there was one there who sympathized in our troubles, as well as rejoiced in our success, and that, whatever might be abroad, when we entered the door of her dwelling we should be met with a smile. We expected that a mother, like the mother of Sisera, as she "looked out at her window,"

waiting for the coming of her son, laden with the spoils of victory, would look out for our coming, and that our return would renew her joy and ours in our earlier days.

6. It makes a sad desolation when from such a place a mother is taken away, and when, whatever may be the sorrows or the successes in life, she is to greet the returning son or daughter no more. The home of our childhood may still be lovely. The old family mansion, the green fields, the running stream, the moss-covered well, the trees, the lawn, the rose, the sweet-briar, may be there. Perchance, too, there may be an aged father, with venerable locks, sitting in his loneliness, with every thing to command respect and love; but she is not there. Her familiar voice is not heard. The mother has been borne forth to sleep by the side of her children who went before her, and the place is not what it was.

7. There may be those there whom we much love, but she is not there. We may have formed new relations in life, tender and strong as they can be; we may have another home, dear to us as was the home of our childhood, where there is all in affection, kindness and religion to make us happy; but that home is not what it was, and it will never be what it was again. It is a loosening of one of the cords which bound us to earth, designed to prepare us for our eternal flight from every thing dear here below, and to teach us that there is no place here that is to be our permanent home.

ALBERT BARNES.

LVIII.—GIL BLAS AND THE OLD ARCHBISHOP.

Archbishop. Well, young man, what is your business with me?

Gil Blas. I am the young man whom your nephew, Don Fernando, was pleased to mention to you.

Arch. O! you are the person, then, of whom he spoke so handsomely. I engage you in my service, and consider you a valuable acquisition. From the specimens he showed me of your powers, you must be pretty well acquainted with the Greek and Latin authors. It is very evident your education has not been neglected. I am satisfied with your handwriting, and still more with your understanding. I thank my nephew, Don Fernando, for having given me such an able young man, whom I consider a rich acquisition. You transcribe so well, you must certainly understand grammar. Tell me, ingenuously, my friend, did you find nothing that shocked you in writing over the homily I sent you on trial — some neglect, perhaps, in style, or some improper term?

Gil B. O, sir, I am not learned enough to make critical observations; and if I was, I am persuaded the works of your Grace would escape my censure.

Arch. Young man, you are disposed to flatter; but tell me, which parts of it did you think most strikingly beautiful.

Gil B. If, where all was excellent, any parts were particularly so, I should say they were the personification of hope, and the description of a good man's death.

Arch. I see you have a delicate knowledge of the truly beautiful. This is what I call having taste and sentiment. Gil Blas, henceforth give thyself no uneasiness about thy fortune — I will take care of that. I love thee, and as a proof of my affection I will make thee my confidant — yes, my child, thou shalt be the repository of my most secret thoughts. Listen with attention to what I am going to say. My chief pleasure consists in preaching, and the Lord gives a blessing to my homilies, but I confess my weakness. The honor of being thought a perfect orator has charmed my imagination; my performances are thought equally nervous and delicate; but I

would of all things avoid the fault of good authors, who write too long. Wherefore, my dear Gil Blas, one thing that I exact of thy zeal is, whenever thou shalt perceive my pen smack of old age, and my genius flag, don't fail to advertise me of it, for I don't trust to my own judgment, which may be seduced by self-love. That observation must proceed from a disinterested understanding, and I make choice of thine, which I know is good, and am resolved to stand by thy decision.

Gil B. Thank Heaven, sir, that time is far off. Besides, a genius like that of your Grace will preserve its vigor much better than any other; or, to speak more justly, will be always the same. I look upon you as another Cardinal Ximenes, whose superior genius, instead of being weakened, seemed to acquire new strength by age.

Arch. No flattery, friend: I know I am liable to sink all at once. People at my age begin to feel infirmities, and the infirmities of the body often affect the understanding. I repeat it to thee again, Gil Blas: as soon as thou shalt judge mine in the least impaired, be sure to give me notice. And be not afraid of speaking freely and sincerely, for I shall receive thy advice as a mark of thy affection.

Gil B. Your Grace may always depend upon my fidelity.

Arch. I know thy sincerity, Gil Blas; and now tell me plainly, hast thou not heard the people make some remarks upon my late homilies?

Gil B. Your homilies have always been admired, but it seems to me that the last did not appear to have had so powerful an effect upon the audience as former ones.

Arch. How, sir, has it met with any Aristarchus?

Gil B. No, sir, by no means; such works as yours are not to be criticised; every body is charmed with

them. Nevertheless, since you have laid your injunctions upon me to be free and sincere, I will take the liberty to tell you that your last discourse, in my judgment, has not altogether the energy of your other performances. Did you not think so, sir, yourself?

Arch. So, then, Mr. Gil Blas, this piece is not to your taste?

Gil B. I don't say so, sir; I think it excellent, although a little inferior to your other works.

Arch. I understand you; you think I flag, don't you? Come, be plain; you believe it is time for me to think of retiring.

Gil B. I should not have been so bold as to speak so freely, if your Grace had not commanded me; I do no more, therefore, than obey you, and I most humbly beg that you will not be offended at my freedom.

Arch. God forbid! God forbid that I should find fault with it. I don't at all take it ill that you should speak your sentiments; it is your sentiment itself, only, that I find bad. I have been most egregiously deceived in your narrow understanding.

Gil B. Your Grace will pardon me for obeying—

Arch. Say no more, my child; you are yet too raw to make proper distinctions. Be it known to you, I never composed a better homily than that which you disapprove; for my genius, thank Heaven, hath, as yet, lost nothing of its vigor; henceforth I will make a better choice of a confidant. Go! go, Mr. Gil Blas, and tell my treasurer to give you a hundred ducats, and may Heaven conduct you with that sum. Adieu, Mr. Gil Blas! I wish you all manner of prosperity, with a little more taste.

LE SAGE.

Self-partiality hides from us those very faults in ourselves which we see and condemn in others.

LIX.—CHARCOAL'S STORY.

1. I'm only Charcoal, the blacksmith's dog,
Ugly and fast growing old;
Lying in the sunshine the livelong day,
By the forge when the nights are cold.
I look across at the little house,
The door where I used to wait
For a school-boy shout, a merry face,
To meet me within the gate.
2. My master, the smith, remembers too;
I see on his grimy cheek,
As he looks across at the cottage door,
A pitiful tear-drawn streak.
He, stooping, lays in a trembling way
His hand on my lifted head;
I look and whine, but we understand—
Each thinks of the school-boy dead.
3. Prince is the tawny and handsome hound
That comes with the hunting Squire;
Smooth and well-fed, with a stable bed,
And a place by the kitchen fire.
The Squire is going away, he said;
He waited an hour to-day,
While my master carefully shod his mare
In his slow, old-fashioned way.
4. I heard him say, with an oath or two,
"Put an end to that sorry cur;
Better buy my Prince, he's a noble beast:"
I heard, but I did not stir.
For I knew I was only a worn-out thing,
Not bright, like the tawny hound,
And I felt I would gladly go and die
On a short, new church-yard mound.

5. "Well, Squire,"—the brawny arm rose and fell,
The sparks from the anvil flew,—
"I s'pose the creature that's lying there
Is not much account to you;
But while I live and can earn his keep,
Old Charcoal and I won't part;
For, Squire, I really think sometimes,
The dog has a human heart.
6. "My little Jacky—he loved him so;
And Jacky, he's gone, you see;
And so it 'pears as if Charcoal knows
That he's more than folks to me."
7. The Squire is gone with his horse and hound,
And master and I still wait
Together, and side by side go in
At night through the lonely gate.
But by and by one must go alone—
Only one be left of three—
To pass the gate and the cottage door:
Alas! if it should be me.
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LX.—SPONGE.

1. Sponge is a very porous and compressible substance found adhering to rocks, shells and other surfaces. It is found in large quantities in the Mediterranean Sea, among the islands of the Archipelago. Good sponges are also found in the Red Sea, on the coast of Florida, and among the Bahama islands. Those from the Greek islands, however, are considered most valuable.

2. Formerly, sponge was supposed to be a vegetable production, but it is now classed among the lowest orders

of the animal kingdom, as it yields, when analysed, the same results as animal substances in general. It is light and soft, usually containing embedded fragments of mineral matter and small shells—particularly in those of coarse texture and large size.

3. It is traversed by innumerable pores, the microscope showing the whole network of the sponge to be composed of fine tubes. If examined while in the water, currents may be seen passing out of the larger openings, having probably entered through the smaller pores, thus giving rise to an obscure motion or circulation.

4. As an animal, it lives on the water, and what the water holds in solution; and hence it is probably necessary that water should be constantly circulating through it. The bottle sponge—so called from its shape resembling a bottle—curiously exhibits this motion. Its absorbing pores are all on the outside, and its vents, or larger openings, within,—so that there is constantly a strong current pouring from the mouth of the bottle.

5. In some of the islands of the Archipelago, the inhabitants make it a business to obtain sponges by diving, having been trained to it from their infancy. Other methods are sometimes resorted to, such as spearing or grappling; but they injure the sponges, which can not easily be detached from the surfaces to which they adhere. When first taken from the water, they are covered with a slippery gelatinous substance, which is removed by washing.

6. They are placed in heaps, under piles of stones, which press them closely together, so that they become hard and flat when dry. The mineral substances are removed by beating the sponge until they are reduced to powder and drop out in washing. After this the sponge is ready for market and use. It is a singular fact that, after the impurities have been removed, the sponge weighs more than when first taken from the water.

7. Sponges serve a great variety of useful purposes, both in the arts and medicine, and contribute, in many known ways, to cleanliness and comfort. They are of very unequal value, the texture of some being fine and soft, while that of others is coarse and rough. Smyrna is a great market, or depot, for sponges.

8. One of the latest uses to which sponge has been applied is said to be that of making into cloth. The article most used for this is that found on the rocks of the Bahama islands, and the coast of Florida, which is excellent in quality and inexhaustible in quantity.

9. This sponge, when torn from the rock to which it adheres, appears at first as a heavy, black-looking mass, with a strong and offensive odor. In order to cleanse and purify it, it is buried in the earth for some weeks, at the end of which all the organic matter will be decomposed.

10. In this state it is liable to become hard and unfit for the manufacturing process. To obviate this, the sponge is immersed in water containing from ten to twenty per cent. of glycerine, and then squeezed dry, after which it will be entirely soft and elastic. It is then cut into small pieces, subjected to a carding process, and afterwards felted. Only certain qualities of sponge are capable of being spun into yarn for weaving. One of them is the kind known as "Chipoul," which has a long fiber.

11. The felted sponge may be used for hat bodies, carpets, etc. The sponge cloth for clothing is made in the same manner as "shoddy." Sponge may be used in textile fabrics, either with or without the admixture of other fibers, such as wool and hair. Sponge has of late been considerably used as a material for stuffing furniture, mattresses, cushions, pillows, etc. The surgeon, physician, chemist, and many others, find frequent and numerous uses for this valuable article.

LXI.—SMALL BEGINNINGS NOT TO BE DESPISED.

1. Despise not the day of small things. This sentence contains much wisdom and philosophy. It is very easy and natural to sneer at small beginnings and humble means; but it is not always wise to do so. It is better to commence on a humble scale, and come out in good style at last, than to suffer a severe collapse after an extensive and ridiculous flourish.

2. We have heard it told of a man worth his millions, that he commenced by selling fruit at a street stall. We have seen boys at school roll a handful of snow on the ground, till, by its accumulated matter, it became so bulky that a dozen could scarcely move it. Sands make the mountains, moments make the year, drops make the ocean, and so little endeavors, earnestly, unceasingly, and honestly put forth, make the great men in the world's history.

3. We say, then, do not despise the day of small things. If you have an undertaking to accomplish, or a good thing to bring about, begin according to your means, and never be discouraged because you can not make so magnificent a commencement as you could wish. Old King John, the Frenchman, five hundred years ago, conceived the idea of founding a library, and he began with — what do you suppose? — two volumes! But he knew what he was about; for that library — the Royal Library of Paris — is now the most magnificent public library in the world, and contains 1,000,000 volumes!

4. A whale one day came frolicking into the harbor of Nantucket, a short time after the first settlement of that island; and as it continued there for many hours the enterprising inhabitants were induced to contrive

and prepare a large barbed iron with a strong cord attached, with which they finally succeeded in securing this aquatic monster. A small matter, truly; but it was the commencement of a business which has added millions to the wealth of the people.

5. Two fishermen in Holland once had a dispute in a tavern, on the question whether the fish takes the hook, or the hook takes the fish. From this trivial circumstance arose two opposing parties, the "Hooks" and the "Cobble-Joints," who for two centuries, divided the nation, and maintained a contest not unlike that between the red and the white roses in England.

6. There is a traditionary counterpart to this in our own history. We allude to the story of the pig, whose stupid obstinacy, we are gravely told, involved us in a war with Great Britain, in 1812. There is nothing incredible about it, however; and as many of our readers may not have heard the anecdote we will venture to repeat it.

7. Two neighbors, both of the old federal school of politics, who lived in the city of Providence, chanced to quarrel; and it so happened that one was the owner of a pig, which had an irresistible inclination to perambulate in the garden of the other. The owner of the garden complained. The neighbor replied that the pig troubled him because he kept his fences in such ill repair. One morning soon after, the pig was surprised in the act of rooting up some very valuable bulbous roots. This was the last "feather;" the owner of the garden put a pitchfork into his tender sides, and killed him outright.

8. At the coming election, the owner of the garden was a candidate for a seat in the Legislature, and failed by one vote—the vote of his incensed neighbor, who voted against him. At the election of a senator, the

democratic candidate was elected by one vote; and when the question of war with England was before the senate, it was declared by the majority of one vote; so that but for this pig we should probably have been saved from this war.

9. It is related of Chantrey, the celebrated sculptor, that, when a boy, he was one day observed by a gentleman, in the neighborhood of Sheffield, very earnestly engaged in cutting a stick with a penknife. This gentleman asked the lad what he was doing, and, with great simplicity, the boy replied, "I am cutting old Fox's head." Fox was the schoolmaster of the village.

10. On this, the gentleman asked to see what he had done, and pronouncing it an excellent likeness, presented the youth a sixpence. This may be reckoned as the first money Chantrey ever received for the production of his art; and from such a beginning it was that one of the greatest of modern artists arose.

11. Again we say, despise not small beginnings, nor look with supercilious contempt upon every thing which appears insignificant and trifling. Trifles are not so plenty in this world as many of us imagine. A philosopher has observed that wars, involving mischief to great nations, have arisen from a ministerial dispatch being written in a fit of indigestion! When Alexander Pope received his present of Turkey figs, he little thought that a twig from the basket was to be the means of introducing the weeping willow into England and America; but so it was.

12. And so it is that this world, in all its various departments, is made up of and governed by trifles too small at first to attract notice. The wise man will not only cultivate sharp eyes, but attentive habits, and make the most and the best of every thing, however insignificant it may seem to be.

LXII.—AN APRIL DAY.

1. All day the low-hung clouds have dropt
 Their garnered fullness down ;
All day that soft gray mist hath wrapt
 Hill, valley, grove and town.
There has not been a sound to-day
 To break the calm of nature :
Nor motion, I might almost say,
 Of life or living creature ;
Of waving bow, or warbling bird,
 Or cattle faintly lowing ;
I could have half believed I heard
 The leaves and blossoms growing.
2. I stood to hear,—I love it well,
 The rain's continuous sound ;
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,
 Down straight into the ground.
For leafy thickness is not yet
 Earth's naked breast to screen,
Though every dripping branch is set
 With shoots of tender green.
Sure, since I looked at early morn,
 Those honeysuckle buds
Have swelled to double growth ; that thorn
 Hath put forth larger studs ;
That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,
 The milk-white flowers revealing ;
Even now upon my senses first
 Methinks their sweets are stealing.
3. The very earth, the steamy air
 Is all with fragrance rife ;
And grace and beauty everywhere
 Are flushing into life.

Down, down they come, those fruitful stores!
Those earth-rejoicing drops
A momentary deluge pours,
Then thins — decreases — stops;
And ere the dimples on the stream
Have circled out of sight,
Lo! from the west a parting gleam
Breaks forth of amber light.
But yet behold! abrupt and loud
Comes down the glittering rain;
The farewell of a passing cloud,
The fringes of her train.

G. CHAUCER.

LXIII.—DEATH OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.*

1. A short time since, and he who is the occasion of our sorrows was the ornament of his country. He stood on an eminence, and glory covered him. From that eminence he has fallen — suddenly, forever fallen. His intercourse with the living world is now ended; and those who would hereafter find him must seek him in the grave.

2. There, cold and lifeless, is the heart which just now was the seat of friendship; there, dim and sightless, is the eye whose radiant and enlivening orb beamed with

*An eminent American statesman and writer, born in 1757. He was a member of the convention that formed the constitution of the United States; afterwards secretary of the United States treasury; and in 1799, on the death of Washington, he succeeded to the chief command of the United States army. On the 11th of July, 1804, he was shot, and fell mortally wounded, at Hoboken, N. J., in a duel with Aaron Burr. He died in the afternoon of the next day. His death caused a sensation surpassed only by the tragic death of Abraham Lincoln; for in his death the nation lost a good man of transcendent abilities, and one in whom the people had the greatest confidence.

intelligence; and there, closed forever, are those lips on whose persuasive accents we have so often, and so lately, hung with transport.

3. From the darkness which rests upon his tomb there proceeds, methinks, a light, in which it is clearly seen that those gaudy objects which men pursue are only phantoms. In this light, how dimly shines the splendor of victory! how humble appears the majesty of grandeur! The bubble which seemed to have so much solidity has burst, and we again see that all below the sun is vanity.

4. True, the funeral eulogy has been pronounced; the sad and solemn procession has moved; the badge of mourning has already been decreed; and presently the sculptured marble will lift up its front, proud to perpetuate the name of Hamilton and rehearse to the passing traveler his virtues.

5. Just tributes of respect, and to the living useful; but to him, moldering in his narrow and humble habitation, what are they? How vain! How unavailing! Approach and behold, while I lift from his sepulcher its covering. Ye admirers of his greatness, ye emulous of his talents and his fame, approach and behold him now.

6. How pale! how silent! No martial bands admire the adroitness of his movements; no fascinated throng weep, and melt, and tremble at his eloquence. Amazing change! A shroud, a coffin, a narrow subterraneous cabin!—this is all that now remains of Hamilton. And is this all that remains of him? During a life so transitory, what lasting monument, then, can our fondest hopes erect?

7. My brethren, we stand on the borders of an awful gulf, which is swallowing up all things human. And is there, amidst this universal wreck, nothing stable, nothing abiding, nothing immortal, on which poor, frail, dying

man can fasten? Ask the hero; ask the statesman, whose wisdom you have been accustomed to revere, and he will tell you.

8. He will tell you, did I say? He has already told you, from his death-bed; and his illumined spirit still whispers from the heavens, with well-known eloquence, the solemn admonition: "Mortals, hastening to the tomb, and once the companions of my pilgrimage, take warning, and avoid my errors; cultivate the virtues I have recommended; live disinterestedly; live for immortality; and if you would rescue any thing from final dissolution, lay it up in God."

ELIPHALET NOTT.

LXIV.—THE GRAVE OF AARON BURR.

1. We envy not the man who, unmoved, can gaze on the grave of Colonel Burr. It is one of the most desolate places that we have ever seen. There is no monumental pile or sculptured marble standing over it, to evince the affection, or even respect, of a single soul; not so much as a rough, unhewn stone marks the head or the foot of him who once held such sway over the minds and feelings of men.

2. Wild grass and poisonous weeds form the sod that partly covers him. The rest of the surface of the grave is sterile clay, yielding no verdant plant or shrub. The stranger treads upon the spot and regards it not, until he is told that he stands over the remains of Burr.

3. How changed the scene, when from this unmarked spot we turn to the sleeping-place of the father of Burr! Over it there is no towering monument; but there is a massive tombstone, on which are chiseled the deeds of the loved and honored president of New Jersey College

The grave of the son is only designated by its being at the foot of the father's.

4. As the visitor stands over the grave, many scenes in the checkered and eventful life of Burr crowd upon his recollection. He remembers the 6th of February, 1756, when Burr first saw that light through which misdirected zeal led him to so many deeds of woe.

5. He calls to mind the death of both his parents, while he was only three years old; the handsome fortune that was bequeathed an orphan son; the four days' abscondance from his preceptor, when, too, he was a child of four years' growth; the run away from Mr. Edwards, for the purpose of going to sea, while he was in his eleventh year; and the entrance of Princeton College at the early age of twelve, where he graduated at the age of sixteen, taking the honors of his class in spite of a moral character that evoked much disapprobation.

6. He reflects upon him as a volunteer in the American revolution, and a soldier in the celebrated expedition of Arnold to Quebec; as an aid to General Putnam, and a conferree of the title of lieutenant-colonel. He follows him to the study of law, and admittance to the Albany bar in 1782; to the Senate in 1791; and to the second place in the high gift of the American people in 1801.

7. He beholds him the destroyer of Hamilton; the intended establisher of an empire beyond the great father of rivers, of which he was to be emperor, and the Crescent City the great capital. He sees him arraigned before the tribunal of his country, and acquitted for want of that overt proof which his own far-stretching cunning had enveloped in impenetrable clouds.

8. And finally, he follows him from Staten Island, where, in 1836, he closed his miserable career, to the cemetery at Princeton, to be interred with the honors

of war, and to molder in a grave upon which the rewards of vicious ambition are to rest forever.

9. The life, the death, and the grave of Colonel Burr carry their own moral. The simple facts tell a tale that needs no comment. Words need not inform us that genius, however transcendent, unless virtue is one of its elements, can not attain eminence on which an unclouded sun will forever beam.

LXV.—RING OUT, WILD BELLS!

1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
2. Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
3. Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.
4. Ring out the slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
5. Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

6. Ring out the false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right;
Ring in the common love of good.
7. Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
8. Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,—
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Both swords and guns are strong, no doubt,
And so are tongue and pen,
And so are sheaves of good bank notes,
To sway the souls of men;
But guns and swords and gold and thought,
Though mighty in their sphere,
Are often poorer than a smile,
And weaker than a tear.

LXVI.—AN ARMY OF MONKEYS: A NOVEL BRIDGE.

1. "They are coming, and will most likely cross the river by the rocks yonder," observed Raoul.
2. "How, swim it?" I asked. "It is a torrent there!"
3. "O no," answered the Frenchman; "monkeys would rather go into fire than water. If they can not leap the stream they will bridge it."
4. "Bridge it! and how will they do that?"

5. "Stop a moment, Captain, and you shall see."

6. The half-human voices now sounded nearer, and we could perceive that the animals were approaching the spot where we lay. Presently they appeared upon the opposite bank, headed by an old gray chieftain, and officered like so many soldiers.

7. One — an aid-de-camp, or chief pioneer, perhaps,—ran out upon a projecting rock, and, after looking across the stream, as if calculating the distance, scampered back, and appeared to communicate with the leader. This produced a movement in the troops. Commands were issued, and fatigue parties were detailed, and marched to the front. Meanwhile several — engineers, no doubt,—ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides.

8. At length they all collected around a tall cottonwood, that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and twenty or thirty of them scampered up its trunk. On reaching a high point, the foremost — a strong fellow — ran out upon a limb, and, taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped off, and hung head downwards.

9. The next on the limb, also a stout one, climbed down the body of the first, and whipping his tail tightly around the neck and forearm of the latter, dropped off in his turn, and hung head down. The third repeated the maneuver upon the second, and the fourth upon the third, and so on, until the last one upon the string rested his fore paws upon the ground.

10. The living chain now commenced swinging backward and forward, like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased, the lowermost monkey striking his hands violently on the earth as he passed the tangent of the oscillating curve. Several others upon the limbs above aided the movement.

11. This continued until the monkey at the end of

the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite bank. Here, after two or three vibrations, he clutched a limb and held fast. This movement was executed adroitly, just at the culminating point of the oscillation, in order to save the intermediate links from the violence of a too sudden jerk.

12. The chain was now fast at both ends, forming a complete suspension bridge, over which the whole troop, to the number of four or five hundred, passed with the rapidity of thought. It was one of the most comical sights I ever beheld, to witness the quizzical expressions of the countenances along that living chain.

13. The troop was now on the other side, but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over? This was the question which suggested itself. Manifestly by number one letting go his tail. But then the other side was much lower, and number one, with half a dozen of his neighbors, would be dashed against the opposite bank or soused into the water.

14. Here, then, was a problem, and we waited with some curiosity for its solution. It was soon solved. A monkey was now seen attaching his tail to the lowest on the bridge, another girded him in a similar manner, and another, and so on, until a dozen more were added to the string. These last were all powerful fellows; and, running up to a high limb, they lifted the bridge into a position almost horizontal.

15. Then a scream from the last monkey of the new formation warned the tail end that all was ready; and the next moment the whole chain was swung over, and landed safely on the opposite bank. The lowermost links now dropped off like a melting candle, while the higher ones leaped to the branches and came down by the trunk. The whole troop then scampered off into the chaparral and disappeared.

LIEUT. MAYNE REID.

LXVII.—ENTHUSIASM NECESSARY TO SUCCESS.

1. There was never, probably, a time in the world's history when high success, in any profession, demanded harder or more incessant labor than now. Men can no longer go at one leap into eminent position. The world, as Emerson says, is no longer clay, but rather iron in the hands of its workers, and men have got to hammer out a place for themselves by steady and rugged blows.

2. Above all, a deep and burning enthusiasm is wanted in every one who would achieve great ends. No great thing is or can be done without it. It is a quality that is seen wherever there are earnest and determined workers—in the silence of the study, and amid the roar of cannon; in the painting of a picture, and in the carving of a statue.

3. Ability, learning, accomplishment, opportunity, are all well; but they do not, of themselves, insure success. Thousands have all these, and live and die without benefiting themselves or others. Men, on the other hand, of mediocre talents, often scale the dizzy steeps of excellence and fame because they have firm faith and high resolve.

4. It is this solid faith in one's mission—the rooted belief that it is the one thing to which he has been called—this enthusiasm, attracting an Agassiz to the Alps or the Amazon, impelling a Pliny to explore the volcano in which he is to lose his life, and nerving a Vernet, when tossing in a fierce tempest, to sketch the waste of waters, and even the wave that is leaping up to devour him—that marks the heroic spirit; and wherever it is found success, sooner or later, is almost inevitable.

WILLIAM MATHEWS.

LXVIII.—SPRING.

1. The Spring,—she is a blessed thing!
She is mother of the flowers!
She is the mate of birds and bees,
The partner of their revelries,
Our star of hope through wintry hours.
2. The merry children, when they see
Her coming, by the budding thorn,
They leap upon the cottage floor,
They shout beside the cottage door
And run to meet her, night and morn.
3. They are soonest with her in the woods,
Peeping the withered leaves among,
To find the earliest fragrant thing
That dares from the cold earth to spring,
Or catch the earliest wild bird's song.
4. The little brooks run on in light,
As if they had a chase of mirth;
The skies are blue, the air is warm;
Our very hearts have caught the charm
That sheds a beauty o'er the earth.
5. The aged man is in the field,
The maiden 'mong her garden flowers;
The sons of sorrow and distress
Are wandering in forgetfulness
Of wants that fret and care that lowers.
6. She comes with more than present good,
With joys to store for future years;
From which, in striving crowds apart,
The bowed in spirit, bruised in heart,
May glean up hope with grateful tears.

7. Up! let us to the fields away,
And breathe the fresh and balmy air;
The bird is building in the tree,
The flower has opened to the bee,
And health and love and peace are there.

MARY HOWITT.

LXIX.—GOD ONLY CAN SATISFY OUR AFFECTIONS.

1. The motives which are most commonly urged for cherishing supreme affection towards God are drawn from our frailty and weakness, and from our need of more than human succor in the trials of life and in the pains of death. But religion has a still higher claim. It answers to the deepest want of human nature.

2. We refer to our want of some being or beings to whom we may give our hearts; whom we may love more than ourselves; for whom we may live and be ready to die; and whose character responds to that idea of perfection which, however dim and undefined, is an essential element of every human soul.

3. We can not be happy beyond our love. At the same time, love may prove our chief woe, if bestowed unwisely, disproportionately, and on unworthy objects; if confined to beings of imperfect virtue, with whose feelings we can not always innocently sympathize; whose interests we can not always righteously promote; who narrow us to themselves, instead of breathing universal charity; who are frail, mutable, exposed to suffering, pain and death!

4. To secure a growing happiness and a spotless virtue, we need for the heart a being worthy of its whole treasure

of love; to whom we may consecrate our whole existence; in approaching whom we enter an atmosphere of purity and brightness; in sympathizing with whom we cherish only noble sentiments; in devoting ourselves to whom we espouse great and enduring interests; in whose character we find the spring of an ever enlarging philanthropy; and by attachment to whom all our other attachments are hallowed, protected, and supplied with tender and sublime consolation under bereavements and blighted hope. Such a being is God.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

LXX.—PAPER.

1. The only difference between paper and the rags of which it is made is in form and appearance, the material being the same. The very pages from which you are now reading, at some former time, may have formed a part of your clothing. After the rags for making paper are collected they are examined, and every thing likely to injure the machinery or paper, such as buttons and pins, is thrown out. At the same time the rags are assorted, the different qualities being used for different kinds of paper.

2. When the assorting has been completed the rags are cut into small pieces and placed in a revolving cylinder of wire-cloth, in order to free them from dust and dirt. Having been made as clean as possible by this process, the rags are next placed in a lime bleach, and then in a washing engine, after which they are placed in chests or vats, where they remain some days. They are then taken to the bleaching-room and subjected to the action of chlorine, or chloride of lime. This destroys the color and leaves the rags perfectly white.

3. They are next taken to the grinding mill and ground in water. This process entirely changes their form, and reduces them to pulp. It is now a mass of semi-liquid matter, perfectly white and about the consistency of thick cream. Although the material has been subjected to so many operations, the original fibers, reduced of course to a short lint, are still distinguishable. The pulp is now ready to be made into paper.

4. The cylinder paper machine consists of a square box about three feet deep, and of an equal width. In the top of this open box, and extending into it two-thirds of its diameter, is suspended the cylinder, which revolves upon its axis. The surface of this cylinder is covered with very fine copper or brass wire-cloth, forming a sieve. The cylinder is open at both ends, but these revolve against the box so as to be water-tight. Openings are made in the sides of the box opposite each of these ends to allow the water from the inside of the cylinder to pass off.

5. This box or vat is filled with the pulp, mixed with water, so that it becomes very thin and resembles milk and water. Were the wire-covered cylinder to remain at rest in this substance, the surface would soon become loaded with pulp, and thus prevent the water from passing through it; but it is made to revolve, and the fine fibers, which adhere to its surface, are removed by a long belt of woollen cloth, which is brought in contact with the upper surface of the cylinder.

6. This belt takes off a continuous sheet of the pulp, and passes between two press rollers, which expel the water. The wet sheet now leaves the cloth and passes over an iron cylinder heated by steam, on which the paper is dried. From this position it passes to reels, and is next cut into sheets by machinery.

7. Thus the cylinder which revolves in the vat is cleared of its pulp, and becomes constantly ready to

take on more. That part which is immersed in the pulp-water takes on the pulp, which is removed by the belt on the top, so that the sheet is continuous.

8. Some paper mills run a week or more, day and night, without breaking the paper, which is often manufactured at the rate of fifteen or twenty yards in a minute. From the time the pulp is taken upon the cylinder in the vat, it is formed, pressed, dried, and cut into sheets in less than half a minute.

9. The thickness of the paper is determined by the size of the stream of pulp that runs steadily into the vat in which the sieve-covered cylinder revolves. If a sheet of printing or writing paper be held up to the light, it will show the marks of the wire-cloth on the cylinder.

10. Another machine, called the "Fourdrinier machine," from the name of its inventor, consists of a revolving belt of wire-cloth, of about ten yards in length. The pulp is made to pour on the surface of this in a thin, broad stream. The water passes through the sieve, leaving the pulp upon it.

11. This is taken off, as from the other machine, by a belt of wet woolen cloth, called the felt. This belt is made to press on the wire-cloth by passing between it and a cylinder. This pressure causes the pulp to adhere to the belt, on which it is conveyed between the press-rollers, where the water is excluded, after which it is dried and pressed as before. The best machine paper is made on this machine, and it is the one now in general use.

12. Before paper machines were invented, paper was formed by hand on a piece of wire-cloth strained over a frame, like the canvas on which a portrait or landscape is painted. This frame was of the size of a sheet of paper. The sieve was dipped into a vat of pulp, and held level while being raised up gradually.

13. The water passing through the sieve left the sheet of pulp on its surface. This was afterward pressed, dried

and prepared for use. Bank note, and much of the fine letter-paper, is still made in this way. Hand-made paper may be known by marks, or parallel lines, running in one direction, caused by the wires of which the sieve is made.

14. The principal difference between the kind of paper commonly used in printing, the manufacture of which has been described, and that used for writing is, that the latter, after it comes from the machine, is sized, by being dipped into a preparation of thin glue, which prevents the ink from spreading when written upon.

15. After this it is again pressed and dried. The hard, smooth surface upon writing paper, as well as upon the best paper used in printing, is made by pressing it between heavy iron cylinders, running so closely together as to subject it to an enormous pressure. This process is called calendering.

16. The finest kind of letter-paper is made of selected linen rags of the best quality. Much of the paper of a bluish color in common use is made of inferior material, rags that can not be rendered perfectly white, and which if not colored would appear clouded and dirty.

17. Paper on which bank notes are printed is made of new linen cloth. Blotting paper is made without being sized or much pressed. Brown paper, and such kinds as are used for wrapping, are made of a variety of materials, as canvas, sack-cloth, rope, and some of straw and grass.

LXXI.—THE WINDS.

1. We come! we come! and ye feel our might,
As we're hastening on in our boundless flight;
And over the mountains, and over the deep,
Our broad, invisible pinions sweep

- Like the spirit of Liberty, wild and free,
And ye look on our works, and own 'tis we;
Ye call us the winds; but can ye tell
Whither we go, or where we dwell?
2. Ye mark, as we vary our forms of power,
And fell the forests, or fan the flower,
When the hare-bell moves, and the rush is bent,
When the tower's o'erthrown, and the oak is rent,
As we waft the bark o'er the slumbering wave,
Or hurry its crew to a watery grave;
And ye say it is we; but can ye trace
The wandering winds to their secret place?
3. And whether our breath be loud and high,
Or come in a soft and balmy sigh,
Our threatenings fill the soul with fear,
Or our gentle whisperings woo the ear
With music aerial, still 'tis we.
And ye list, and ye look, but what do you see?
Can ye hush one sound of our voice to peace?
Or waken one note when our numbers cease?
4. Our dwelling is in the Almighty's hand;
We come and we go at His command.
Though joy, or sorrow, may mark our track,
His will is our guide, and we look not back:
And if, in our wrath, ye would turn us away,
Or win us in gentle airs to play,
Then lift up your hearts to Him who binds,
Or frees, as he will, the obedient winds.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

Never let honest convictions be laughed down. He who is true to himself will not only be respected by the world, but will have the constant company of an approving conscience, which is far better.

LXXII.—A CURTAIN LECTURE OF MRS. CAUDLE.

1. Bah! that's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do! Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than taken our umbrella.

2. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And, as I'm alive, if it isn't St. Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense: you don't impose upon me; you can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? O, you do hear it!

3. Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle; don't insult me; he return the umbrella! Any body would think you were born yesterday. As if any body ever did return an umbrella! There, do you hear it? Worse and worse. Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks; and no umbrella!

4. I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather, I am determined. No; they shall stop at home and never learn any thing (the blessed creatures!), sooner than go and get wet! And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing: who, indeed, but their father. People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

5. But I know why you lent the umbrella: O yes, I know very well! I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow. You knew that, and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate me to go there, and take every

mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle; no, sir; if it comes down in buckets full, I'll go all the more. No; and I won't have a cab. Where do you think the money's to come from?

6. You've got nice high notions at that club of yours! A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen pence, at least. Sixteen pence!—two and eightpence, for there's back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em; for I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do, throwing away your property and begging your children, buying umbrellas!

7. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow—I will; and what's more I'll walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; it's you that's the foolish man.

8. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall; and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will. It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death: yes, and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

9. Nice clothes I get, too, traipsing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled, quite. Needn't I wear 'em then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear 'em. No, sir; I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or any body else. Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold—indeed, I might as well be a slave at once—better, I should say. But when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. O, that rain! if it isn't enough to break in the windows.

10. Ugh! I look forward with dread for to-morrow.

How I am to go to mother's I'm sure I can't tell ; but if I die, I'll do it. No, sir : I won't borrow an umbrella : no ; and you shan't buy one. Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it into the street.

11. Ha ! And it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one. Paying for new nozzles for other people to laugh at you ! O, it's all very well for you ; you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor, patient wife, and your own dear children ; you think of nothing but lending umbrellas.

12. Men, indeed ! call themselves lords of the creation ! — pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella ! I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me, but that's what you want ; then you may go to your club, and do as you like ; and then nicely my poor dear children will be used ; but then, sir, then you'll be happy. O, don't tell me ! I know you will, else you'd never have lent the umbrella.

13. You have to go on Thursday about that summons ; and, of course, you can't go. No, indeed : you don't go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care — it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes ; people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas !

14. And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella. O, don't tell me that I said I would go ; that's nothing to do with it — nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her ; and the little money we're to have, we shan't have at all : because we've no umbrella.

15. The children, too ! (dear things !) they'll be sopping wet ; for they shan't stay at home ; they shan't lose their learning ; it's all their father will leave them, I'm sure. But they shall go to school. Don't tell me they

shouldn't ; (you are so aggravating, Caudle — you'd spoil the temper of an angel) they shall go to school — mark that ; and if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault ; I didn't lend the umbrella.

16. "Here," says Caudle, in his manuscript, "I fell asleep and dreamed that the sky was turned into green calico, with whalebone ribs : that, in fact, the whole world revolved under a tremendous umbrella !"

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

LXXIII.—EDUCATED OBSERVERS.

1. This expression contains the key-note of all true educational principles. The habit of observation is, above all else, the educator, and the man or woman who accustoms himself or herself to observe closely will make sure work in the matter of acquiring information, whether the habit be accompanied by much or little of scholastic culture. All that we know of physical science we owe, of course, to observation alone.

2. In many ways the study of things is of even more value than the study of books. Indeed, the very books we use, if they be of any account at all, are more or less the immediate fruit of intelligent observation. All that we know has been learned originally by this very process. We observe a fact, and learn that it is a fact. From it and others we draw conclusions. And this is the genesis of all our knowing.

3. We get from books only the results of other people's observations ; and while these are of great worth without doubt, we can not do a more foolish thing than to rest satisfied with them, and neglect the countless opportunities we have of questioning the things about us for information at first hand. As well might we refuse to

look at Niagara because we have already seen pictures and read descriptions of the cataract, or to inhale the perfume of the rose because we have heard of its odor and seen the flower.

4. Training of precisely this sort — the cultivation of the habit of looking at and looking into the things with which we daily come in contact — is one of the great educational needs of our time, as it has been of all other times. The only wonder is that professional educators in the past have been so slow to recognize the want and to supply it.

5. We observe facts, and we question them of their cause and meaning instinctively, — we do it in early childhood. Ordinarily this tendency in children is pretty effectually checked in our schools by the matter and methods of instruction, — and that, too, by those who ought rather to encourage its development, and to give it such direction as to insure abundant fruit.

6. But it is not merely the habit of observing that we need to cultivate. We must learn to observe intelligently — to look at things with our wits about us, and to learn their causes and consequences as well as the facts themselves. Any body may see the bud, the blossom and the fruit all in their regular order, but if he sees no more than these, his observing is of little worth.

7. He must see in the bud the beginning of a blossom, in the blossom the promise, in the fruit the fulfillment, before his looking will have taught him even so small a thing as why the bud and the blossom are. We can hardly fail to be observers, to some extent, so long as we have eyes and ears; but we may, if we will, make ourselves educated observers, which is quite another thing.

8. We may learn to make a teacher out of every thing around us, and thus draw instruction from a hundred

sources that were otherwise sealed books to us; and indeed we must do something of this sort if we would be really and truly educated.

LXXIV.—LONGING.

1. Of all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful, as longing?
The thing we long for, that we are,
For one transcendent moment,
Before the present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment.
2. Still, through our paltry stir and strife,
Grows down our wished ideal;
And longing molds in clay what life
Carves in the marble real;
To let the new life in we know
Desire must ope the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.
3. Longing is God's fresh heavenward will,
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But, would we learn the heart's full scope,
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope,
And realize our longing.
4. Ah! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread His ways,
But when the spirit beckons;

That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
Howe'er we fail in action.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

LXXV.—APPETITE.

1. The young man walks in the midst of temptation to appetite, the improper indulgence of which is in danger of proving his ruin. Health, longevity and virtue depend on his resisting these temptations. The providence of God is no more responsible, because a man by improper indulgence becomes subject to disease, than for the picking of his pockets. For a young man to injure his health, is to waste his patrimony and destroy his capacity for virtuous deeds.

2. Should man love God, he would have more strength for the exercise of it with a sound body. Not only the amount, but the quality, of man's labor depends on his health. Not only lying lips, but a dyspeptic stomach, is an abomination to the Lord. The productions of the poet, the man of science, or the orator, must be affected by his health. The man who neglects to control his appetites, is to himself what a state of barbarism is to society — the brutish part predominates. He is to himself what Nicholas is to Hungary.

3. Men buy pains, and the purveyor and the market-man bring home disease. Our pious ancestors used to bury the suicide where four roads met; yet every gentleman or lady who lays the foundation of disease with turtle soup or lobster salad, as really commits suicide as if he used the rope or the pistol; and were the old law revived, how many who are now honored with a resting-

place at Auburn would be found on the cross-roads! Is it nothing amazing that a man, invited to a repast worthy of the gods, should stop to feed on garbage; or, when called to partake of the Circean cup, should stop to guzzle with swine?

4. If young men imagine that the gratification of appetite is the great source of enjoyment, they will find this in the highest degree with industry and temperance. The epicure, who sees it in a dinner which costs five dollars, will find less enjoyment of appetite than the laborer who dines on a shilling. If the devotee of appetite desires its highest gratification, he must not send for buffalo tongues, but climb a mountain or swing an ax.

5. Without health there is no delicacy that can provoke an appetite. Whoever destroys his health, turns the most delicious viands into ipecac and aloes. The man that is physically wicked does not live out half his days, and he is not half alive while he does live. However gracious God may be with the heart, He never pardons the stomach.

6. Let a young man pursue a course of temperance, sobriety and industry, and he may retain his vigor till three-score years and ten, with his cup of enjoyment full, and depart painlessly: as the candle burns out in its socket, he will expire. But look at the opposite. When a man suffers his appetite to control him, he turns his dwelling into a lazar-house, whether he lives in a hovel, clothed in rags, or in the splendid mansion and gorgeous clothing of the upper ten.

7. Let every young man look on this picture and on that, and tell which he will choose. Society despises the wretch who debases himself, and treats him as the wild horses do their intractable members—get him inside of a ring, and kick him to death.

HORACE MANN.

LXXVI.—WATER-SPOUTS.

1. These wonderful appearances are caused by the action of currents of wind meeting in the atmosphere from different quarters. They are sometimes seen on land, but much more frequently at sea, where they are very dangerous visitors. I will try to give you some idea of what they are. I dare say you have often noticed little eddies of wind whirling up dust and leaves, or any light substances which happened to be in the way: when these occur on a larger scale, they are called whirlwinds.

2. Now if a cloud happens to be exactly in the point where two such furious currents of wind meet, it is turned round and round by them with great speed, and is condensed into the form of a cone. This whirling motion drives from the center of the cloud all the particles contained in it, producing what is called a vacuum, or empty space, into which the water, or any thing else lying beneath it, has an irresistible tendency to rush.

3. Underneath the dense impending cloud the sea becomes violently agitated, and the waves dart rapidly towards the center of the troubled mass of water. On reaching it they disperse in vapor and rise whirling in a spiral direction towards the cloud. The descending and ascending columns unite. The whole presenting the appearance of a hollow cylinder, or a tube of glass empty within.

4. This Malte Brun tells us; and he further adds: "It glides over the sea without any wind being felt; indeed several have been seen at once, pursuing different directions. When the cloud and the marine base of the water-spout move with equal velocity, the lower cone is often seen to incline sideways, or even to bend, and finally burst in pieces. A noise is then heard like the noise of a cataract falling in a deep valley. Lightning frequently

issues from the very bosom of the water-spout, particularly when it breaks; but no thunder is ever heard."

5. Sailors, to prevent the danger which would arise from coming in contact with one of these tremendous columns, discharge a cannon into it. The ball passing through it breaks the watery cylinder and causes it to burst, just as a touch causes your beautiful soap-bubble to vanish and turn to water again.

LXXVII.—SOLITUDE.

Verses imagined to have been written by Alexander Selkirk during his solitary abode on the Island of Juan Fernandez.

1. I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the center all 'round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.
2. I am out of humanity's reach;
I must finish my journey alone;
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.
- 3 Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
O, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!

My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth —
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth

4. Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver or gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard —
Ne'er sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.
5. Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O, tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.
6. How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand,
Soon hurries me back to despair.
7. But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.

There's mercy in every place;
And mercy — encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

WILLIAM COWPER.

LXXVIII.—NOTHING LIVES FOR ITSELF ALONE.

1. What does God teach in His works? What is the lesson which He there bids us read concerning the great end of life? On the frail little stem in the garden hangs the opening rose. Go speak to it: "Why do you hang there, beautiful flower?"

2. "I hang here to sweeten the air which man breathes, to open my beauties to kindle emotion in his eye, to show him the hand of God who penciled every leaf, and laid it thus carefully on my bosom; and whether you find me here to greet him every morning with my opening face, or folding myself up under the cool curtains of evening, my end is the same. I live not to myself alone."

3. "But suppose you hung on the distant mountain side, instead of the garden?"

4. "Why, then I should live in brightness, under the bare possibility that man might direct his footsteps there, and smile to see me already awaiting his arrival, or that other spirits might see that God loves to give so freely, that He throws His glories even on the desert in profusion. Even there I should not live to myself alone."

5. Beside yon highway stands an aged tree, solitary and alone. You see no living thing near it, and you say, "Surely that must stand and live for itself alone!"

6. "No," says the tree; "God never made me for a

purpose so small. I am old. I have stood here more than a hundred years. In the summer I have spread out my arms and sheltered the panting flocks which hastened to my shade. In my bosom I have concealed and protected the broods of young birds as they lay and rocked in their nests.

7. "In the storm I have more than once received in my body the lightning's bolt, which had else destroyed the traveler. The acorns which I matured from year to year have been carried far and wide, and groves of forest oaks can claim me as their parent.

8. "I have lived for the eagle which has perched on my top; for the humming-bird that has paused and refreshed its giddy wings, ere it danced away again like a blossom of the air; for the insect that has found a home within the folds of my bark; and when I fall it will be by the hands of man, that I may strengthen the ship which makes him lord of the ocean, or go to his dwelling, to warm his hearth and cheer his home. I live not to myself."

9. On yonder mountain side comes down the silver brook, in the distance resembling a ribbon of silver; running and leaping as it dashes joyously and fearlessly down. Go ask that leaper: "Why are you doing thus?"

10. "I was born high up the mountain, but there I could do no good; and so I am hurrying down, running where I can and leaping where I must, but hastening down to create the sweet valley, where the thirsty cattle may drink, where the lark may sing on my margin, where I may drive the mill for the convenience of man, and then widen into the great river, and bear up his steamboats and shipping, and finally plunge into the ocean, to rise again in vapor, and perhaps come back in the cloud to my own native mountain to live my short life over again. Not a drop of water comes down my channel on

whose bright face you may not read, 'None liveth to himself.'"

11. Speak now to that solitary star that hangs in the far verge of heaven, and ask the bright sparkler: "What are you doing there?"

12. Its voice comes down the path of light, and cries, "I am a mighty world. I was stationed here at creation, and had all my duties marked out. I was among the morning stars that sang together, and among the sons of God that shouted for joy at the creation of the earth.

13. "Aye, I was there

'When the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved thro' their depths by His mighty breath,
And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame
From the void abyss by myriads came;
In the joy of youth, as they darted away,
Through the widening waste of space to play
Their silver voices in chorus rung,
And this was the song the bright ones sung:

"Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are all Thy ways."

14. "Here among the morning stars I hold my place, and help to keep other worlds balanced and in their places. I have oceans and mountains, and I support myriads of immortal beings on my bosom; and when I have done all this, I send my bright beams down to earth, and the sailor takes hold of the helm and fixes his eye on me, and finds his way across the great ocean. Of all the countless hosts of my sister stars who walk forth in the great space of creation, not one, not one lives or shines for herself."

15. And thus has God written upon the flower that

sweetens the air; upon the breeze that rocks that flower on its stem; upon the rain-drop that refreshes the smallest sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert; upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its chambers; upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers millions of creatures that live in his light: upon all his works He has written, "None of us liveth to himself."

16. And probably, were we wise enough to understand these works, we should find that there is nothing, from the cold stone in the earth, or the minutest being that breathes, which may not, in some way or other, minister to the happiness of some living creature.

JOHN TODD.

LXXIX.—THE STRANGER ON THE SILL.

1. Between broad fields of wheat and corn,
Is the lowly home where I was born;
The peach-tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all;
There is the shady doorway still,
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.
2. There is the barn; and, as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallows throng,
And hear the peewee's mournful song:
But the stranger comes—O! painful proof—
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.
3. There is the orchard; the very trees
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease,

And watched the shadowy moments run
Till my life imbibed more shade than sun;
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air;
But the stranger's children are swinging there.

4. There bubbles the shady spring below,
With its bulrush brook where the hazels grow;
'Twas there I found the calamus root,
And watched the minnows poise and shoot,
And heard the robin lave his wing;
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.
5. O! ye who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still;
And when ye crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have passed within that scented door
To gladden eyes that are no more.
6. Deal kindly with orchard trees:
And when your children crowd your knees,
Their sweetest fruits they shall impart,
As if old memories stirred the heart;
To youthful sports still leave the swing,
And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

LXXX.—THE SENSITIVE AUTHOR.

DANGLE, SNEER, SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY.

1. *Dangle*. Ah, my dear friend! We were just speaking of your tragedy. Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

2. *Sneer*. You never did any thing beyond it, Sir Fretful — never in your life.

3. *Sir F.* Sincerely, then, you do like the piece?

4. *Sneer.* Wonderfully!

5. *Sir F.* But come now, there must be something that you think might be mended, hey? Mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you?

6. *Dan.* Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing, for the most part, to —

7. *Sir F.* With most authors it is just so, indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious! But, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect in me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

8. *Sneer.* Very true. Why, then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection; which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

9. *Sir F.* Sir, you can't oblige me more.

10. *Sneer.* I think it wants incident.

11. *Sir F.* You surprise me! — wants incident?

12. *Sneer.* Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

13. *Sir F.* Believe me, Mr. Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference; but I protest to you, Mr. Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded. My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

14. *Dan.* Really, I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient, and the first four acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest any thing, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

15. *Sir F.* Rises, I believe you mean, sir —

16. *Dan.* No; I don't, upon my word.

17. *Sir F.* Yes, yes, you do, upon my word; it certainly don't fall off, I assure you. No, no, it don't fall off.

18. *Dan.* Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

19. *Sir F.* The newspapers! Sir, they are the most villainous — licentious — abominable — contemptible — Not that I ever read them! No, I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

20. *Dan.* You are quite right; for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

21. *Sir F.* No! quite the contrary; their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric — I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

22. *Sneer.* Why that's true; and that attack now on you the other day —

23. *Sir F.* What? where?

24. *Dan.* Aye, you mean in a paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

25. *Sir F.* O, so much the better — Ha! ha! ha! — I wouldn't have it otherwise.

26. *Dan.* Certainly, it's only to be laughed at; for —

27. *Sir F.* You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

28. *Sneer.* Pray, Dangle — Sir Fretful seems a little anxious —

29. *Sir F.* O no! — anxious — not I — not the least. I — But one may as well hear, you know.

30. *Dan.* Sneer, do you recollect? [*Aside to SNEER.*] Make out something.

31. *Sneer.* [*Aside to DANGLE.*] I will. [*Aloud.*] Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

32. *Sir F.* Well, and pray now — not that it signifies — what might the gentleman say?

33. *Sneer.* Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever;

though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

34. *Sir F.* Ha! ha! ha! Very good!

35. *Sneer.* That, as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your commonplace-book, where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the Lost and Stolen Office.

36. *Sir F.* Ha! ha! ha! Very pleasant!

37. *Sneer.* Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to steal with taste; but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments — like a bad tavern's worst wine.

38. *Sir F.* Ha! ha!

39. *Sneer.* In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic incumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms!

40. *Sir F.* Ha! Ha!

41. *Sneer.* That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakespeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

42. *Sir F.* Ha!

43. *Sneer.* In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating; so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, incumbering what it is not in their power to fertilize!

44. *Sir F.* [*After great agitation.*] Now, another person would be vexed at this.

45. *Sneer.* O! but I wouldn't have told you, only to divert you.

46. *Sir F.* I know it—I am diverted! Ha! ha! ha!—not the least invention! Ha! ha! ha!—very good! very good!

47. *Sneer.* Yes—no genius! Ha! ha! ha!

48. *Dan.* A severe rogue! Ha! ha! But you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense. You are quite right.

49. *Sir F.* To be sure; for if there is any thing to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it; and if it is abuse, why, one is always sure to hear of it from one good-natured friend or another.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

LXXXI.—SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

1. Sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal, every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open, this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude.

2. Where is the mother that would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, and he feels his heart as it were crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept consolation that was to be bought by forgetfulness?

3. No; the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection,—when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness,—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart?

4. Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud even over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song: there is a recollection of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living.

5. O, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies moldering before him?

6. But the grave of those we loved — what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy.

7. There it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness, of the parting scene: the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs; its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities; the last testimonies of expiring love, the feeble, fluttering, thrilling (O, how thrilling!) pressure of the hand; the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold

of existence: the faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

8. Aye, to go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that being, who can never, never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

9. If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, word or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear,—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

10. Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE heart is the workshop in which are forged secret slanders, and all evil speaking. The mouth is only the outer shop or salesroom, where all the goods that are made within are sold. The tongue is the salesman.

LXXXII.—HYMN OF THE CHURCH-YARD.

1. Ah me! this is a sad and silent city;
Let me walk softly o'er it, and survey
Its grassy streets with melancholy pity!
Where are its children? where their gleesome play?
Alas! their cradled rest is cold and deep—
Their playthings are thrown by, and they asleep.
2. This is pale beauty's bourn; but where the beautiful,
Whom I have seen come forth at evening's hours,
Leading their aged friends with feelings dutiful
Amid the wreaths of spring, to gather flowers?
Alas! no flowers are here but flowers of death,
And those who once were sweetest sleep beneath.
3. This is a populous place; but where the bustling,
The crowded buyers of the noisy mart—
The lookers-on—the snowy garments rustling—
The money-changers, and the men of art?
Business, alas! hath stopped in mid career,
And none are anxious to resume it here.
4. This is the home of grandeur; where are they—
The rich, the great, the glorious, and the wise?
Where are the trappings of the proud, the gay—
The gaudy guise of human butterflies?
Alas! all lowly lies each lofty brow,
And the green sod dizens their beauty now.
5. This is the place of refuge and repose;
Where are the poor, the old, the weary wight,
The scorned, the humble, and the man of woes,
Who wept for morn, and sighed again for night?
Their sighs at last have ceased, and here they sleep
Beside their scorers, and forget to weep.

6. This is a place of gloom ; where are the gloomy?
 The gloomy are not citizens of death;
 Approach and look, where the long grass is plummy;
 See them above! they are not found beneath;
 For these low denizens, with artful wiles,
 Nature, in flowers, contrives her mimic smiles.
7. This is a place of sorrow! friends have met
 And mingled tears o'er those who answered not;
 And where are they whose eyelids then were wet?
 Alas! their griefs, their tears, are all forgot:
 They, too, are landed in the silent city,
 Where there is neither love, nor tears, nor pity.
8. This is a place of fear; the firmest eye
 Hath quailed to see its shadowy dreariness;
 But Christian hope, and heavenly prospects high,
 And earthly cares, and nature's weariness,
 Have made the timid pilgrim cease to fear,
 And long to end his painful journey here.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

LXXXIII.—THE SOLILOQUY OF KING RICHARD III.

1. Give me another horse:—bind up my wounds:—
 Have mercy, Jesu! Soft: I did but dream!
 O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
 The lights burn blue! It is now dead midnight!
 What do I fear? Myself? There's none else by.
 Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
 Is there a murderer here? No—yes, I am.
2. Then fly. What! From myself? Great reason!
 why?
 Lest I revenge. What? Myself on myself?

I love myself. Wherefore? For any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no, alas! I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain: yet I lie; I am not.

3. Fool, of thyself speak well:—fool, do not flatter:
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree,
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all, Guilty! guilty!
4. I shall despair! There is no creature loves me,
And, if I die, no soul will pity me:
Nay; wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?
Methought the souls of all that I had murdered
Came to my tent, and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

SHAKESPEARE.

LXXXIV.—ORIGIN OF YANKEE DOODLE.

1. In 1755 simultaneous attacks were made upon the French posts in America. That against the fort on the Ohio, where the city of Pittsburgh now stands, was conducted by General Braddock; and those against Niagara and Frontenac by Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, and General Johnson, of New York. The army of Shirley and Johnson, during the summer of 1755, lay on the eastern bank of the Hudson, a little south of the city of Albany.

2. In the early part of June the troops of the eastern

provinces began to pour in, company after company ; and such a motley assembly of men never before thronged together on such an occasion, unless an example may be found in the ragged regiment of Sir John Falstaff.

3. It would have relaxed the gravity of an anchorite to have seen the descendants of the Puritans marching through the streets of that ancient city (Albany), and taking their situations to the left of the British army : some with long coats, some with short coats, and others with no coats at all ; with colors as varied as the rainbow : some with their hair cropped like the army of Cromwell, and others with wigs, the locks of which floated with grace around their shoulders.

4. Their march, their accouterments, and the whole arrangement of the troops furnished matter of amusement to the rest of the British army. The music played was the airs of two centuries ago ; and their appearance, on the whole, exhibited a sight to the wondering strangers, to which they had been unaccustomed.

5. Among the club of wits that belonged to the British army there was a Dr. Shackburg attached to the staff, who combined with the science of a surgeon the skill and talent of a musician. To please the new comers, he composed a tune, and with much gravity recommended it to the officers as one of the most celebrated airs of martial music.

6. The joke took, to the no small amazement of the British. Brother Jonathan exclaimed it was "mighty fine," and in a few days nothing was heard in the provincial camp but the air of Yankee Doodle.

7. Little did the author, in his composition, then think that an air, made for the purpose of levity and ridicule, would be marked for such high destinies. In twenty years from that time the national march inspired the heroes of Bunker Hill, and in less than thirty Lord

Cornwallis and his army marched into the American lines to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

8. This tune, however, was not original with Dr. Shackburg: he made it from an old song, which can be traced back to the reign of Charles I,—a song which has, in its day, been used for a great variety of words.

LXXXV.—HOW THE UNITED STATES CAME TO BE CALLED “UNCLE SAM.”

1. I have often puzzled myself as to the origin of the term “Uncle Sam,” now in very common use, in designating the Government of the United States; but the following account of the matter, which has recently come under my notice, seems quite satisfactory.

2. Immediately after the declaration (June 19, 1812) of the last war with England, Elbert Anderson, a contractor of provisions to supply the army of the United States, visited Troy, on the Hudson, where he purchased a large quantity of beef, pork, etc. The inspectors of these articles at that place were Messrs. Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. The latter gentleman, known as “Uncle Sam,” generally superintended, in person, a large number of workmen, who were employed in overhauling the provisions purchased by the contractor for the army.

3. The casks were marked “E. A.—U. S.” This work of marking fell to the lot of a facetious fellow in the employ of the Messrs. Wilson, who, on being asked by some of his fellow-workmen the meaning of the mark, (for the letters U. S. for the United States were entirely new to them,) said that he did not know, unless it meant “Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam;” meaning by “Uncle Sam” simply Samuel Wilson.

4. The joke took among the workmen, and passed currently; and Mr. Wilson, being a good-natured man, was often rallied by them on the increasing extent of his possessions. Many of these workmen were found shortly after following the recruiting drum, and pushing toward the frontier lines, for the double purpose of meeting the enemy and of eating the provisions they had labored to put in good order.

5. Their old jokes accompanied them; and before the first campaign ended, this identical one appeared in print. It gained favor very rapidly, till it penetrated, and was recognized in every part of our country, and will, no doubt, continue, so long as the United States remain a nation.

WOODWORTH.

LXXXVI.—NIAGARA FALLS.

Hail! Monarch of the World of Floods! whose majesty
and might
First dazzles, then enraptures, then o'erawes the aching
sight:
The pomp of kings and emperors, in every clime and
zone,
Grows dim beneath the splendors of thy glorious watery
throne.

No fleets can stop thy progress, no armies bid thee stay,
But onward, onward, onward — thy march still holds its
sway;
The rising mist that veils thee, as thy herald goes be-
fore,
And the music that proclaims thee is the thundering
cataract's roar.

Thy diadem is an emerald green, of the clearest, purest
hue,
Set 'round with waves of snow-white foam, and spray of
feathery dew ;
White tresses of the brightest pearls float o'er thine
ample sheet,
And the rainbow lays its gorgeous gems in tribute at
thy feet.

Thy reign is from the ancient days, thy scepter from on
high ;
Thy birth was when the distant stars first lit the glow-
ing sky ;
The sun, the moon, and all the orbs that shine upon
thee now, .
Saw the first wreath of glory that entwined thy infant
brow.

And from that hour to this, in which I gaze upon thy
stream,
From age to age, in winter's frost, in summer's sultry
beam,
By day, by night, without a pause, thy waves, with loud
acclaim,
In ceaseless sounds have still proclaimed the great Eter-
nal's name.

For whether on thy forest banks, the Indian of the
wood,
Or, since his day, the red man's foe on his fatherland
have stood,
Whoe'er has seen thy incense rise, or heard thy torrents
roar,
Must have bent before the God of all, to worship and
adore.

Accept, then, O Supremely Great ! O Infinite ! O God !
From this primeval altar, the pure and virgin sod,
The humble homage that my soul, in gratitude, would
 pay
To Thee, whose shield has guarded me, in all my wan-
 dering way.

For, if the ocean be as naught in the hollow of Thy
 hand,
And the stars of the bright firmament, in Thy balance,
 grains of sand ;
If Niagara's rolling flood seem great to us who humbly
 bow,
O Great Creator of the whole ! how passing great art
 Thou !

But though Thy power is far more vast than finite
 minds can scan,
Still greater is Thy mercy shown to weak, dependent
 man :
For him Thou clothest the fertile globe with herbs, and
 fruit, and seed ;
For him the seas, the lakes, the streams, supply his hourly
 need.

Around, on high, or far, or near, the universal whole
Proclaims Thy glory, as the stars in their fixed courses
 roll ;
And from creation's grateful voice, the hymn ascends
 above,
While heaven re-echoes back to earth the chorus, " God
 IS LOVE."

J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

Diligence, industry, and proper improvement of time,
are material duties of the young.

LXXXVII.—DEATH OF ABSALOM.

1. And David numbered the people that were with him, and set captains of thousands and captains of hundreds over them. And David sent forth a third part of the people under the hand of Joab, and a third part under the hand of Abishai, the son of Zeruiah, Joab's brother, and a third part under the hand of Ittai, the Gittite.

2. And the king said unto the people, I will surely go forth with you myself also. But the people answered, Thou shalt not go forth : for if we flee away, they will not care for us ; neither if half of us die, will they care for us ; but now thou art worth ten thousand of us ; therefore now it is better that thou succor us out of the city. And the king said unto them, What seemeth you best, I will do.

3. And the king stood by the gate-side, and all the people came out by hundreds and by thousands. And the king commanded Joab, and Abishai, and Ittai, saying, Deal gently, for my sake, with the young man, even with Absalom. And all the people heard when the king gave all the captains charge concerning Absalom.

4. So the people went out into the field against Israel ; and the battle was in the wood of Ephraim ; where the people of Israel were slain before the servants of David, and there was there a great slaughter that day of twenty thousand men. For the battle was there scattered over the face of all the country ; and the wood devoured more people that day than the sword devoured.

5. And Absalom met the servants of David. And Absalom rode upon a mule, and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven

and the earth; and the mule that was under him went away.

6. And a certain man saw it, and told Joab, and said, Behold, I saw Absalom hanged in an oak. And Joab said unto the man that told him, And behold, thou sawest him, and why didst thou not smite him there to the ground? and I would have given thee ten shekels of silver and a girdle.

7. And the man said unto Joab, Though I should receive a thousand shekels of silver in my hand, yet would I not put forth my hand against the king's son; for, in our hearing, the king charged thee and Abishai, and Ittai, saying, Beware that none touch the young man Absalom. Otherwise, I should have wrought falsehood against mine own life; for there is no matter hid from the king, and thou thyself wouldst have set thyself against me.

8. Then said Joab, I may not tarry thus with thee. And he took three darts in his hand, and thrust them through the heart of Absalom, while he was yet alive in the midst of the oak. And ten young men that bare Joab's armor compassed about, and smote Absalom, and slew him. And Joab blew the trumpet, and the people returned from pursuing after Israel; for Joab held back the people.

9. And they took Absalom, and cast him into a great pit in the wood, and laid a very great heap of stones upon him; and all Israel fled, every one to his tent. * * * Then said Joab to Cushi, Go tell the king what thou hast seen. And Cushi bowed himself unto Joab, and ran. * * *

10. And behold, Cushi came; and Cushi said, Tidings, my lord the king; for the Lord hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee. And the king said unto Cushi, Is the young man Absalom safe?

And Cush answered, The enemies of my lord the king,
and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that
young man is.

11. And the king was much moved, and went up to
the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went,
thus he said, O my son Absalom! my son, my son Ab-
salom! would to God I had died for thee, O Absalom,
my son, my son!

BIBLE.

12. Alas! my noble boy, that thou shouldst die!

Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in thy clustering hair;
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

13. Cold is thy brow, my son, and I am chill.

As to my bosom I have tried to press thee,
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet 'My father' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

14. The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush

Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt
come

To meet me, Absalom!

15. And O, when I am stricken, and my heart,

Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

16. And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death, so like a gentle slumber, on thee;
And thy dark sin! O, I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer home,
My erring Absalom!

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

LXXXVIII.—MACARONI AND VERMICELLI.

1. Not far from Naples are a large number of establishments where macaroni is manufactured. I visited some of these manufactories one day, to see how this article, so abundant in Italy, is made; for I confess that Egyptian darkness had previously pervaded my mind in relation to this matter.

2. I could as easily have solved the vexed problem how milk gets into the cocoanut, as I could have told you how the little cylinder called macaroni came into existence. Well, some beams of light were that day thrown into the dark chamber of my understanding touching the whole subject of macaroni, and you shall have the benefit of them.

3. It is to be presumed that you are not quite as ignorant of the origin of this article as the fine lady in Paris was, who asked a gentleman of her acquaintance, recently returned from a visit to Italy, "On what sort of trees macaroni grew?" still, it would not be strange if your knowledge of the subject were as limited as mine; so I will begin with the alphabet of the science of macaroni.

4. The article so called is made from a peculiar kind of wheat called grano duro, or hard grain. It was formerly imported at great cost from the Russian territories

on the Black Sea; but now the farmers in southern Italy raise this kind of wheat themselves.

5. The kernel, in its outward appearance, is much like that which is common among us, except that it is much smaller. While the Italians make most of their macaroni from this kind of wheat, I understand they are sometimes tempted to mix with it the common soft wheat; and that they do not always muster sufficient principle to combat the temptation.

6. "But how do they spin out the long threads of macaroni?" you ask. O, that is one of the simplest processes in the world, when you come to see it, and understand it. We will suppose the grain is ground; with the addition of water alone a paste is formed. This paste is kneaded for a long time by a very lazy sort of process, which would make some of my brevet-making friends laugh, I fancy, until their faces were as red as a beet.

7. When this paste has been sufficiently kneaded, it is forced, by simple pressure, through a number of small circular holes, the sizes of which, respectively, determine the name to be given to its substance. The paste which is pressed through the largest holes is called macaroni; that which goes through smaller holes, takes the name of vermicelli.

8. The macaroni, as you know, is hollow throughout; and, until my visit to this establishment, I was not a little puzzled to know how it was thus made. I will let you into this secret, too. On the side of the trough, over each of the larger holes, (those intended for macaroni,) a small copper bridge is placed. This is sufficiently high to allow the paste to pass under it into the hole. From this bridge is suspended a copper wire, which goes right through the hole, and of course leaves hollow the paste passing through that hole.

9. When the paste has thus been formed through these holes, like wire through the steel plate of the wire drawer, a workman takes up the macaroni or vermicelli, as the case may be, and lays it across a line, in strings of two or three yards in length, to dry. The substance, from the kneading which it has received, hangs together very closely.

WOODWORTH.

LXXXIX.—ORATORY AS AN ART.

1. One cause of our not excelling in oratory is our neglecting to cultivate the art of speaking — of speaking our own language. We acquire the power of expressing our ideas almost insensibly ; we consider it as a thing natural to us. We do not regard it as an art ; but it is an art, a difficult art, an intricate art ; and our ignorance of that circumstance, or our omitting to give it due consideration, is the cause of our deficiency.

2. In the infant, just beginning to articulate, you will observe every inflection that is recognized in the most accurate treatise on elocution. You will observe, further, an exact proportion in its several cadences, and a speaking expression in its tones. I say, you will observe these things in almost every infant. Select a dozen men — men of education, erudition : ask them to read a piece of animated composition. You will be very fortunate indeed if you find one in the dozen that can raise or depress his voice, inflect or modulate it, as the variety of the subject requires.

3. What have become of the inflections, the cadences, and the modulation of the infant ? They have not been exercised ; they have been neglected ; they have never been put into the hands of the artist, that he might

apply them to his proper use. They have been laid aside, spoiled, abused; and ten to one they will never be good for any thing.

4. If we consider the very early period at which we begin to exercise the faculty of speech, and the frequency with which we exercise it, it must be a subject of surprise that so few excel in oratory. In any enlightened community, you will find numbers skilled in some particular science or art, to the study of which they did not apply themselves till they had almost arrived at the stage of manhood.

5. Yet with regard to the powers of speech—those powers which the very second year of our existence generally calls into action, the exercise of which goes on at our sports, our studies, our walks, our very meals, and which is never long suspended, except at the hour of refreshing sleep,—with regard to those powers, how few surpass their fellow-creatures of common information and moderate attainments! how very few desire distinction! how rarely does one attain eminence!

6. In common conversation, observe the advantage which the fluent speaker enjoys over the man that hesitates and stumbles in discourse. With half his information, he has twice his importance; he commands the respect of his auditors; he instructs and gratifies them. In the general transaction of business, the same superiority attends him.

7. He communicates his views with clearness, precision and effect; he carries his point by his mere readiness; he concludes his treatise before another man has set about it. Does he plead the cause of friendship?—how happy is his friend. Of charity?—how fortunate the distressed. Should he enter the legislature of his country, he proves himself the people's bulwark.

KNOWLES.

XC.—PASSING AWAY.

1. Was it the chime of a tiny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell,
That he winds on the beach so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the
deep—
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he his notes as silvery quite—
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore?
Hark! the notes on my ear that play,
Are set to words: as they float, they say,
"Passing away!—passing away!"
2. But, no! It is not a fairy's shell,
Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear;
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell
Striking the hours, that fell on my ear
As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of Time:
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl for a pendulum swung
(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring
That hangs in his cage, a canary bird swing);
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet;
And as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
"Passing away!—passing away!"
3. O, how bright were the wheels, that told
Of the lapse of time, as they moved 'round slow!
And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,
Seemed to point to the girl below.

And lo! she had changed; in a few short hours,
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
That she held in her outstretched hands, and
This way and that, as she dancing swung,
In the fullness and grace of womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride;

Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
"Passing away! — passing away!"

4. While I gazed on that fair one's cheek, a shade
Of thought, or care, stole softly over,
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.
The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
Had something lost of its brilliant blush;
And the light in her eye, and the light on the
wheels
That marched so calmly round above her,
Was a little dimmed — as when evening steals
Upon noon's hot face: yet one couldn't but love
her;
For she looked like a mother whose first babe
lay
Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day;
And she seemed in the same silver tone to say,
"Passing away! — passing away!"
5. While yet I looked, what a change there came!
Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan;
Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,
Yet just as busily swung she on.
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;
The wheels above her were eaten with rust;
The hands that over the dial swept
Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept;

And still there came that silvery tone
 From the shriveled lips of the toothless ~~one~~
 (Let me never forget, to my dying day,
 The tone or the burden of that lay) —
 “Passing away! — passing away!”

REV. J. PIERPONT.

XCI.—CHOICE EXTRACTS.

1. 'Tis not the richest plant that folds
 The sweetest breath of fragrance in;
 'Tis not the fairest form that holds
 The mildest, purest soul within.

RUFUS DAWES.

2. No blessing of life is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend; it eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, soothes and allays passions, and finds employment for the most vacant hours of life.

SPECTATOR.

3. Good name in man or woman
 Is the immediate jewel of the soul.
 Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something —
 nothing;
 'Twas mine — 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands.
 But he that filches from me my good name,
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed.

SHAKESPEARE.

4. I consider a human soul, without education, like marble in a quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties till the skill of the polisher fetches out the

colors, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot and vein that runs through the body of it.

SPECTATOR.

5. Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

THOMPSON.

6. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason; how infinite in faculties; in form and movement, how express and admirable; in action, how like an angel; in apprehension, how like a God!

HAMLET.

7. He who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied beings people every star,—
May tell why Heaven has made us what we are.

POPE.

8. Nothing is more pleasant to the fancy than to enlarge itself by degrees in its contemplation of the various proportions which objects bear to each other: as when it compares the body of a man to the bulk of the whole earth; the earth to the circle it describes around the sun; that circle to the sphere of the fixed stars; the sphere of the fixed stars to the circuit of the whole creation; the whole creation itself to the infinite space that is every where diffused around it.

SPECTATOR

9. Consult your whole nature. Consider yourselves not only as sensitive, but as rational, beings; not only as rational, but social; not only as social, but immortal.

BLAIR.

XCII.—THE BELL OF JUSTICE.

1. Once upon a time, a king, who wished justice to be done to all his people, had a bell put up, so that any one who was injured by another might ring it, when the king assembled the wise men, that justice might be done. From long use the lower end of the rope was worn away, and a piece of wild vine was fastened on to lengthen it.

2. It so happened that a knight had a noble horse, which had served him long and well, but having grown old and useless, was meanly and cruelly turned out on the common to take care of himself. Driven by hunger, the horse began biting at the vine, when the bell rang out loud and clear.

3. And lo! the wise men assembled, and finding that it was a poor, half-starved horse that was sounding the call, and thus asking for justice, though he knew it not, examined into his case, and decreed that the knight whom he had served in his youth should feed and care for him in his old age.

4. The knight treated the matter as a pleasant jest, and said (in an undertone) that he should do what he pleased with his own. And thereupon the Syndic gravely read the proclamation of the king.

5. Then they said to the knight:

“Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way:
Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds,

Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.

6. "What fair renown, what honor, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees that, as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

7. And the king confirmed the decree, adding to it a heavy fine if the knight neglected his duty to the faithful animal. The knight withdrew abashed; and the people led the steed in triumph home to his stall.

8. The king heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door,
But go not in to mass. My bell doth more:
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

9. If all the neglected and worn-out horses should thus make an appeal, there would be the most mournful tolling of bells ever heard.

10. That thinking, sensitive beings should be cruel, or even indifferent to the comforts and rights of all other sensitive creatures, is one of the greatest mysteries of life. The "Golden Rule" is broad and comprehensive in its application. "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

POETRY BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

XCIII.—THE SPEECH OF BRUTUS.

1. Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.

2. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen?

3. As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition.

4. Who's here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. None! Then none have I offended.

5. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the capital; his glory not extenuated wherein he was worthy, nor his offenses enforced for which he suffered death.

6. Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying: a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart; that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

XCIV.—ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

1. Friends, Romans, countrymen,—lend me your ears.
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar! — Noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
2. Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all honorable men,)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransom did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor hath cried, Cæsar hath wept!
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
3. You all did see, that, on the lupercal,
I thrice presented him with a kingly crown;
Which he did thrice refuse; was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason — bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar;
And I must pause till it come back to me.

4. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong;
Who, you all know, are honorable men,
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I would wrong such honorable men.
5. But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet: 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it in their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.
6. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time that Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through —
See what a rent the envious Casca made.
Through this the well beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!

7. This, this was the unkindest cut of all.
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him! then burst his mighty heart,
And, in his mantle, muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
(Which all the while ran blood,)—great Cæsar fell.
8. O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down;
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us!
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity! these are gracious drops.
Kind souls; what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himself—marred as you see by traitors.
9. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny!
They that have done this deed are honorable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it. They are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That loves my friend; and that they know full well,
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
10. For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor power of speech,
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on.
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb
mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

XCV.—SELLING OLD THINGS.

1. Sell that old table? No; I will not sell it! It is only a pine table, it is true; and it costs but eighteen shillings twenty-five years ago, but your ten-dollar bill is no temptation; and I would not swap it either, for the prettiest mahogany or cherry table that you could bring me. If it has plain turned legs, instead of a pillar in the middle, with lion's claws, and if the marble top is only varnished paper, still, I will not sell or swap it.

2. It has been to me a very profitable investment. From the day it came home it has been earning dividends and increasing its own capital. My children made a play-house and drank tea in their toy cups under it, for which I thank the four legs; and when they were tired of it for that purpose, they turned it upside down and made a four-post bedstead with curtains, or pulled it round the carpet for a sleigh.

3. Then they climbed on it for an observatory; and I never counted the glorious romps they had round it. And also all along for twenty-five years it has paid its dividends of happiness to my family circle. These dividends could never be separated from it until its value is not told in money. It has had its quiet use, also; for nobody could tell it from a round table of agate and cornelian, with its salmon bordered green cover.

4. Nothing lasts forever. The top of the table was loosened by the hard use it got, so I took a punch, drove in the eightpenny nails below the surface, added a few screws, puttied them over, and pasted marble-paper checkers over the top. Then it was a really handsome table. It has had hard usage since, but bears it all; and the checkers want renewing, which will make it worth more yet.

5. My watch is thirty years old. It is one of those thick silver levers which some poor wits call "turnips." It has been several times suggested to me that I might exchange it for a thin modern gold watch, which wears easier in the pocket. When I do, you may set me down for a barbarian! No, the best gold and jeweled "hunter" in existence would not tempt me to swap.

6. The watch marked the time when my children were born, and the record is set down in the family bible; it has ticked on their ears when they could only speak by laughing at it and kicking up their heels. It has marked the hours when the doctor's medicines were to be given, and counted their pulses when they beat low at midnight, and when the heart ached. It has made many records that are fast sealed up, to be opened only when another time comes.

7. Twenty-seven years have passed since my wife and I went out one evening and bought a tea-kettle. The fitting of the lid was a little imperfect, so that the escape of steam shook it and caused a peculiar noise, nearly enough resembling the chirping of some insect, to suggest the name by which it has now been known in the family for a long time — our "cricket on the hearth."

8. Like the table and the watch, the kettle has been adding dividends to its capital every day since its first purchase; and, though nothing but iron, it could not be bought for its weight in silver. It has sung so long

and regularly and cheerfully, that not only the kitchen, but the whole house would be lonely without it. It has given us its fragrant blessing morning and evening, and come to be regarded as almost a living and talking creature.

9. It is never a good fortune that sells such old friends out of the family, and takes in new ones that have no history and no tongue. In all changes that have so far taken place, I have kept these silver bowls unbroken, and surely no change in the future shall break them.

Century.

XCVI. — TELL'S ADDRESS TO THE MOUNTAINS.

1. Ye crags and peaks ; I'm with you once again !
 I hold to ~~you~~ the hands you first beheld,
 To show they still are ~~free~~. Methinks I hear
 A spirit in your echoes answer me,
 And bid your tenant welcome to his home
 Again ! O sacred forms, how proud you look !
 How high you lift your heads into the sky !
 How huge you are ! how mighty, and how free !
2. Ye are the things that tower, that shine ; whose smile
 Makes glad ; whose frown is terrible ; whose forms,
 Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
 Of awe divine. Ye guards of Liberty !
 I'm with you once again ! I call to you
 With all my voice ! I hold my hands to you,
 To show they still are free ! I rush to you
 As though I could embrace you !

* * * * *

3. Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,
And plow our valleys without asking leave,—
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun!
4. How happy was I in it then! I loved
Its very storms! Yes, I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own!
Ye know the jutting cliff, round which a track
Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
To such another one, with scanty room
For two abreast to pass?
5. O'ertaken there
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,
And while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
And I have thought of other lands, where storms
Are summer flowers to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there—the thought that mine was
free,
Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,
And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
Blow on! THIS IS THE LAND OF LIBERTY!

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

XCVII.—THE AUTHORS OF OUR LIBERTY.

1. The leaders of our Revolution were men of whom the simple truth was the highest praise. Of every condition of life, they were singularly sagacious, sober and thoughtful. Lord Chatham spoke only the truth when he said to Franklin, of the men who composed the first Colonial Congress, "The Congress is the most honorable

assembly of statesmen since those of the ancient Greeks and Romans in the most virtuous times."

2. Given to grave reflection, they were neither dreamers nor visionaries, and they were much too earnest to be rhetoricians. It is a curious fact that they were generally men of so calm a temper that they lived to extreme age. With the exception of Patrick Henry and Samuel Adams, they were most of them profound scholars, and studied the history of mankind that they might know man.

3. They were so familiar with the lives and thoughts of the wisest and best minds of the past that a classic aroma hangs about their writings and their speeches. They were profoundly convinced of what statesmen always know — but what the adroitest politicians never perceive — that ideas are the life of a people.

4. They knew that the conscience, not the pocket, is the real citadel of a nation, and that when you have debauched and demoralized that conscience by teaching that there are no natural rights, and therefore that there is no moral right or wrong in political action, you have poisoned the wells and have rotted the crops in the ground.

5. The three greatest living statesmen of England knew this also: Edmund Burke knew it, and Charles James Fox, and William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. But they did not speak for the King or Parliament, or for the English nation. Lord Gower spoke for them when he said in Parliament, "Let the Americans talk about their natural and divine rights!—their rights as men and citizens!—their rights from God and nature! I am for enforcing these measures."

6. My lord was contemptuous, and the king hired the Hessians, but the truth remained true. The Fathers saw the scarlet soldiers swarming over the sea, but more steadily they saw that national progress had been secure

only in the degree that the political system had conformed to natural justice. They knew of the coming wreck of property and trade, but they knew more surely that Rome was never so rich as when she was dying, and, on the other hand, that the Netherlands were never so powerful as when they were poorest.

7. Farther away they read the names of Assyria, Greece, Egypt. They had art, opulence, splendor. • Corn enough grew in the valley of the Nile. The Syrian sword was sharp as any. They were merchant princes, and the clouds in the sky were rived by their sails upon the sea. They were soldiers, and their frown frightened the world. "Soul, take thine ease," those empires said, languid with excess of luxury and life.

8. Yes; but you remember the king who had built his grandest palace, and was to occupy it on the morrow, but when the morrow came the palace was a pile of ruins. "Woe is me," cried the king, "who is guilty of this crime?" "There is no crime," replied the sage at his side; "but the mortar was made of sand and water only, — the builders forgot to put in the lime." So fell the old empires, because the governors forgot to put justice into their governments.

GEORGE H. CURTIS.

XCVIII.—GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH!

The following speech was delivered by PATRICK HENRY before the Virginia Convention of Delegates, 1775. When he took his seat at the close, no murmur of applause was heard. The effect was too deep. After a trance of a moment, several members started from their seats. The cry "To arms!" seemed to quiver on every lip, and gleam from every eye. Richard H. Lee arose and supported Mr. Henry with spirit and elegance; but his melody was lost amidst the

agitation of that ocean which the master spirit of the storm had lifted up on high. The supernatural voice still sounded in their ears. They heard in every pause the cry of "Liberty or Death!" They became impatient of speech. Their souls were on fire for action.

PATRICK HENRY'S SPEECH.

1. Mr. President, it is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is it the part of wise men, engaged in the great and arduous struggle for liberty?

2. Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth, and to provide for it.

3. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house?

4. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land.

5. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation — the last

arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other motive for it?

6. Has Great Britain any other enemy in this quarter of the world to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministers have been so long forging.

7. And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer on the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

8. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament.

9. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne.

10. They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house?

11. Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

12. Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

13. Besides, sir, we shall not fight alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone,—it is to the active, the vigilant, the brave.

14. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir—let it come!

15. It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace—but there is no peace! The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms!

16. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Heaven! I know not what course others may take, but as for me—give me liberty, or give me death!

XCIX.—IMAGINED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS.

1. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, for our own good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours.

2. Why then should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England; which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair—is not he, our venerable colleague near you—are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

3. If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston port bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit.

4. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men—that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earth-

quake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground.

5. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces, raised or to be raised, for the defense of American liberty, "may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth," if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad.

6. If we fail, it can not be worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us and will carry themselves, gloriously, through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance of British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and can not be eradicated.

7. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

8. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear

it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

9. Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

10. But whatever may be our fate, be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude and of joy.

11. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I begun, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my

dying sentiment — independence now, and independence forever !

DANIEL WEBSTER.

C.—INDEPENDENCE BELL : JULY 4, 1776.

1. When it was certain that the "Declaration" would be adopted and confirmed by the signatures of the delegates in Congress, it was determined to announce the event by ringing the old State House bell, which bore the inscription, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof!" and the old bellman posted his little boy at the door of the Hall to await the instruction of the doorkeeper when to ring. At the word, the little patriot scion rushed out and, flinging up his hands, shouted, "Ring! ring!! ring!!!"

2. There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down :
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered, each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples,
With the earnestness of speech.

3. As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of chestnuts .
Was all turbulent with sound.

4. "Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
 "Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
 "What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
 "O! God grant they won't refuse!"
 "Make some way, there:" "Let me nearer:"
 "I am stifling!" "Stifle, then;
 When a nation's life's at hazard
 We've no time to think of men."
5. So they beat against the portal—
 Man and woman, maid and child;
 And the July sun in heaven
 On the scene looked down and smiled:
 The same sun that saw the Spartan
 Shed his patriot blood in vain,
 Now beheld the soul of freedom
 All unconquered rise again.
6. Aloft in that high steeple
 Sat the bellman, old and gray;
 He was weary of the tyrant
 And his iron-sceptered sway;
 So he sat with one hand ready
 On the clapper of the bell,
 When his eye should catch the signal,
 Very happy news to tell.
7. See! see! the dense crowd quivers
 Through all its lengthy line,
 As the boy beside the portal
 Looks forth to give the sign!
 With his small hands upward lifted,
 Breezes dallying with his hair,—
 Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
 Breaks his young voice on the air.

8. Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's strong joyous cry!
"Ring!" he shouts aloud; "Ring! Grandpa,
Ring! O, ring for liberty!"
And straightway, at the signal,
The old bellman lifts his hand,
And sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.
- 9 How they shouted! what rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calm gliding Delaware.
How the bonfires and the torches
Illumed the night's repose,
And from the flames, like Phoenix,
Fair liberty arose!
10. That old bell now is silent,
And hushed its iron tongue,
But the spirit it awakened
Still lives — forever young!
And while we greet the sunlight
On the fourth of each July,
We'll ne'er forget the bellman,
Who, twixt the earth and sky,
Rung out our independence;
Which, please God, shall never die!
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CI.—DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

A resolution declaring a separation of the Colonies from the Government of Great Britain, was introduced into the Colonial Congress by Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, on the 7th of June, and was passed by a large majority on the 2d of July. A committee of

five were appointed to draft a document for the signatures of the members. This Committee, consisting of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman and Robert R. Livingston, presented the following "Declaration," which was unanimously adopted and signed on the 4th, two days after.

A DECLARATION BY THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA, IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED, JULY 4, 1776.

1. When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

2. We hold these truths to be self-evident — that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its power in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to affect their safety and happiness.

3. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them

under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security.

4. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having, in direct object, the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this let facts be submitted to a candid world :

5. He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

6. He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained ; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

7. He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the Legislature.—a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

8. He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

9. He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

10. He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected, whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise, the state remaining, in the mean time, exposed to all the danger of invasion from without and convulsions within.

11. He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners, refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

12. He has obstructed the administration of justice by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

13. He has made judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

14. He has erected a multitude of new offices and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out their substance.

15. He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies without the consent of our Legislature.

16. He has affected to render the military independent of and superior to the civil power.

17. He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our Constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws, giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation :

18. For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us :

19. For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states :

20. For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world :

21. For imposing taxes on us without our consent :

22. For depriving us in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury :

23. For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offenses :

24. For abolishing the free system of English laws in

a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies :

25. For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the powers of our governments :

26. For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

27. He has abdicated government here by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

28. He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

29. He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

30. He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

31. He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions.

32. In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms : our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

33. Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts made by their Legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here.

34. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity.

35. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind — enemies in war, in peace friends.

36. We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

What avails the show of external liberty, to one who has lost the government of himself?

OIL.—THE FIRST DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

1. Many readers probably are aware that a claim has been set up, on the part of North Carolina, to the honor of having issued the first Declaration of Independence, more than a year prior to the appearance of the famous instrument drawn up by Jefferson, and adopted on the 4th of July, 1776.

2. This first declaration, it has been said, was issued by a meeting in Mecklenburgh county, North Carolina, in May, 1775. It was first made notorious in 1819, or thereabout, when the Raleigh "Register" produced what was alleged to be a copy of it.

3. This, however, Mr. Jefferson strenuously declared to be spurious; and the authenticity of the paper had not been generally admitted. But it is now proved to be authentic; the researches of Mr. Bancroft, in the State Paper Office of the British Government having thrown new light on this interesting subject.

4. He has discovered a copy of the resolves of the committee of Mecklenburgh sent over to England by Sir James Wright, then governor of Georgia, which show that independence was first proclaimed in North Carolina in May, 1775.

5. The letter of Sir James Wright, referred to by Mr. Bancroft, closes as follows: "By the enclosed paper your Lordship will see the extraordinary resolves of the people of Charlotte town, in Mecklenburgh county; and I should not be surprised if the same should be done every where else." The prediction was soon verified.

He who is a stranger to industry may possess, but he can not enjoy; for it is labor which gives relish to pleasure.

CIII.—THE AMERICAN FLAG.

1. When freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there:
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky Baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.
2. Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven —
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!
3. Flag of the brave, thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,

Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn ;
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance :
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall ;
There shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

4. Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ;
When Death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.
5. Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given !
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet !
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us !

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

Generous ambition and sensibility to praise are,
especially in youth, among the marks of virtue.

CIV.—THE NATIONAL FLAG.

1. There is the national flag. He must be cold indeed who can look upon its folds, rippling in the breeze, without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land, the flag is companionship and country itself, with all its endearments. Who, as he sees it, can think of a State merely?

2. Whose eyes, once fastened upon its radiant trophies, can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation? It has been called a "floating piece of poetry," and yet I know not if it have an intrinsic beauty beyond other ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because it represents all, that all gaze at it with delight and reverence.

3. It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air; but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen States to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars of white on a field of blue proclaim that union of States constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new State. The two together signify union past and present.

4. The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and altogether, bunting, stripes, stars and colors, blazing in the sky, make the flag of our country to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

CHARLES SUMNER.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved of heaven o'er all the world beside.
Where shall that land, that spot on earth, be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around!
O thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land, thy country—that spot, thy home.

CV.—THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

1. Francis S. Key, the author of this national ode, accompanied by a Mr. Skinner, had been sent with a flag of truce to the British fleet to obtain the release of some prisoners taken in Washington. He was obliged to await the bombardment of Fort McHenry, near Baltimore. All night long he and his companion watched from the deck of their vessel, with the deepest anxiety, the terrific scene.

2. The bombardment closed during the night (of the 13th and 14th of September, 1814), and it was uncertain whether the fort had surrendered or not; when, however, "by the dawn's early light," they saw that "our flag was still there," they knew that the attack had failed; and Key, in the enthusiasm of the moment, took an old letter from his pocket, upon which he wrote most of this celebrated song.

3. It was completed as soon as he reached Baltimore, and, being circulated through the city, was sung with patriotic fervor by the inhabitants, becoming soon afterwards one of the national songs of the country.

ANDERSON'S UNITED STATES READER.

4. O, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the
perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in
air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there:

O, say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

5. On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the
deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering
steep,

As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
beam,

In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner! O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

6. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps'
pollution,

No refuge should save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

7. O, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and war's desolation.
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-res-
cued land

Praise the power that hath made and preserved
us a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust:"
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

CVI.—EMIGRATION FOR OUR INTEREST.

Speech made in 1782.

1. I venture to prophesy there are those now living who will see this favored land amongst the most powerful on earth,—able, sir, to take care of herself, without resorting to that policy which is always so dangerous, though sometimes unavoidable, of calling in foreign aid.

2. Yes, sir, they will see her great in arts and in arms, her golden harvests waving over fields of immeasurable extent; her commerce penetrating the most distant seas, and her cannon silencing the vain boasts of those who now proudly affect to rule the waves.

3. But, sir, you must have men,—you can not get along without them. Those heavy forests of valuable timber, under which your lands are groaning, must be cleared away. Those vast riches which cover the face of your soil, as well as those which lie hid in its bosom, are to be developed and gathered only by the skill and enterprise of men.

4. Your timber, sir, must be worked up into ships, to transport the productions of the soil from which it has been cleared. Then, you must have commercial men and commercial capital, to take off your productions, and find the best markets for them abroad. Your great want, sir, is the want of men; and these you must have, and will have speedily if you are wise.

5. Do you ask how you are to get them? Open your doors, sir, and they will come in! In population the Old World is full to overflowing. That population is ground, too, by the oppressions of the governments under which they live. Sir, they are already standing on tiptoe upon their native shores, and looking to your coasts with a wistful and longing eye.

6. They see here a land blessed with natural and political advantages which are not equaled by those of any other country upon earth; a land on which a gracious Providence hath emptied the horn of abundance; a land over which Peace hath now stretched forth her white wings, and where content and plenty lie down at every door.

7. Sir, they see something still more attractive than all this. They see a land in which Liberty hath taken up her abode,—that liberty whom they had considered as a fabled goddess, existing only in the fancies of poets. They see here a real divinity; her altars rising on every hand throughout these happy States, her glories chanted by three millions of tongues, and the whole region smiling under her blessed influence.

8. Sir, let but this, our celestial goddess, Liberty, stretch forth her fair hand towards the people of the Old World,—tell them to come, and bid them welcome,—and you will see them pouring in from the north, from the south, from the east, and from the west. Your wilderness will be cleared and settled, your deserts will smile, your ranks will be filled, and you will soon be in a condition to defy the powers of any adversary.

9. But gentlemen object to any accession from Great Britain, and particularly to the return of the British refugees. Sir, I feel no objection to the return of those deluded people. They have, to be sure, mistaken their own interests most wofully; and most wofully have they suffered the punishment due to their offenses.

10. But the relations which we bear to them, and to their native country, are now changed. Their king hath acknowledged our independence; the quarrel is over, peace hath returned and found us a free people. Let us have the magnanimity, sir, to lay aside our antipathies and prejudices, and consider the subject in a political light.

11. They are an enterprising, moneyed people. They will be serviceable in taking off the surplus produce of our lands, and supplying us with necessaries, during the infant state of our manufactures. Even if they be inimical to us in point of feeling and principle, I can see no objection, in a political view, in making them tributary to our advantage. And, as I have no prejudices to prevent my making this use of them, so, sir, I have no fear of any mischief that they can do us. Afraid of them! What, sir, shall we, who have laid the proud British lion at our feet, now be afraid of his whelps?

PATRICK HENRY.

CIVIL.—LOVE OF COUNTRY A CARDINAL VIRTUE

1. Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
 "This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering in a foreign strand?
- 2 If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim.
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch concentered all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CVIII.—PROGRESS OF MIND.

1. O blessed hour! The "Day-spring from on high"
Dawns on the darkened world: long-brooding night
Rolls back, and morning breaks along the sky;
While Wisdom, stooping from her heavenly height,
Spreads o'er the earth her robe of dazzling light.
The humblest now rejoice and feel no ban,
But seek for wisdom as their heaven-born right;
With pleasure think, the thoughts of others scan,
And deem him highest blest who best can act the
man!
2. The mind aroused as ne'er in former years,
Majestic, like the sun, moves on its way
Of light from clime to clime, and earth appears
To glow e'en now with bright millennial ray!
Old things with olden times have passed away,
And man no more consents to plod his round
In search of joys which ne'er his toils repay;
But like the winged light, with one rebound,
Leaps to the goal he seeks, o'er height and space
profound!
3. The forest melts at his advancing stride,
And up, like magic, towns and cities spring:
The subtle elements his will abide,
And serve his wish as subjects serve their king.
Each day reveals some new, unheard-of thing,
Till wonder long has ceased to feel surprise:
Thought now is sent upon the lightning's wing,
Which round the circling earth obedient flies,
With speed as swift as e'er it flashed along the skies!
4. Thus thought goes forth and holds the world in awe,
Subservient makes each known and latent power
(Led to their springs by Truth's unerring law),

Bedecks the desert wild with fruit and flower;
 And gleams from barren fields a princely dower;
 Amid confusion, perfect order finds,

A radiant sun, where clouds of darkness lower;
 Culls rarest gems from long-neglected mines,
 And purest bliss enjoys, where ignorance repines!

5. O'er earth, ere long, a fearful change shall pass,

Hurled back to chaos, whence at first it came,
 Its beauty changed to one unshapen mass,

As round it spreads the fierce devouring flame;

Which leaves no lingering trace of place or fame;
 Then o'er the scene shall thought arise and shine;

With radiant beams the noonday sun 'twill shame,
 And from the smoldering wrecks of earth and time,
 In triumph mount to God, Immortal and Divine!

SIDNEY DYER.

CIX.—SELF-CULTURE.

1. Education is not to be confined to your youthful days,—it is the mental action and discipline of a life. There are men with dim eyes and hoary hair, whose brows are marked by the furrows of wisdom, and wreathed with the honors that the world bestows upon vast learning, who yet sit attentive pupils at the feet of knowledge, who have not yet thrown by their books or completed their education.

2. I call upon you, then, to pursue ever the course of self-culture. Make it a duty—a portion of the business of your life—to acquire knowledge, and to acquire it by your own exertions, and for the love of it. This is an important principle. You can not expect to be always under the guidance of teachers. You must, then, either neglect this duty or become your own instructors.

3. The press teems with valuable information. Volume upon volume, filled with the instruction which the wise and the good of all ages have written, is ready to your hand. "If the riches of both Indies," said Fenelon, "if the crowns of all the kingdoms of Europe were laid at my feet, in exchange for my love of reading, I would spurn them all." I can not but marvel that any young person should imbibe a disrelish, or neglect to cultivate a taste, for books.

4. And then there is Nature herself, with all her ample scroll unrolled before you, emblazoned with infallible teachings that speak directly to the eye and the heart of him who would read and know them. Truth after truth glides before you in every rolling star, and sparkles from every drop of dew. The flowing waters and the waving woods are eloquent with wisdom.

5. Beneath your feet, in many a curious fossil and crumbling shell, lie the monuments of buried ages, and far above your head, in bright array, are radiant suns and systems. The mind may gather fresh manna from the petal of the flower, and wisdom may gush out like living water from the smitten rock, and burst upon you from "the cataract and the rainbow, the lightning and the star."

6. These—all these are but lectures which nature delivers in its great cathedral to the attentive listener and diligent pupil. Tell me not that you have completed your education, or that you have no opportunities or time for attending to it further. The world is your school, life is your term-time, and all nature is open to your study. If you make the most of these, your advantages, then, when bowed and hoary with years, you can exclaim with triumph, "There is gold, and a multitude of rubies; but the lips of knowledge are the precious jewels!"

E. H. CHAPIN.

CX.—TRANSITION.

1. When leaves grow sere all things take somber hue;
The wild winds waltz no more the woodside through,
And all the faded grass is wet with dew.
2. A gauzy nebula films the pensive sky,
The golden bee supinely buzzes by,
In silent flocks the blue-birds southward fly.
3. The forests' cheeks are crimsoned o'er with shame,
The cynic frost enlaces every lane,
The ground with scarlet blushes is aflame!
4. The one we love grows lustrous-eyed and sad,
With sympathy too thoughtful to be glad,
While all the colors round are running mad.
5. The sunbeams kiss askant the somber hill,
The naked woodbine climbs the window sill,
The breaths that noon exhales are faint and chill.
6. The ripened nuts drop downward day by day,
Sounding the hollow tocsin of decay,
And bandit squirrels smuggle them away.
7. Vague sighs and scents pervade the atmosphere,
Sounds of invisible stirrings hum the ear,
The morning's lash reveals a frozen tear.
8. The hermit mountains gird themselves with mail,
Mocking the threshers with an echo flail,
The while the afternoons grow crisp and pale.
9. Inconstant Summer to the tropics flees,
And, as her rose-sails catch the amorous breeze,
Lo! bare, brown Autumn trembles to her knees!

10. The stealthy nights encroach upon the days,
The earth with sudden whiteness is ablaze,
And all her paths are lost in crystal maze!
 11. Tread lightly where the dainty violets blew,
Where the Spring winds their soft eyes open flew
Safely they sleep the churlish Winter through.
 12. Though all life's portals are indiced with woe,
And frozen pearls are all the world can show,
Feel! Nature's breath is warm beneath the snow.
 13. Look up, dear mourners! Still the blue expanse,
Serenely tender, bends to catch thy glance;
Within thy tears sibyllic sunbeams dance!
 14. With blooms full-sapped again will smile the land,
(The fall is but the folding of His hand,)
Anon with fuller glories to expand.
 15. The dumb heart hid beneath the pulseless tree
Will throb again; and then the torpid bee
Upon the ear will drone his drowsy glee.
 16. So shall the truant bluebirds backward fly,—
So shall loved things that vanish, or that die,
Return to us in some sweet By-and-By!
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CXI.—OUR WONDROUS ATMOSPHERE.

1. The atmosphere rises above us about thirty miles with its dome, arching toward the heavens, of which it is the most familiar synonym and symbol. It floats around us, like that grand object which the Apostle John saw in his vision —“a sea of glass like unto crystal.”

2. So massive is it, that when it stirs it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests,

like snow-flakes, to destruction before it. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass ; yet a soap bubble sails through it with impunity, and the thinnest insect waves it aside with its wing, and it is so subtle that the great bulk of mankind scarcely realize that they are continually bathed in an "ocean of air."

3. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south winds bring back color to the face of the invalid ; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow, and make the blood mantle in our cheeks ; even its northern blast braces into new vigor the hardened children of our rugged climate.

4. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of the twilight, and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun. But for it the rainbow would want its "triumphal arch," and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands around the heavens. The cold ether would not shed snow feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall ; nor hail, nor storm, nor fog diversify the face of the sky.

5. Our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshadowed forehead toward the sun, and one dreary monotonous blaze of light and heat would dazzle and burn up all things. Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers ; so that the shadows of evening are gathered by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads, and every creature an opportunity to find a place of rest.

6. In the morning the sun would burst at one bound from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon ; but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first

one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by and by a handful, and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the earth, till her eyelids open, and like a man, she goeth forth again to her labors till the evening.

OXII.—TYPOGRAPHY: ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS.

1. The discovery or invention of no other art can compare, in point of usefulness, to the typographic art. Notwithstanding its great importance, and the recentness of its origin, my readers will be surprised to learn that its inventor and early history are alike veiled in doubt.

2. "The inventor of this noble art to find,
Has long engaged the antiquary's mind;
To question dates, on books and records pore,
To draw the veil Obscurity's cast o'er—
Vain are his efforts; 'tis beyond his might
To fix, in truth, on man or place the right!
Doubts still exist to whom the palm is due;
Strong partisans for each their claims pursue;
But metal types, the honor all confer
On Gutenberg, and Faust, and on Schoffer."

3. Some assert that printing has been practiced in China from the earliest days of antiquity; but it is quite certain that the fifteenth century has the honor of making it available to the world at large. All admit that, previous to that time "types" were not known.

4. It is probable that the idea was suggested to Caster, an old bachelor, by a few letters or characters which he

had cut in the bark of a beech-tree. After this he cut letters on blocks, and from them printed toys for the children of his brother, with whom he resided.

5. For some time the matter to be printed was cut, inverted, on blocks of wood, from which the impressions were taken. At this early period, the present printed characters were unknown,—only script letters were used; and, of course, all the printing in those days looked like writing.

6. Wooden type was soon found to be insufficient, and resort was had to metal, on which the type was cut the same as on wood. The Bible was the first book printed with this metal type, and, in fact, the first book of much note printed at all, though there had been several pamphlets, a grammar and some other small books printed.

7. The first publishers of the Bible were John Faust, Peter Schoffer, and John Gutenberg; and their first edition was issued A. D. 1450. Previous to this time, the Bible was furnished by scribes; and as it took a long time to copy it, and as but few persons could write, a complete copy was very expensive, often costing as high as six hundred crowns, or six hundred and fifty-four dollars each.

8. Faust, who was the money man of the firm, conceived an idea for enhancing their moneyed interest. To this end he went to Paris, taking a number of copies of the Bible with him, which he sold as manuscripts, at first, at the ordinary prices.

9. Soon, however, he reduced the price to sixty, and shortly after to thirty crowns a copy. This excited the astonishment of the people; but how much greater was their wonder when, on comparing different copies, they found them to be exactly alike.

10. Given not a little to the marvelous, the people were quite positive that something more than human

agency had conspired to produce such wonderful results; and, as Satan is always considered the instigator of innovation, it was at once declared that Faust was in league with the devil.

11. This declaration was held to be proved beyond controversy, by the fact that the manuscripts were embellished with red ink, which they supposed to be blood. Faust was thrown into prison, and would have atoned for his enormous sin by his life, had he not revealed the secret. Faust probably died of the plague, at Paris, in 1466.

12. Peter Schoffer is entitled to the credit of inventing metal types as they now exist. At first, the type, made of lead only, was found too soft; but this defect was soon remedied by compounding harder metals with the lead. This improved metal type was first used in 1459.

13. Since that time great improvements have been made in type — in their composition, size, form and general appearance. At that day the type was all of one size, and much larger than that now in general use. For much of this improvement, as well as for the invention of metal types, and even of typography itself, we are indebted to the Germans.

14. Printing was introduced into England by William Caxton, in 1474. In 1569 it found its way into Mexico, North America, and not until 1639 did it appear in what is now the United States. To Cambridge, Massachusetts, belongs the honor of setting up the first printing-press in America. This press was established by the Rev. Jesse Glover, under the direction of Stephen Day. The first thing printed was the Freeman's Oath; the second, an Almanac; and the third, a Version of the Psalms.

15. John Forster introduced the first press into Boston in 1675. Though Cambridge has the honor of owning the

first press, Boston has the greater honor of publishing the first American newspaper. The name of this paper was the "Boston News-Letter." The first number was issued on the 24th of April, 1704, by John Campbell. This paper was discontinued in 1776, after being regularly published for nearly seventy-two years.

16. The second newspaper was also published in Boston, and likewise the third. This third paper was called the "New England Courant," and created much disturbance by the recklessness with which it expressed its opinions. James Franklin was its editor and proprietor. It was in the office of this paper (which stood on the easterly corner of Court street and Franklin avenue) that Benjamin Franklin learned the printer's trade.

17. Since the days of Franklin very great improvements have been made in his favorite art; and one might be pardoned for believing that no further improvements could be made—that the day of improvement is past—that perfection is attained—when we consider that playing on a machine, as on a piano, now sets type, and that one gentle pressure of the toe causes thousands of printed sheets hourly to teem from the press.

18. "From thee, O Press! what blessings flow
To unworthy mortals here below,

Life's path to smooth!

The widow's cause, the infant's tear,

In thee a friend are sure to rear,

Their loss to soothe.

19. "Through thee, fair Liberty will stand,
The proudest boast throughout this land:

See hist'ry's page!

The Press enslaved, she'll inly moan,

And Freedom's sons in chains may groan,

From age to age!"

CXIII.—SONG OF THE RAILROAD.

1. Through the mold and through the clay,
Through the corn and through the hay,
By the margin of the lake,
O'er the river, through the brake,
O'er the bleak and dreary moor,
On we hie with screech and roar;
 Splashing! flashing!
 Crashing! dashing!

2. Over ridges,
 Gullies, bridges!
By the bubbling rill,
 And the mill—
Highways, byways,
 Hollow hill—
Jumping, bumping,
 Rocking, roaring,
Like forty thousand giants snoring!
 By the lonely hut and mansion,
 By the ocean's wide expansion;
Where the factory chimneys smoke,
Where the foundry bellows croak.
 Dash along!
 Slash along!
 Crash along!
 Flash along!
 On! on! with a jump
 And a bump
 And a roll!—
Hies the fire-fiend to his destined goal!

3. O'er the aqueduct and bog,
On we fly with a ceaseless jog;

Every instant something new,
 Every instant lost to view;
 Now a tavern—now a steeple—
 Now a crowd of gaping people—
 Now a hollow—now a ridge—
 Now a crossway, now a bridge;
 Grumble, stumble,
 Rumble, tumble,
 Fretting, getting in a stew!
 Church and steeple, gaping people,
 Quick as thought are lost to view!
 Every thing that eye can survey,
 Turns hurly-burly, topsy-turvy!
 Each passenger is thumped and shaken,
 As physic is when to be taken.

4. By the foundry, past the forge,
 Through the plain and mountain gorge,
 Where the cathedral rears its head,
 Where repose the silent dead:
 Monuments amid the grass,
 Flit like specters as you pass;
 If to hail a friend inclined—
 Whish! whir! ka-swash!—he's left behind!
 Rumble, tumble, all the day,—
 Thus we pass the hours away.

CHARLES T. WOLFE.

CXIV.—THE EVILS OF WAR.

1. War, pestilence and famine, by the common consent of mankind, are the three greatest calamities which can befall our species; and war, as the most direful, justly stands foremost and in front. Pestilence and famine, ne

doubt for wise although inscrutable purposes, are inflictions of Providence, to which it is our duty, therefore, to bow with obedience, humble submission and resignation. Their duration is not long, and their ravages are limited. They bring, indeed, great affliction while they last, but society soon recovers from their effects.

2. War is the voluntary work of our own hands, and whatever reproaches it may deserve, should be directed to ourselves. When it breaks out, its duration is indefinite and unknown,—its vicissitudes are hidden from our view. In the sacrifice of human life, and in the waste of human treasure—in its losses and in its burdens,—it affects both belligerent nations, and its sad effects of mangled bodies, of death, and of desolation, endure long after its thunders are hushed in peace.

3. War unhinges society, disturbs its peaceful and regular industry, and scatters poisonous seeds of disease and immorality, which continue to germinate and diffuse their baneful influence long after it has ceased. Dazzling by its glitter, pomp and pageantry, it begets a spirit of wild adventure and romantic enterprise, and often disqualifies those who embark in it, after their return from the bloody fields of battle, for engaging in the industrious and peaceful vocations of life.

4. History tells the mournful tale of conquering nations and conquerors. The three most celebrated conquerors, in the civilized world, were Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon. The first, after ruining a large portion of Asia, and sighing and lamenting that there were no more worlds to subdue, met a premature and ignoble death. His lieutenants quarreled and warred with each other as to the spoils of his victories, and finally lost them all.

5. Cæsar, after conquering Gaul, returned with his triumphant legions to Rome, passed the Rubicon, won

the battle of Pharsalia, trampled upon the liberties of his country, and expired by the patriot hand of Brutus. But Rome ceased to be free. War and conquest had enervated and corrupted the masses. The spirit of true liberty was extinguished, and a long line of emperors succeeded, some of whom were the most execrable monsters that ever existed in human form.

6. And Napoleon, that most extraordinary man, perhaps, in all history, after subjugating all Continental Europe, occupying almost all its capitals,—seriously threatening proud Albion itself,—and decking the brows of various members of his family with crowns torn from the heads of other monarchs, lived to behold his own dear France itself in possession of his enemies, was himself made a wretched captive, and, far removed from country, family and friends, breathed his last on the distant and inhospitable rock of St. Helena.

7. The Alps and the Rhine had been claimed as the natural boundaries of France, but even these could not be secured in the treaties to which she was reduced to submit. Do you believe that the people of Macedon or Greece, of Rome, or of France, were benefited, individually or collectively, by the triumphs of their captains? Their sad lot was immense sacrifice of life, heavy and intolerable burdens, and the ultimate loss of liberty itself.

HENRY CLAY.

CXV.—THE SHIP AND THE SEA-GULL.

1. The brave old skipper walked the deck,
His daughter by his side,
As night came down with gloomy frown
Upon the waters wide.

2. And merrily the ship went on
Before the wind so free,
But the skipper knew that a storm was nigh
By the wash of the surging sea.
3. And the storm came out with a shriek and shout,
And the billows hissed and boiled,
As along their black and their ridgy back
The good ship strained and toiled.
4. "O father dear," she cried, and clasped
The skipper's horny hand,
"I wish that we saw the lights on shore,
I wish we were near the land."
5. "Nay, nay, my child; when the storm is wild
It is better far to be
Long leagues away from the shallow sands—
Away from the rocky lee."
6. There was no star in all the sky
To guide the lonely bark,
As on she drove before the storm,
So dreadful and so dark.
7. "O, is it a fancy, my father dear—
Do I wake or do I dream?—
For in the lulling of the storm
I heard a strange, wild scream!"
8. The skipper grasped his daughter's arm,
And leaned with list'ning ear—
Upon the blast again swept past
The scream so strange and clear.
9. "Down with the helm!" he shouted loud;
"Down, or we drive on shore!
For I hear the screaming of the gull
Above the tempest's roar."

10. Down went the helm, round went the ship
 With a heavy lurch and strain;
 And away it sped from the shore so dread
 To the open sea again.
 11. "My daughter, let us join to thank
 Our Father dear in heaven,
 Who unto us so many things
 Hath in his mercy given.
 12. "He sent that bird, whose scream we heard,
 Amid the stormy roar,
 To tell us danger was at hand,
 And warn us from the shore.
 13. "My daughter, there are thoughtless men,
 And cruel ones as well,
 Who slay the birds that on the shore
 Of the wild ocean dwell.
 14. "Ah, let them but remember, child,
 That every bird they slay
 Might, had it lived, have saved some ship
 In some wild night or day.
 15. "So let us thank our God, who sent
 These wild sea-birds to be
 The friends of every one who sails
 The wide and trackless sea."
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CXVI.—A STORM UPON THE OCEAN.

1. This day I have been gratified with what I had often desired to witness,— the condition of the sea in a tempest. Not that I would allege curiosity as a sufficient plea for desiring to see that which can never be witnessed

without more or less of danger to the spectator, and still less when the gratification exposes others to anxiety and alarm.

2. Let me be understood, then, as meaning to say that my desire to witness a storm was not of such a kind as to make me indifferent to the apprehension which it is calculated to awaken ; but aside from this there was nothing I could have desired more.

3. I had seen the ocean by moonlight, and as much of it as may be seen in the darkness, when the moon and stars are veiled, and had contemplated it in all its other phases (and they are almost innumerable); but until to-day I had never seen it in correspondence with a tempest.

4. After a breeze of some sixty hours from the north and northwest, the wind died away about four o'clock yesterday afternoon. The calm continued till nine in the evening, and in the meantime the mercury in the barometer fell at an extraordinary rate. The captain predicted that we should encounter a gale from the south-east, but I did not hear the prediction or I should not have gone to bed.

5. The gale came on about eleven o'clock ; not violent at first, but increasing every moment. I slept soundly until after five in the morning, and then awoke with a confused recollection of much rolling and thumping through the night.

6. There was an unusual trampling and shouting, or rather screaming, upon deck, and soon after a crash upon the cabin floor, followed by one of the most unearthly screams I ever heard. The passengers taking alarm sprang from their berths, and, without waiting to dress, ran about asking questions, neither waiting for, nor receiving, any answers.

7. The shriek proceeded from the second steward, who, by a lurch of the ship had been thrown from the sofa, in

his sleep, some six feet to the cabin floor. It was still quite dark, but four of the sails were already in ribbons, the winds were whistling through the cordage, the rain was dashing furiously and in torrents, and the noise and spray were scarcely less than I found them under the great sheet at Niagara.

8. The captain with his speaking-trumpet, the officers and sailors, were all screaming, in their efforts to be heard, and mingling their oaths and curses with the angry voice of the tempest. This, all this, in the darkness which precedes the dawning of day, combined to form as much of the terribly sublime as I ever wish to witness concentrated in one scene.

9. We had encountered, however, as yet, only the commencement of the gale, whose terrors had been heightened by its suddenness, by the darkness, and by the confusion. It continued to blow furiously for twenty-four hours, so that during the whole day I enjoyed a view which, apart from its dangers, would be worth a voyage across the Atlantic.

10. The ship was driven madly through the raging waters, and when it was impossible to walk the decks without imminent risk of being lifted up and carried away by the winds, the poor sailors were kept aloft, tossing and swinging about the yards and in the tops; clinging to the spars with their bodies, feet and arms with mysterious tenacity, while their hands were employed in taking in and securing sail.

11. On deck the officers and men made themselves safe by ropes, but how the gallant fellows aloft kept from being blown out of the rigging was equally a matter of wonder and admiration. However, about seven o'clock they had taken in what canvas had not blown away, except the sails by means of which the vessel is kept steady.

12. At nine o'clock, when the hurricane had acquired her full force, the work was all done, and the ship lay to; and those who had her in charge only remained on deck to be prepared for whatever disaster might occur.

13. By this time the sea was rolling up its hurricane waves; and, that I might not lose the grandeur of such a view, I fortified myself against the rain and spray in winter overcoat and cork-soled boots, and, in spite of the fierceness of the gale, planted myself in a position favorable for a survey of all around me, and in safety so long as the ship's strong works should hold together.

14. I had often seen paintings of a storm at sea, but here was the original. These imitations are oftentimes graphic and faithful as far as they go, but they are necessarily deficient in accompaniments which artists can not supply, and are therefore feeble and ineffective. You have upon canvas the ship and the sea, but they remain as they came from the hands of the artist. The universal motion of both are thus arrested and made stationary.

15. There is no subject in which the pencil of the painter is more indebted to the imagination than in its attempt to delineate a storm at sea; but even could the attempt be successful, so far as the eye is concerned, there would still be wanting the rushing of the hurricane, the groaning of the masts and yards, the quick, shrill rattling of the cordage, and the ponderous dashing of the uplifted deep.

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

CXVII.—AN INCIDENT OF THE SEA.

1. We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, every thing that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been

completely wrecked ; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves.

2. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months : clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew ? Their struggle has long been over ; they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest ; their bones lie whitening in the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end.

3. What sighs have been wafted after that ship ! what prayers have been offered up at the deserted fireside of home ; how often have the maiden, the wife, and the mother, pored over the daily news to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep ; how has expectation darkened into anxiety, anxiety into dread, and dread into despair. Alas ! not one memento shall return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from port, and was never heard of more.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CXVIII.—THE SHIP “CITY OF BOSTON.”

“We only know she sailed away,
And ne’er was heard of more.”

1. Waves of the ocean, that thunder and roar,
Where is the ship that we sent from our shore ?
Tell, as ye dash on the quivering strand,
Where is the crew that comes never to land ?
Where are the hearts that, unfearing and gay,
Broke from the clasp of affection away ?

Where are the faces that, smiling and bright,
Sailed for the death-darkened regions of night?
Waves of the ocean, that thunder and roar,
Where is the ship that we sent from our shore?

2. Storms of the ocean, that bellow and sweep,
Where are our friends that went forth on the deep?
Where are the faces ye paled with your sneer?
Where are the hearts ye have palsied with fear?
Where is the maiden, so tender and fair?
Where is the father, of silvery hair?
Where is the glory of womanhood's time?
Where is the warm blood of man's vigor and prime?
Storms of the ocean, that bellow and pour,
Where is the ship that we sent from our shore?

3. Birds of the ocean, that scream through the gale,
What have ye seen of a wind-beaten sail?
What have ye heard in your moments of glee,
Birds of the bitter and treacherous sea?
Perched ye for rest on the threatening mast,
Beaten and shattered and bent by the blast?
Heard ye no message to carry away,
Home to the hearts that are yearning to-day?
Birds of the ocean, that hover and soar,
Where is the ship that we sent from our shore?

4. Depths of the ocean, that fathomless lie,
What of the crew that no more cometh nigh?
What of the guests that so silently sleep
Low in thy chambers, relentlessly deep?
Cold is the couch they have haplessly won;
Long is the night they have entered upon;
Still must they sleep, till the trumpet o'erhead
Summons the sea to uncover its dead!
Depths of the ocean, with treasures in store,
Where is the ship that we sent from our shore?

5. God of the ocean, of mercy and power,
Look we to Thee in this heart-crushing hour!
Cold was the bitter and merciless wave,
Warm was Thy love and Thy goodness, to save;
Dark were the tempests that thundered and flew,
Bright was Thy smile, bursting happily through;
Bright to the band who have followed Thine eye
Home to the shores of the beautiful sky!
Safe in Thy goodness and love, evermore,
Leave we the ship that we sent from our shore?

WILL CARLETON.

CXIX.—THE TIME TO WORK.

The following beautiful extract is taken from the opening portion of a sermon preached by Mr. Miller, of Chicago, to his congregation, January 23, 1876, from the text, "For the night cometh when no man can work."

1. Morning in the East! At first only a dim effulgence breaks the edge of the horizon; brighter it grows, and still brighter. Soon the tinted lines go in billows along the ragged rim. . After this they dash upward, foaming to the very zenith point; then the whole sky is overspread.

2. The mountain tops are gilded. The clouds drop their blackness and float in unwonted glory; the hills and trees and houses below take on shape; over all the land the morning has come, and every thing rejoices in its heaven-sent light.

3. Up with the sun, the farmer's lad makes ready for the toil of the day. Through the gate, down the old lane goes the harnessed team afield, long before the dew has taken wing from the fragrant clover tops.

4. What a work is his! There stands the plow, chin-deep in the furrow, waiting his coming. The rattling

whiffletrees are fastened in their place; the long lines buckled round his back; the stout handles grasped with tight clutch,—all ready, and away goes the fretting team as if impatient for the work.

5. Thus round the field and round the field runs the polished shaft, each time cutting off a ribbon of green, and each time turning it under as smoothly and evenly as a seamstress turns under the edge of the garment she hems upon her lap.

6. But the day goes by, and evening comes on at length. The sun, which a few hours before hung in the dome of noon, has now rolled far down the western slope. The brightness lessens. The trees push their dark shadows far over the ground. The sun now wholly drops from view, and the day is gone. Leaving the plow midway in the furrow, the dusty team is headed barnward in the gathering shadows,—for the night has come, when no man can work.

7. Morning in mid-winter! Up with the sun, the chopper goes forth to the work of the day. Basket on arm and ax over shoulder, we can track him all the way to the woods through the crusted snow. How the echoing strokes ring out into the frosty air! Down come the tall maples and smooth beeches and shaggy walnuts on every side. The very earth jars with their thundering crash, wakening the squirrel from his winter sleep, and frightening the rabbit from his hiding place under the brush.

8. But the hours go by, and evening draws on apace. Almost imperceptibly at first the darkness drifts down through the upper branches. Faster it falls, and still faster. The shadows deepen. The measured strokes come fainter. The brightness wholly goes, and then all is still. Basket on arm and ax over shoulder, once more the chopper sets out over the crusted snow,—for the night has come when no man can work.

9. Morning in the city! Out from a thousand homes go the workmen to their daily toil. The machinist to his lathe, the carpenter to his bench, the blacksmith to his anvil, the miller to his hopper. How the wheels fly, and the chisels cut, and the hammers strike, and the stones whirl! Through ten long hours does the busy hum go on, and then a stopping of labor on every side.

10. The band slips off the flying wheel. The chisels lie untouched amid the shavings. The fire goes out on the blacksmith's forge. The stones cease whirling in the dusty mill. Under all the roofs a mysterious stillness settles down,—for the night has come when no man can work.

HENRY T. MILLER.

CXX.—BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

1. There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising
knell!
2. Did you not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;

And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is the cannon's opening roar!

3. Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated;—who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could
rise?

4. And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war,
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb
Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! They
come! they come!"

5. And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold
and low.

6. Last noon beheld them fall of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn the marshaling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial
blent!

LORD (GEORGE GORDON) BYRON.

CXXI.—DEATH OF LITTLE PAUL.

1. "Floy," said Paul, "what is that?" "Where, dearest?" "There! at the bottom of the bed." "There's nothing there except papa!" The figure lifted up its head and rose, and, coming to the bedside, said, "My own boy, don't you know me?" Paul looked it in the face, and thought, was this his father?

2. But the face, so altered to his thinking, thrilled while he gazed, as if it were in pain; and, before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them and draw it toward him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed and went out at the door.

3. Paul looked at Florence with a fluttering heart; but he knew what she was going to say, and stopped her with his face against her lips. The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to it, "Don't be so sorry for me, dear papa; indeed, I am quite happy!"

4. His father coming and bending down to him (which he did quickly, and without first pausing by the bedside), Paul held him around the neck, and repeated these words

to him several times, and very earnestly ; and Paul never saw him again in his room at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, "Don't be so sorry for me ; indeed, I am quite happy." This was the beginning of his always saying in the morning that he was a great deal better, and that they were to tell his father so.

5. How many times the golden water danced upon the wall — how many nights the dark, dark river rolled toward the sea in spite of him — Paul never counted, never sought to know. If their kindness, or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind, and he more grateful, every day ; but whether they were many days or few, appeared of little moment now to the gentle boy.

6. One night he had been thinking of his mother and her picture in the drawing-room down-stairs, and had thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did to have held her in her arms when she felt that she was dying ; for even he, her brother, who had such dear love for her, could have no greater wish than that.

7. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother ; for he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no — the river running very fast and confusing his mind. "Floy, did I ever see mamma?"

8. "No, darling ; why?" "Did I ever see any kind face, like mamma's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?" he asked incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him. "O, yes, dear." "Whose, Floy?" "Your old nurse's, often." "And where is my old nurse?" said Paul ; "is she dead, too? Floy, are we all dead, except you?"

9. There was a hurry in the room for an instant — longer, perhaps, but it seemed no more — then all was

still again ; and Florence, with her face quite colorless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much. "Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please." "She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow." "Thank you, Floy." * * *

10. "And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding with a radiant smile a figure coming in. Yes, yes! No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it.

11. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity. "Floy, this is a kind, good face!" said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! stay here." "Now lay me down," he said; "and, Floy, come close to me and let me see you."

12. Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in and fell upon them, locked together. "How fast the river runs between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves. They always said so."

13. Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now! how bright the flowers growing on them! and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on; and now there was a shore before them. Who stood on the bank?

14. He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck. "Mamma is like you, Floy: I know her by the face. But tell them

that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go."

15. The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll.

16. The old, old fashion — Death! O, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged when the swift river bears us to the ocean.

CHARLES DICKENS.

CXXII.—THERE ARE NO DEAD.

1. There is no death! The stars go down
 To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
 They shine for evermore.
2. There is no death! The dust we tread
 Shall change, beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
 Or rainbow-tinted flowers.
3. There is no death! An angel form
 Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away;
 And then we call them — dead.
4. Born into that undying life,
 They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them,—the same,
 Except in sin and pain.

5. And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—There are no dead.

SIR EDWARD BULWER.

CXXIII.—MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

1. This book is all that's left me now;
(Tears will unbidden start;)
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree:
My mother's hands this Bible clasped;
She, dying, gave it me.
2. Ah! well do I remember those
Whose name these records bear;
Who round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!
3. My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear.
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear;
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come;
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home.

4. Thou truest friend man ever knew,
 Thy constancy I've tried;
 Where all were false, I found thee true,
 My counselor and guide.
 The mines of earth no treasures give
 That could this volume buy:
 In teaching me the way to live,
 It taught me how to die.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

CXXIV.—PHILLIPS ON AMERICA.

1. If, as a man, I venerate the mention of America, what must be my feelings toward her as an Irishman! Never, O! never, while memory remains, can Ireland forget the home of her emigrant, and the asylum of her exile.

2. No matter whether their sorrows sprung from the errors of enthusiasm or the realities of suffering, from fancy or infliction; that must be reserved for the scrutiny of those whom the lapse of time shall acquit of partiality. It is for the men of other ages to investigate and record it; but surely it is for the men of every age to hail the hospitality that received the shelterless, and love the feeling that befriended the unfortunate.

3. Search creation round, where can you find a country that presents so sublime a view, so interesting an anticipation? What noble institutions! What a comprehensive policy! What a wise equalization of every political advantage!

4. The oppressed of all countries, the martyrs of every creed, the innocent victim of despotic arrogance or superstitious frenzy, may there find refuge; his industry encouraged, his piety respected, his ambition animated;

with no restraint, but those laws which are the same to all, and no distinction but that which his merit may originate.

5. Who can deny that the existence of such a country presents a subject for human congratulation? Who can deny that its gigantic advancement offers a field for the most rational conjecture? At the end of the very next century, if she proceeds as she seems to promise, what a wondrous spectacle may she not exhibit.

6. Who shall say for what purpose a mysterious Providence may not have designed her. Who shall say that when, in its follies or its crimes, the old world may have interred all the pride of its power, and all the pomp of its civilization, human nature may not find its destined renovation in the new.

7. For myself, I have no doubt of it. I have not the least doubt, that when our temples and our trophies shall have moldered into dust,—when the glories of our name shall be but the legend of tradition, and the light of our achievements only live in song,—philosophy will rise again in the sky of her Franklin, and glory rekindle at the urn of her Washington.

CXXV.—RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

1.

Friends,

I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves. He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave. Not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame;
But base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde

Of petty despots, feudal tyrants; lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages;
Strong in some hundred spearmen, only great
In that strange spell, a name.

2. Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cry out against them. But this very day,
An honest man—my neighbor; there he stands;
Was struck—struck like a dog—by one who wore
The badge of Ursini; because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian. Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor?—men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs,—I that speak to ye,
3. I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy. O, how I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years;
Brother at once and son. He left my side;
A summer-bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour
The pretty harmless boy was slain! I saw
His corse, his mangled corse; and then I cried
For vengeance. Rouse ye, Romans! rouse ye, slaves!
4. Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms—dismayed,
Dishonored; and if ye dare to call for justice,
Be answered with the lash! Yet this is Rome
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the earth! And we are Romans!

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

CXXVI.—THE CHURCH BELL.

1. Of all musical instruments, it is by far the grandest, solemn or deep, or shrill and clear; or, still better, with both combined in a choral peal, it is the only instrument whose music can travel on the winds, can heave in noble swells upon the breeze, and can outbellow the storm. It alone speaks to heaven as to earth, and scatters abroad its sounds, till in the distance they seem to come but by fragments and broken notes.

2. Every other instrument creeps on earth, or sends its sounds skimming over its surface; but this pours it out from above, like the shower or the light, or whatever comes from the higher regions to benefit those below. Indeed, it seems to call out from the middle space which heavenly messengers would occupy, to make proclamation to man; condescending to an inferior sphere, but not wholly deigning to soil themselves with earth; high enough to command, low enough to be understood.

3. The Levite trumpet had something startling and military in it, that spoke of alarms and human passions; every other vocal instrument belongs to the world (excepting, perhaps, the noble organ, too huge and too delicately constructed for out-of-doors), and associates itself with profane amusements; but the solemn old bell has refused to lend itself for any such purpose, and as it swings to and fro, receiving its impulses from the temple of God below, talks of nothing but sacred things, and now reproves the laggard, and now cheers the sorrowful, and now chides the over-mirthful.

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

Don't run in debt. If the clothes are faded and torn, fix them up. They will be easier to wear than a faded and torn heart.

CXXVII.—GRATTAN'S REPLY TO CORRY

1. Has the gentleman done? Has he completely done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of this house. But I did not call him to order. Why? Because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary.

2. But, before I sit down, I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time. On any other occasion, I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt any thing which might fall from that honorable member; but there are times when the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude of the accusation.

3. I know the difficulty the honorable gentleman labored under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such were made by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it when not made by an honest man.

4. The right honorable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor." I ask, why not "traitor" unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him: it was because he durst not. It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike but has not courage to give the blow.

5. He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally and meanly false. Does the honorable gentleman rely on the report of the House of Lords for the foundation of his assertion? If

he does, I can prove to the committee there was a physical impossibility of that report being true.

6. The right honorable member has told me I deserted a profession where wealth and station were the reward of industry and talent. If I mistake not, that gentleman endeavored to obtain those rewards by the same means; but he soon deserted the occupation of a barrister for that of a parasite.

7. He fled from the labor of study to flatter at the table of the great. He found the lords' parlor a better sphere for his exertions than the hall of the four courts; the house of a great man, a more convenient way to power and to place; and that it was easier for a statesman of middling talents to sell his friends, than a lawyer of no talents to sell his clients.

8. The right honorable gentleman says I fled from the country after exciting rebellion, and that I have returned to raise another. No such thing. The charge is false. The civil war had not commenced when I left the kingdom, and I could not have returned without taking a part. On the one side was the camp of the rebel, on the other the camp of the minister, a greater traitor than the rebel.

9. I agree that the rebel who rises against the government should have suffered; but I missed on the scaffold the right honorable gentleman. Two desperate parties were in arms against the constitution. The right honorable gentleman belonged to one of these parties, and deserved death. I could not join the rebel — I could not join the government; I could take part with neither. I was, therefore, absent from a scene where I could not be active without self-reproach, nor indifferent with safety.

10. Many honorable gentlemen thought differently from me. I respect their opinions, but I keep my own:

and I think now, as I thought then, that the treason of the minister against the liberties of the people was infinitely worse than the rebellion of the people against the minister.

11. I have returned, not, as the right honorable member has said, to raise another storm — I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of gratitude to my country, which conferred on me a great reward for past services. I have returned to protect that constitution, of which I was the parent and the founder, from the assassination of such men as the right honorable gentleman and his unworthy associates.

12. They are corrupt, they are seditious, and they, at this moment, are in a conspiracy against their country. I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the lords.

13. Here I stand, ready for impeachment or trial. I dare accusation. I defy the honorable gentleman; I defy the government; I defy their whole phalanx. Let them come forth. I tell the ministers, I will neither give them quarter nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this house, in defense of the liberties of my country.

HENRY GRATTAN.

CXXVIII.—THREE GRAINS OF CORN.

A little Irish boy dying with hunger during the famine in Ireland, in 1847, asked his mother for three grains of corn which she had found.

1. Give me three grains of corn, mother
Only three grains of corn;
It will keep the little life I have
Till the coming of the morn.

- I am dying of hunger and cold, mother
Dying of hunger and cold,
And half the agony of such a death
My lips have never told.
2. It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart, mother,
A wolf that is fierce for blood,
All the livelong day, and the night beside,
Gnawing for lack of food.
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,
And the sight was heaven to see;
I awoke with an eager, famishing lip,
But you had no bread for me.
3. How could I look to you, mother,¹
How could I look to you,
For bread to give to your starving boy,
When you were starving too?
For I read the famine in your cheek,
And in your eye so wild,
And I felt it in your bony hand
As you laid it on your child.
- * * * * *
4. Come nearer to my side, mother,
Come nearer to my side,
And hold me fondly, as you held
My father when he died;
Quick, for I can not see you, mother;
My breath is almost gone;
Mother! dear mother! ere I die
Give me three grains of corn.

MISS EDWARDS.

A firefly shines only when on the wing. So it is with
the mind,—when it idles, we darken.

CXXIX.—ROOM AT THE TOP.

1. To the young men annually making their entrance upon active life with great ambitions, conscious capacities and high hopes, the prospect is, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, most perplexing. They see every avenue in prosperity thronged with their superiors in experience, in social advantages and in the possession of all the elements and conditions of success. Every post is occupied, every office filled, every path crowded. Where shall they find room?

2. It is related of Mr. Webster that, when a young lawyer suggested to him that the profession to which he had devoted himself was overcrowded, the great man replied, "Young man, there is always room enough at the top." Never was a wiser or more suggestive word said. There undoubtedly is always room enough where excellency lives.

3. Mr. Webster was not troubled for lack of room. Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun were never crowded. Mr. Evarts and O'Connor have plenty of space around them. Dr. Storrs and Dr. Hall would never know, in their personal experience, that it was hard to obtain a desirable ministerial charge. The profession is not crowded where they are. Dr. Brown-Sequard, Dr. Willard Parker, and Dr. Hammond, are not troubled for space for their elbows. When Nélaton died in Paris, he died, like Moses, on a mountain. When Von Graefe died in Berlin, he had no neighbor at his altitude.

4. It is well, first, that all young men remember that nothing will do them so much injury as quick and easy success, and that nothing will do them so much good as a struggle which teaches them exactly what there is in them, educates them gradually to its use, instructs them in personal economy, drills them into patient and per-

sistent habit of work, and keeps them at the foot of the ladder until they become strong enough to hold every step they are enabled to gain.

5. The first years of every man's business or professional life are years of education. They are intended to be so in the order of nature and Providence. Doors do not open to a man until he is prepared to enter them. The man without a wedding garment may get in surreptitiously, but he immediately comes out wiser than when he went in.

6. We think it is the experience of most successful men who have watched the course of their lives in retrospect, that, whenever they have arrived at a point where they were thoroughly prepared to go up higher, the door to the higher place has swung back of itself, and they have heard the call to enter.

7. The old die, or voluntarily retire for rest. The best men who stand ready to take their places will succeed to their position and its honors and emoluments. The young men will say that only a few can reach the top. That is true; but it is also true that the further from the bottom one goes, the more scattering the neighborhood.

8. One can fancy, for illustration, that every profession and every calling is pyramidal in its constituency, and that, while only one man is at the top, there are several tiers of men below him who have plenty of elbow room, and that it is only at the base that men are so thick that they crowd and grab for the small pieces of meat to keep from starving. If a man has no power to get up out of the rabble at the bottom, then he is self-convicted of having chosen a calling or profession to whose duties he has no adaptation, and he should at once seek some other.

9. The grand mistake that young men make, during the first ten years of their business and professional life, is in idly waiting for their chance. They seem to forget,

or they do not know, that during those ten years they enjoy the only leisure they will ever have. After ten years in the natural course of things, they will be absorbingly busy. There will then be no time for reading, culture and study.

10. If they do not become thoroughly grounded in the principles and practical details of their profession during those years, if they do not store their minds with useful knowledge, if they do not pursue habits of reading and observation, and social intercourse, which result in culture,—the question whether they will ever rise to occupy a place where there is room enough for them will be decided in the negative.

11. The young physicians and young lawyers who sit idly in their offices, and smoke and lounge away the time “waiting for something to turn up,” are by that course fastening themselves for life to the lower stratum, where their struggles for a bare livelihood are to be perpetual. The first ten years are golden years that should be filled with systematic reading and observation. Every thing that tends to professional and personal excellence should be an object of daily pursuit.

12. To such men the doors of success open of themselves at last. Work seeks the best hands as naturally as water runs down hill, and it never seeks the hand of a trifter, or one whose only recommendation for work is that he needs it. Young men do not know very much any way, and the time always comes to those who become worthy, when they look back with wonder upon their early good opinion of their acquirements and of themselves.

J. G. HOLLAND.

Neither idleness nor labor without an aim will produce fruit the world will purchase at first cost.

CXXX.—RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Extract from a speech made in the British Parliament.

1. Can any thing be more absurd and untenable than the argument of the learned gentleman, when you see it stripped of the false coloring he has given to it? First, he alleges that the Catholics are attached to their religion with a bigoted zeal. I admit the zeal, but I utterly deny the bigotry.

2. He proceeds to insist that these feelings, on our part, justify the apprehensions of Protestants. The Catholics, he says, are alarmed for their church; why should not the Protestants be alarmed, also, for theirs? The Catholic desires safety for his religion; why should not the Protestant require security for his? Hence, he concludes that, merely because the Catholic desires to keep his religion free, the Protestant is thereby justified in seeking to enslave it.

3. He says that our anxiety for the preservation of our church vindicates those who deem the proposed arrangement necessary for the protection of theirs;—a mode of reasoning perfectly true and perfectly applicable, if we sought any interference with, or control over, the Protestant church,—if we asked or required that a single Catholic should be consulted upon the management of the Protestant church, or of its revenues or privileges.

4. But the fact does not bear him out; for we do not seek nor desire, nor would we accept of, any kind of interference with the Protestant church. We disclaim and disavow any kind of control over it. We ask not, nor would we allow, any Catholic authority over the mode of appointment of their clergy. Nay, we are quite content to be excluded forever from even advising his Majesty with respect to any matter relating to or concerning

the Protestant church,—its rights, its properties or its privileges.

5. I will, for my own part, go much further ; and I do declare, most solemnly, that I would feel and express equal, if not stronger, repugnance to the interference of a Catholic with the Protestant church than that I have expressed and do feel to any Protestant interference with ours.

6. In opposing their interference with us, I content myself with the mere war of words. But, if the case were reversed,—if the Catholic sought this control over the religion of the Protestant,—the Protestant should command my heart, my tongue, my arm, in opposition to so unjust and insulting a measure.

7. So help me God ! I would, in that case, not only feel for the Protestant, and speak for him, but I would fight for him, and cheerfully sacrifice my life in defense of the great principle for which I have ever contended — the principle of universal and complete religious liberty.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

CXXXI.—SONG OF STEAM.

1. When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting a wayward breeze ;
When I saw the peasant faintly reel,
With the toil which he faintly bore,
As constant he turned at the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar ;
2. When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the carrier-dove,
As they bore a law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love ;

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I could not but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car.

3. Ha! ha! ha! They found me at last;
They invited me forth at length;
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder blast,
And laughed in my iron strength.
O! then you saw a wondrous change
On earth and the ocean wide,
Whence now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.
4. Hurra! hurra! the waters o'er,
The mountains' steep decline;
Time, space, have yielded to my power:
The world — the world is mine!
The giant streams of the queenly West
And the Orient floods divine.
5. The Ocean pales where'er I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice;
And monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling, at my voice:
I carry the wealth and the lord of the earth;
The thoughts of the god-like mind;
The wind lags after my going forth;
The lightning is left behind.
6. In the darksome depth of the fathomless mine
My tireless arm doth play;
Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun's decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day.

I bring earth's glittering jewels up
 From the hidden cave below;
 And I make the fountain's granite cup
 With a crystal gush o'erflow.

7. I blow the bellows, I forge the steel
 In all the shops of trade;
 I hammer the ore, and turn the wheel
 Where my arms of strength are made;
 I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;
 I carry, I spin, I weave;
 And all these doings I put in print,
 On every Saturday eve.
8. I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
 No bones to be "laid on the shelf;"
 And soon I intend you may "go and plow,"
 While I manage the world myself.
 But harness me down with your iron bands;
 Be sure of your curb and rein;
 For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
 As the tempest scorns the chain.

GEORGE W. CUTLER.

CXXXII.—ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG.

Delivered on the 19th of November, 1863, at the dedication of the soldier's cemetery. Copied (including punctuation) from a photograph of the original manuscript.

1. Four-score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

2. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground.

3. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

4. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

CXXXIII.—COVER THEM OVER.

The people of the United States have a beautiful custom of decorating with flowers the graves of those who fell in our late war. The following is an extract from a touching poem in commemoration of this custom.

1. Cover them over with beautiful flowers;
Deck them with garlands, those brothers of ours;
Lying so silent, by night and by day,
Sleeping the years of their manhood away;

Years they had marked for the joys of the brave;
Years they must waste in the sloth of the grave;
All the bright laurels they fought to make bloom
Fell to the earth when they went to the tomb;
Give them the meed they have won in the past;
Give them the honors their merits forecast;
Give them the chaplets they won in the strife;
Give them the laurels they lost with their life.
Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover:
Crown in your heart these dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

2. Cover the faces that motionless lie;
Shut from the blue of the glorious sky;
Faces once lit with the smiles of the gay—
Faces now marred by the frown of decay.
Eyes that beamed friendship and love to your own;
Lips that sweet thoughts of affection made known;
Brows you have soothed in the day of distress;
Cheeks you have flushed by a tender caress.
Faces that brightened at war's stirring cry;
Faces that streamed when they bade you good-bye!
Faces that glowed in the battle's red flame,
Paling for naught till the Death Angel came.
Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover:
Kiss in your hearts these dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.
2. Cover the hands that are resting, half tried,
Crossed on the bosom, or low by the side;
Hands to you, mother, in infancy thrown;
Hands that you, father, close hid in your own;
Hands where you, sister, when tired and dismayed,
Hung for protection and counsel and aid;

Hands that you, brother, for faithfulness knew;
 Hands that you, wife, wrung in bitter adieu.
 Bravely the cross of their country they bore;
 Words of devotion they wrote with their gore;
 Grandly they grasped for a garland of light,
 Catching the mantle of death-darkened night.
 Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
 Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover:
 Clasp in your hearts these dead heroes of ours,
 And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

* * * * *

4. Cover the thousands who sleep far away—
 Sleep, where their friends can not find them to-day;
 They who in mountain, and hillside, and dell
 Rest where they wearied, and lie where they fell.
 Softly the grass blade creeps round their repose;
 Sweetly above them the wild flow'ret blows;
 Zephyrs of freedom fly gently o'erhead,
 Whispering names for the patriot dead.
 So in our minds we will name them once more,
 So in our hearts we will cover them o'er;
 Roses and lilies and violets blue
 Bloom in our souls for the brave and the true.
 Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
 Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover:
 Think of those far away heroes of ours,
 And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

WILL CARLETON.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
 Its loveliness increases: it will never
 Pass into nothingness.

KEATS.

CXXXIV.—THE FUTURE OF THE REPUBLIC.

1. When we reflect on what has been, and is, how is it possible not to feel a profound sense of the responsibilities of this Republic to all future ages? What vast motives press upon us for lofty efforts! What brilliant prospects invite our enthusiasm! What solemn warnings at once demand our vigilance, and moderate our confidence!

2. The Old World has already revealed to us, in its unsealed books, the beginning and end of all its own marvelous struggles in the cause of liberty. Greece, lovely Greece, "the land of scholars and the nurse of arts," where sister republics, in fair processions, chanted the praises of liberty — where, and what is she now? For two thousand years the oppressor has bound her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temple are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery; the fragments of her columns and of her palaces are in the dust,—yet beautiful in ruin. * * *

3. Where are the republics of modern times, which clustered around immortal Italy? Venice and Genoa exist but in name. The Alps, indeed, look down upon the brave and peaceful Swiss in their native fastnesses; but the guaranty of their freedom is in their weakness, and not in their strength. The mountains are not easily crossed, and the valleys are not easily retained. The country is too poor for plunder, and too rough for valuable conquest. * * *

4. We stand, the latest, and, if we fail, probably the last, experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices or

luxuries of the Old World. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning — simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and self-respect.

5. The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary, than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created?

6. Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life-blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France, and the lowlands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the north, and, moving onward to the south, has opened to Greece the lessons of her better days.

7. Can it be that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself; that she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription of whose ruin is, "They were, but they are not?" Forbid it, my countrymen; forbid it, Heaven! I call upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are, and all you hope to be,—resist every project of disunion: resist every encroachment upon your liberties: resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

8. I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman — the love of your offspring,—teach them, as they climb your knees, or lean on your bosoms, the

blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never to forget or to forsake her. I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are,—whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in the defense of the liberties of your country. I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, and your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave, with the recollection that you have lived in vain. May not your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves.

JUDGE JOSEPH STORY.

CXXXV.—CURFEW SHALL NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

1. England's sun was setting o'er the hills so far away,
Filling the land with misty beauty at the close of
one sad day;
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and
maiden fair—
He with step so slow and weary, she with sunny,
floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with
lips so cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must
not ring to-night!"
2. "Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to
the prison old,
With its walls so dark and gloomy—walls so dark,
and damp, and cold,—

- “I’ve a lover in that prison, doomed this very night
to die
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help
is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset,” and her face
grew strangely white,
As she spoke in husky whispers, “Curfew must not
ring to-night.”
3. “Bessie,” calmly spoke the sexton,—every word
pierced her young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows—like a deadly
poisoned dart,—
“Long, long years I’ve rung the Curfew from that
gloomy shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twi-
light hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and
right,
Now I’m old, I will not miss it: girl, the Curfew
rings to-night!”
4. Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and
white her thoughtful brow,
And within her heart’s deep center, Bessie made a
solemn vow,—
She had listened while the judges read, without a
tear or sigh,
“At the ringing of the Curfew—Basil Underwood
must die,—”
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes
grew large and bright—
One low murmur, scarcely spoken — “Curfew *must*
not ring to-night.”
5. She with light step bounded forward, sprang within
the old church door,

- Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so
oft before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek
and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell
swung to and fro;
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without
one ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying: "Curfew *shall*
not ring to-night."
6. She has reached the topmost ladder; o'er her hangs
the great dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her—like the path-
way down to hell.
See, the ponderous tongue is swinging; 'tis the hour
of Curfew now—
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her
breath and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Her eyes flash
with sudden light,
As she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew *shall*
not ring to-night!"
- 7 Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a tiny
speck below;
'There, 'twixt heaven and earth, suspended as the
bell swung to and fro;
And the half deaf sexton ringing (years he had not
heard the bell),
And he thought the twilight Curfew rang young
Basil's funeral knell;
Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow
so pale and white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating—"Cur-
few shall not ring to-night!"

8. It was o'er. The bell ceased swaying, and the maiden
stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where, for hundred
years before,
Human foot had not been planted. And what she
this night had done,
Shall be told long years after, as the rays of set-
ting sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, as aged sires with
heads of white
Tell the children why the Curfew did not ring that
one sad night.
9. O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie saw
him, and her brow,
Lately white with sickening terror, glows with sud-
den beauty now.
At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all
bruised and torn,
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look
so sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eyes
with misty light;
“Go, your lover lives,” cried Cromwell; “Curfew
shall not ring to-night.”

ROSA HARTWICK.

CXXXVI.—UNIVERSAL EDUCATION.

1. Universal Education! Grand, inspiring idea! And shall there come a time, when the delver in the mine and the rice-swamp, the orphans of the prodigal and the felon, the very offspring of shame, shall be truly, systematically educated? Glorious consummation! morning twilight of the millennium!

2. Who will not joyfully labor, and court sacrifices, and suffer reproach, if he may hasten, by even so much as a day, its blessed coming? Who will not take courage from a contemplation of what the last century has seen accomplished, if not in absolute results, yet in preparing the approaches, in removing impediments, in correcting and expanding the popular comprehension of the work to be done, and the feasibility of doing it?

3. Whatever of evil and of suffering the future may have in store for us—though the earth be destined yet to be plowed by the sword, and fertilized by human gore, until rank growths of the deadliest weeds shall overshadow it, stifling into premature decay every plant most conducive to health or fragrance—the time will surely come when universal and true education shall dispel the dense night of ignorance and perverseness that now enshrouds the vast majority of the human race; shall banish evil and wretchedness almost wholly from earth, by removing or unmasking the multiform temptations to wrong-doing; shall put an end to robbery, hatred, oppression, and war, by diffusing widely and thoroughly a living consciousness of the brotherhood of mankind, and the sure blessedness, as well as righteousness, of doing ever as we would have others do to us.

4. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Such is the promise which enables us to see to the end of the dizzy whirl of wrong and misery in which our race has long sinned and suffered. On wise and systematic training, based on the widest knowledge, the truest morality, and tending ever to universal good, as the only assurance of special or personal well-being, rests the great hope of the terrestrial renovation and elevation of man.

5. Not the warrior, then, nor the statesman, nor yet the master-worker, as such, but the Teacher, in our day,

leads the vanguard of humanity ; whether in the seminary or by the wayside — by uttered word or printed page. Our true king is not he who best directs the siege, or sets his squadrons in the field, or heads the charge, but he who can and will instruct and enlighten his fellows, so that at least some few of the generation of which he is a member shall be wiser, purer, nobler, for his living among them, and prepared to carry forward the work, of which he was a humble instrument, to its far grander and loftier consummation.

6. Far above the conqueror of kingdoms, the destroyer of hosts by the sword and the bayonet, is he whose tearless victories redden no river and whiten no plain, but who leads the understanding a willing captive, and builds his empire, not of the wrenched and bleeding fragments of subjugated nations, but on the realms of intellect which he has discovered, and planted, and peopled with beneficent activity and enduring joy !

7. The mathematician who, in his humble study, undisturbed as yet by the footsteps of monarchs and their ministers, demonstrates the existence of a planet before unsuspected by astronomy, unobserved by the telescope ; the author who, from his dim garret, sends forth the scroll which shall constrain thousands on thousands to laugh or weep at his will — who topples down a venerable fraud by an allegory, or crushes a dynasty by an epigram — shall live and reign over a still expanding dominion, when the pasteboard kings, whose steps are counted in court circulars, and timed by stupid huzzas, shall have long since moldered and been forgotten.

8. To build out into chaos and drear vacuity — to render some corner of the primal darkness radiant with the presence of an idea — to supplant ignorance by knowledge, and sin by virtue — such is the mission of our age, worthy to enkindle the ambition of the loftiest, yet proffering opportunity and reward to the most lowly.

9. To the work of universal enlightenment be our lives henceforth consecrated, until the black clouds of impending evil are irradiated and dispersed by the full effulgence of the divinely-predicted day when "all shall know the Lord, from the least unto the greatest," and when wrong and woe shall vanish forever from the presence of UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE, PURITY and BLISS!

HORACE GREELEY.

CXXXVII.—GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES.

1. The groves were God's first temples. Ere men
 learned
 To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
 And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
 The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
 The sound of anthems,—in the darkling wood,
 Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
 And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
 And supplications.

2. For his simple heart
 Might not resist the sacred influences
 That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
 And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
 Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
 Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
 All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
 His spirit with the thought of boundless Power
 And inaccessible Majesty.

3. Ah! why
 Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
 God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
 Only among the crowd, and under roofs

That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn, thrice happy if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

4. Father, Thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns: Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in Thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches; till at last they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark —
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker.
5. Here are seen
No traces of man's pomp or pride; no silks
Rustle, no jewels shine, nor envious eyes
Encounter; no fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of Thy fair works. But Thou art here; Thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summits of these trees
In music; Thou art in the cooler breath,
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with Thee.
6. Here is continual worship; nature, here,
In the tranquillity that Thou dost love,
Enjoys Thy presence. Noiselessly around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that midst its herbs
Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots

After the flight of untold centuries,
 The freshness of her fair beginning lies,
 And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
 Of his arch-enemy Death; yea, seats himself
 Upon the sepulcher, and blooms and smiles,
 And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
 Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
 From Thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

11. There have been holy men, who hid themselves
 Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
 Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
 The generation born with them, nor seemed
 Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
 Around them; and there have been holy men,
 Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
 But let me often to these solitudes
 Retire, and, in Thy presence, reassure
 My feeble virtue. Here, its enemies,
 The passions, at Thy plainer footsteps, shrink,
 And tremble, and are still.

12. O God! when Thou
 Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
 The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
 With all the waters of the firmament,
 The swift, dark whirlwind that uproots the woods,
 And drowns the villages; when, at Thy call,
 Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
 Upon the continent, and overwhelms
 Its cities;—who forgets not, at the sight
 Of these tremendous tokens of Thy power,
 His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?

13. O! from these sterner aspects of Thy face
 Spare me and mine; nor let us need the wrath
 Of the mad, unchained elements, to teach

Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of Thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

CXXXVIII.—A SUMMER'S NIGHT.

1. The last high upward slant of sun on the trees,
Like a dead soldier's sword upon his pall,
Seems to console earth for the glory gone.
O, I could weep to see the day die thus.
The deathbed of a day, how beautiful!
Linger, ye clouds, one moment longer there;
Fan it to slumber with your golden wings.
Like pious prayers, ye seem to soothe its end.
2. It will wake no more till the all-revealing day,
When, like a drop of water, greatedened bright
Into a shadow, it shall show itself,
With all its little tyrannous things and deeds,
Unhomed and clear. The day hath gone to God,—
Straight—like an infant's spirit, or a mocked
And mourning messenger of grace to man.
Would it had taken me too on its wings!
My end is nigh. Would I might die outright!

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

[1]

WORD LESSONS.*—PART FIRST.

I.	liz'ards	'en gaged'	foot'staps
'vexed (t)	toads	im po lite'	'mûr'murs
pre vënt'	'stäg'nant	'ëv'i dence	X.
'arch'ly	out'skirts	un will'ing	'danc'ing
'pro pösed'	'täd'pole	'mä'n'ly	'jack'et
II.	pöl'ly wog	tës'ti mo ny	plünged
'sur prised'	pöl'li wig	'Ëm'mä	mölt'en
'eäb'bage	wrig'gle	frë'quent ly	'mët'al
'shqe-string	'jël'ly	'grät'i fy ing	'type
'brö'ken	'gills	'pur'er	quïck'sil ver
up stairs'	III.	VIII.	'pre cise'ly
III.	're tûrned'	'strüet'ure	chlör'ro förm
'roug'h'ly (f)	'ëä'rth'en	göld'finch	'bät'ting
'elimb'ing	ör'der ly	chäf'finch	'eörked (t)
'dis liked' (t)	house'-maid	'môr'tar	'ex plöde'
fi'nal ly	eäp'tives	in ter wö'ven	'v'al
'em broïd'er y	'späwn	ce mënt'	XI.
'nä'ture	VI.	'hab i tä'tion	'äb'sent
'so ci'e ty	'po lite'ness	'spë'ciës (-shëz)	Sar a tö'ga
IV.	play'mates	'se eü'ri ty	pï äz'za
'un brï'dled	in'ti mate	'möurn	eoür'age
im'pülse	'priv'i lege	spört'ed	Häle
'reck'less	de ny'ing	un gräte'ful	cïr'eu lar
'bit'ter est	prëf'er en ces	IX.	räil'way
stirred	'brëach	'lir'den	'eow'ard
V.	re spëet'ful	'seärce'ly	'groupp
'his'to ry	a pöl'o gy		elëncned (t)
ad vice'			
'tûr'tles			

I. 'ob jëe'tion (-sh). II. 'de tër'mined; 'seäm'per ing.
 III. 'tri üm'ph'ant ly. VI. 'eoürt'ë sy ing; 'op por tü'ni ty;
 'thöught'less ness; in eon vën'ience; 'æ quäint'ance;
 'säe'ri ficed (-ficed). VIII. 'dep re dā'tions. X. 'e vap o rä'-
 tion; 'hand'ker chief.

* These Lessons contain all the new words in this book. Each column has twenty-five words. The Roman characters correspond with the numbers of the selections, the figures with the paragraphs in which the words first occur. When two or more words are taken from the same paragraph, the first only is numbered. The spelling, pronunciation, and marking to denote sounds of letters, conform to Webster. For Key to Pronunciation, see pages 10 and 11.

[2]

WORD LESSONS.—PART FIRST.

XI.—Continued.		XVI.		XIX.	
'rānk'ling	vie'tim	'dūch'ess	'Sōl'o mon		
yiēld'ing	de vour'	dis trāet'ed	im'i ta tors		
prīn'ci ple	XIV.	'mān'ger	va rī'e ties		
'e mō'tion	'ē'qual	'pōr'ridge	'pinched (t)		
per mīs'sion	'ēa'ger ly	XVII.	grāv'i ty		
'mā'tron	ēx'cel lent	'Cin cin nā'ti	eōm'pli ment		
eūlt'ure	'Seōtch	'sāles'man	en grāv'er		
ēv'i dent	quar'ries	'shrink	'kēy'hole		
'sūl'lied	bōul'ders	at tēmt'	pād'lock		
prōb'a bly	lēi'sure	'pro pri'e tor	'rōach'es		
in tēg'ri ty	spē'ci mens	'a hēad'	'pur suit'		
'ōr'na ment	'knōwl'edge	'eye'brows	'pāte		
whīrl'wind	'strēam'let	're māin'der	'fōre'thought		
īn'fan cy	'trēas'ures	'buy'ing	're trēat'		
rēe're ant	'Hūgh	'book sēll'er	XX.		
'de cēive'	fōot'prints	'Hāv'er ly	'mēd'al		
chām'pi on	loi'ter	'glānc'ing	fīng'ing		
XII.	XV.	'eoun'ter	'Ām'herst		
'fūr'row	'ap prōach'	ēn'vied	eōr'di al ly		
'eob'webs	'spōkes	XVIII.	'ēār'pet		
XIII.	bound'a ries	'At lān'tie	sub dued'		
'owl	re trace'	'sēa'men	'Wil'bur		
'stīr	'Āl'i son	'chārts	'port fōl'io		
quar'ters	Sān'ders	'a bān'don	'bādge		
sēn'si tive	Ārm'strong	in ae'tion	XXI.		
'rūs'tling	'yōn'der	'Liv'er pool	'pil'fered		
eāp'tured	'dēf'i nite	'se etured'	'spīed		

XII. 'Bar thōl'o mew. XIII. 'spōrts'man like. XV. 'par-tie'u lar. XXI. 'tried; 'bēak; ēb'on; 'guile; stēad'fast.

XIII. 'De eoyed', led or enticed. XIV. 'Cōv'et ed, eagerly wished for; 'Ge ōl'o gist, one who understands the structure of the earth. XVIII. 'Dāunt'less, bold, fearless; 'En cōūr'age ment, giving confidence of success. XIX. 'Bur lēsque, ludicrous representation; 'Mīs'sile, weapons for defense. XX. 'Ir reg u lār'i ty, deviation from rule; 'Hu mil i a'tion, sense of shame, mortification.

[3]

WORD LESSONS.—PART FIRST.

XXI.—Contined.				XXX.	
*erōak	*as sist'ed	bōt' tle		¹ Māx	
'dis māy'	pro found'	ē' ther		brāg' ging	
'flāt' ter ers	*skēch	'bōt' tomed		un lūck'y	
XXII.	XXV.	*mēr' eu ry		Wil' lis	
² boil' ing	¹ June	*būlb		² tāunt' ed	
*bā' sin	fūz' zy	*de grees'		² eōax' ings	
'in' di go	Čās' si dy	¹⁰ wārmth		un dig' ni fied	
blū' ish	*ēūd dled	in tēnsē'		'jērked (t)	
*vā' por	Ēl' e a nor	¹⁷ foun' tain		de rī' sive ly	
weighed	Māl tēsē'	XXVIII.		yēlp' ing	
¹¹ diš sōlves'	fleece	¹ al' pha bet		*nēr' voūs ly	
¹⁰ sūl' phur	² Mōrse	prōv' erbs		XXXI.	
mīn' er al	Lil' i an	prū' dence		² seold	
XXIII.	Fīsh' er	bōast' ers		'plīght	
¹ pār' a dise	*prānks	lī' ars		re lease'	
me tāl' lie	be hāve'	mōd' es ty		*aehed (t)	
plūm' y	XXVI.	sī' lence		tōōth' aehē	
² ex pānd' ed	² Mōr' rill	thrīves		XXXII.	
'āt' ti tude	un cēr' tain	bōught		¹ wōn' droūs	
erouch' ing	*nūmb	ūp' right		jūn' gles	
XXIV.	¹¹ shīeld' ed	XXIX.		thīck' ets	
¹ Fārn	¹² āsh' es	¹ dīrg' es		eōr' al	
Lōng' stone	¹⁷ fīre' -screen	² quāffed (t)		¹ r' ris	
*ōē' eu pants	²¹ lay' er	draught (ft)		ōr' na ment	
*strāined	XXVII.	² No vēm' ber		dāz' zling	
mīs' sion	¹ pro tēet'	*fēat' ure		eāē' tus	
mēr' cy	*māch	*mōan		'phos phōr' ie	
'fū' ri oūs	pīch' er				

XXIV. 'im pōs' si ble; *eon sūmp' tion. XXVII. 'ther' mōm' e ter. XXXII. 'erēs' cent; me dū' sē.

XXII. *Čon elū' sion, decision, end. XXIII. *Vēr ti eal ly, uprightly; Mag nīf' i cent, splendid, grand in appearance; *Ēm' e rald, a precious stone of a rich green color. XXX. *Ex ās' per ate, provoke; 'Se dūē' tive, flattering, tending to lead astray; *Om' i nōūs, foreboding evil. XXXII. 'Lux ū' ri ant, (lūgz yū-), abundant in growth; *Sēa a nēm' o nēs (zoological name Ae tīn' i ā), animals having form and appearance of flowers.

[4]

WORD LESSONS.—PART FIRST.

XXXIII.		XXXVI.	
' whirled	' to bāe'eo	' wrēns	de prēss'es
bäck'ward	' hār'bōr	pe tī'tion	dis eov'ers.
fōr'ward	hār'd'wāre	eōn'cert	're vērse'
' frown	Gī bral'tar	' lān'guage	eon tā'giōūs
Rōg'a liē	' aneh'ors	' in'di eate	' fō'li age
' mȳs'te ry	prūnēs	' un mo lēst'ed	' griēv'an cēs
un rāv'eled	lēm'ongs	' fōr'eign er	' cen sō'ri oūs
' rāb'bit	' France	' re frāin	per pēt'u al
glis'ten	Gēr'ma ny	sȳm'pa thy	pāt'tern
' tī'ni er	re pūb'lie	XXXVII.	XL.
lib'er ty	' mūs'ling	' vāl'ue	' eāt'nip
' smōth'ered		' un rōlls	' pūrs'lane
		eōn'scions	' mūl'lein
		hār'mo niēs	' tānned
	XXXV.		XLI.
XXXIV.	' phōs'phates	XXXVIII.	' pāu'per
' Lōt'tie	kērn'el	' rai'ment	vēr'i fied
Lū'la	freight'ed	' wrēs'tles	I dē'al ized
Lī'na	' in'ju ry	' sōl'ace	' of fēn'sive
mēr'chants	' eār'bon	fore gō'	' so lil'o quy
' Ra'cār	ōx'y gen	' teems	' dis elaim'er
Ro gētte'	' pud'dings	XXXIX.	' Sāt'ur day
Cal eūt'ta	' quī'nine	' nū'mer oūs	' priv' i lēge
' salt pē'ter	' eām'phor	' trūth ful	
gīn'ger	gum-ār'a bie	drā'per y	XLII.
a būn'dānce	eās'tor-oil	ēl e gānce	' fērn
' piēr	' pay'ment	' ār'bors	secōped (t)
bāles	' mēd'i cīnēs	sūl'try	' la'dle
pe trō'le um	' eom plāint'	' be fāll'en	' pārch'ing

XXXIV. ' Phil a dēl'phi a; San Fran cīs'eo; Med i ter-rā'ne an; ' suf fr'cient (-sh). XXXV. ' Chi nēse' XXXIX. ' eāt'er pil lars; ' ha bit'u a ting.

XXXIV. ' Seer'suck ers, thin linen fabrics with alternate blue and white stripes, made in the East Indies. XXXV. ' Hy'dro gen, a gas, one of the elements of water; ' Nī'tro gen, a gas, one of the elements of air. XXXVIII. ' Mȳs'tie, incomprehensible; ' Lūs'troūs, bright. XXXIX. ' Cōn'trast, opposition of qualities; ' Se dātē', quiet, sober; ' Des eānts', speaks, or comments on; ' A droit'ly, skillfully, aptly; Ċāp'tiōūs (-shūs), disposed to find fault. XL. ' Friz zy, curled, or crisped.

[5]

WORD LESSONS.—PART FIRST.

XLII.—Cont'd.	lăn'tern	dăn'ces	'elūs'ter ing
'tū'mult	shóv'eled	re newed'	"faith'ful
'răn'dóm	"Făr'ley	"môr'ti fied	fear'less ly
XLIII.	a mazed'	XLVII.	L.
"prîn'ci pal	"rep u tă'tion	"erəd'it a ble	"trüdged
ir ri gă'tion	"fūr'ni ture	"be stōw'al	"pick'er el
"ăn'nu al ly	"re sult'	eon fērred'	fa'vor a ble
'chăn'nels	un flinch'ing	"elūm'sy	"tăn'gle
'hy drau lie	wrōught	"as saild'	"tugged
"hăr'rōw ing	XLV.	"ap plause'	wrig'gling
fūr'rōws	'elō'ver	"răm'ble	"seared
sick'le	"mīl'let	huz zăs'	"as sur'ance
"bam bōo'	"ēn'vy ing	XLVIII.	"shrewd
cīr'ele	dōe'trīne	"spōn'gy	"an tic'i pate
"môr'tar	tăl'ent	Spain	a chīēve-
a sūn'der	in hēr'it	Por'tu gal	[ment
"prōv'in ces	XLVI.	Băr'ba ry	L.
ăr'ti ele	"rīd'i eule	"ma tū'ri ty	"char'coal
XLIV.	Hăr'tley	"peeled	"proc'ess es
"ōb sta eles	Jēm'son	XLIX.	"māl'le a ble
"Simp'son	mā li'cious	"Nōr'way	wēld'ed
"fūr'thest	am bī'tion	"gleaned	"ma tēr'i al
be stīr'	sar eās'tie	gēn'er ous	"keen'ness
"Rōb'ert	Jōn'a than	"ōf'fer ing	"plūnged
'ex trēme'	Păr'is	"twīt'ter ing	"im mēnsē'
in erəd'i bly	"en elō'sure	wīn'try	rīv'et ed
"pro fuse'	"a eād'e my	chīrp'ing	"eō'eōa
"hēad'aehe		"wēl'eom ing	oys'ter

XLIII. 'pre pār'a to ry. XLIV. "per suā'sion (per swā-zhun); "dīf'fi eul ties; "le gīt'i mate. XLVII. 'a pōth'-e ea ry; "chār'i ta ble; "ae ela măt'ion. L. 'un eon trōl'-la ble; "pro pri'e ties.

XLII. 'Trăn'si to ry, passing, not permanent. XLIII. "In ter sēt'ed, cut, divided. XLIV. 'In eūl'eates, teaches; "Hăz'ard ous, dangerous. XLVI. 'Re tal i a'tion, returning like for like. XLVII. "Rail'ler y, banter. XLVIII. 'Por'ous, full of pores; 'De tached' (t), separated; Ex por-tă'tion, carrying, the act of exporting. L. 'Hăs'sock, a large round turf used as a seat.

[6]

WORD LESSONS.—PART FIRST.

LII. ¹ Mā' eāu lay ² strūg'gles suit'a ble un tir'ing	³ fāre' well ¹¹ op prēss'ive ¹² eoil	¹³ eōrpse ¹⁷ stiff'ness	scēn'er y high'land
LIII. ⁴ drow'gi ness ⁵ shēp'herds ⁷ down'y ⁸ guārd'i an ¹⁰ cōzed rōwed ¹¹ kneeled	LVI. ¹ per plēx'ing ² de spoil' mǎx'im ³ sigh'ing eom bined' eāsk'et ⁴ stūr'dy pūrse wrink'les	LVIII. ¹ me ehān'ie ² viś'ion a ry sehēme civ'il ³ in quir'ies vē'hi ele ⁴ ēnd'less rēp e t'ition si'lence ⁵ mǎn'i fest re lūe'tānce pārt'ners ⁷ diś'ās'ter ⁸ sig'nal mūr'murs shrūgs ⁹ plāt'form in dūlge a bān'don ¹⁰ rēs'pite eōn'cēd'ed ōb'vi at ed ¹¹ ro mǎn'tie	LIX. ¹ yōre strānd'ed ² wrān'gled ³ dig'ni fied ⁴ re fērrēd' judg'ment ⁷ seanned ⁸ ween ⁹ a wārd'
LIV. ¹ fāe'to ry chūnks ² āb'so lute ly ³ rēs'er voir ¹² fōrge ¹³ bit'ten LV. ¹ Chēs'ter ² hūs'band ³ bēn'e fit al to gēth'er ⁴ firm'ly ⁵ sūmp'toms ūt'ter ānce de lir'i um	LVII. ¹ rōamed ² erā'dle ³ ā'pron ⁴ mīs'er y re gārd'ed ⁵ hūd'dled ⁶ howled ⁷ spūt'tered ⁸ pōl'ished (t) ⁹ stūffed (t) ¹⁰ wād'dled ¹¹ tā'pers ¹² būn'dle	LX. ¹ Ul'ster in fēst'ed ² tēr'ri fied ³ vi cīn'i ty ⁴ Dēr'iek a vāil' ⁵ lād'en nē'gro ⁶ scēnt ⁷ viś'i bly ¹¹ bathed ¹² re stōr'er par tāk'en thānk'ful	

LII. ³ un fāth'om able. LV. ¹¹ dis till'er ies. LVI. ⁴ 'Com
 mōd' i ties. LVIII. ¹ in sti tū' tion; ² eoun'te nan ces;
⁴ ex pēnd'i tures; ¹⁰ in erēd'u lous. LX. ⁴ con sul tā'tion;
¹⁰ dis eōn'so late.

LII. ³ Lāv'ished, given without measure. LIII. ³ Āz'ure,
 blue; ¹⁰ Dire, terrible. LV. ⁶ En sūes', follows. LVII. ⁹ Trans-
 pā'rent, easily seen through, clear like water. LVIII. ² In-
 ere dū'li ty, unbelief; ¹¹ Sū per sēd'ed, took the place of.
 LIX. ¹⁰ Lit i gā'tion, contending, going to law.

[7]

WORD LESSONS.—PART FIRST.

LXI. ¹ dif' fers ² ice' bergs ³ hōn'ey	⁴ spr' ders ⁵ lūs' ti ly ⁶ sub sist' ⁷ mūl' ti tude ⁸ rāsp' ber ry	⁹ hā' zel ¹⁰ dye' ing ¹¹ in' fi nite ¹² in fē' ri or	¹³ hōard' ed ¹⁴ im' ple ments ¹⁵ whit' tler ¹⁶ seūlp' tor
LXII. ¹ rey' nard ² dis' mal ³ būck' ets paused as cēnt' ⁴ pōult' ry ⁵ a dien'	¹¹ thrūsh ¹² squash' es ¹³ eū' eum ber	LXVIII. ¹ trāmp' ling ² snōrt' ing	³ chēst' nut ⁴ shīn' gle ⁵ hīck' o ry ⁶ eōrn' stālk
LXIII. ¹ sen sā' tion ² fāsh' ion ³ sēn' si ble ⁴ Frānk' lin ⁵ flāsh' y ⁶ hās' ti ly ⁷ de rīved' ⁸ bēn' e fit	LXV. ¹ hūr' rā' ² wōr' ry ³ erys' tal ⁴ eūrv' ing ⁵ trūst' y	LXIX. ¹ wōōd' chuck ² prēm' i ses ³ trēs' pass er ⁴ erīm' i nal ⁵ ār' gu ment ⁶ jū' rist ⁷ ēl' o quent ⁸ vī' o lāt ed	⁹ trōm' bōne ¹⁰ stāunch ¹¹ lāunch ¹² gēn' i us ¹³ gīm' erack ¹⁴ so nō' rous
LXIV. ¹ in' no cēnce ² hāb' it a ble ³ de vours' ⁴ āv' er age ⁵ ār' my ⁶ eāl' eu late ⁷ erick' ets	LXVI. ¹⁰ split' ting ¹¹ sūl' la ble ¹² gēn' er al ¹³ twīnge ¹⁴ snēak' ing ¹⁵ hāunch' es ¹⁶ pri vā' tions ¹⁷ hārd' ships ¹⁸ flīnched (t)	LXX. ¹ stīng' ing ² nōs' trils ³ āft' er ward ⁴ un wā' ry ⁵ vouch ⁶ tēnd' en cy ⁷ ef fēt' ed ⁸ scī' en tif ie ⁹ pār' a lyzed ¹⁰ a nōm' a ly	LXXII. ¹ mīn' ers ² bu' ried (bēr-) ³ scī' en tist
	LXVII. ¹ eom' mēroe ² shrūb' by ³ gāl' - nuts	LXXI. ¹ lūll' a by	LXXIII. ¹ thrīft' y ² un pīt' ied ³ gār' ri son ⁴ wēap' ons ⁵ bīrch ⁶ tīng' es ⁷ tūcked (t) ⁸ de cī' sive

LXIII. ¹³ phi lōs' o pher. LXVI. ¹⁰ Con ti nēnt' al; ²⁰ rheu' -
 ma tism. LXVII. ⁴ ex erēs' cence; ⁵ a dap tā' tion. LXIX.
¹ dep re dā' tions. LXX. ⁵ un a void' a ble. LXXI. ² pro jēt' -
 iles. LXXII. ⁴ ād vo ea cy.

LXII. ³ Hām' pered, entangled, caught; ⁵ Be gulled', in-
 duced (generally by deception). LXIV. ³ mūr' i ads, large
 numbers; Vo rā' cious, greedy, hungry. LXVI. ² Stī ver, a
 Dutch coin, value two cents. LXVII. ⁵ As trīn' gent, con-
 tracting. LXX. ⁵ E mīts', sends forth; Pūn' gent, prickling.

[8]

WORD LESSONS.—PART FIRST.

LXXIV.	kēr' o sene	° lān' tern	eōv' er let
° prāi' ried	° vāgue	° bēa' eons	° source
rā' di ant	° drēnchəd (t)	LXXXI.	° spē' cial
mārts	° ēār' pen ters	° pīt' i less	° eol lēt' ors
° rūg' ged	° tīm' ber	° rāpt' ure	° ex hāust' ed
° stūb' born	chārred	° a jār'	° piled
° skēp' tie	strūet' ure	° tān' gled	° sōl' i ta ry
big' ot	LXXVIII.	a flāme'	thrōnged
LXXV.	° jēs' sa mīne	° drēar' y	frīnged
° bā' o bab	oe' eu pants	LXXXII.	serāp' er
mōn' strous	° lēis' ure	° weights	° erēv' i cēs
eo lōs' sal	pāl' ace	° dr' al	LXXXIV.
lēaf' lets	spādes	stag nā' tion	° lōws
° ō' val	° a lāe' ri ty	pēnd' u lum	° rōan
° ōb' long	° ho rī' zon	° ae enge	trōugh (f)
chōe' o late	° ex pānse'	be seech'	° ho tēls'
LXXVI.	LXXIX.	elōs' et	° mōrt' gage
° re cēs'	° dis suā' ded	° mūl' ti ply	° pūmp' kins
° snūff' ing	° ēūr rent	° prōs' peet	tās' sel
° side' ways	° twī' light	° ha rāngue'	LXXXV.
° in dīg nant	° dīs si pat' ed	grāv' i ty	° mār' vel ous
in flēe' tion	° re lief'	sug gēs' tion	in vēnt' or
snēakəd (t)	° o blīged'	ār' gu ment	ēight' een
LXXVII.	° ēv' i dēnce	° r' dling	com pēlled'
° bāse' ment	LXXX.	LXXXIII.	° brāke' man
° pīt' ied	° eōm' pass	° er' der-duck	eōll' ier y
° rīled	° joūr' neys	lo eāl' i tēs	lo eo mō' tive
tōast' ed	mār' i ners	° e las tic' i ty	
° vil' lain			

LXXV. ° cīr eūm' fer ence; ° per spi rā' tion. LXXVI. ° hōs-
pi tāl' i ty; con tēpt' u ous. LXXIX. ° in de sert' b' a ble.
LXXXIII. ° pro hīb' it ed. LXXXV. ° math e māt' ies; ac qui-
sī' tion.

LXXIV. ° Strait, close, not broad. LXXV. ° Ān' ti dote,
remedy. LXXX. ° Rō' tate, move round a center, revolve.
LXXXI. ° Ēār' ol ing, singing joyfully. LXXXV. ° In cēs-
sant ly, continually; ° In de fāt' i ga ble, persevering.

[9]

WORD LESSONS.—PART FIRST.

LXXXV.—Cont'd.	earth' quakes	XCI.	XCIII.
'trām' way	¹⁷ pūz' zling	'gal vān' ie	'pās' tor
'āwk' ward	per cēive'	bāt' ter y	'tollēd
'quak' er	¹⁸ vae' u um	'tēl' e graph	sānet' u a ry
'sur vey's'	²⁴ shiv' erēd	āg' gre gate	'eōf' fin
pām' phlets	³⁷ fō' eus	sūr' plus	bōrne
'grāz' ing	LXXXVIII.	'spliced (t)	aisle (il)
mās' sa erēd	¹ rāft' er	'bōn' fires	ehron' i eled
'grān' ite	fēr' ry	blazed	'swārd
mōn' ū ment	'wisp	sēe' u lar	¹³ en dūr' ānce
quar' ry	'cēl' lar	¹⁰ tō' tal	¹⁴ frail' ty
¹² sa lōōns	bōn' nīe	¹² fāult' y	¹⁵ de scēnd' ants
lūx' n ry	'tūggēd	sub mērged'	¹⁶ rēared
wheez' ing	'rūs' tie	¹⁶ ēm' blem	¹⁷ prē' cious
¹³ erāwled	trūth' ful	hēnce fōrth'	vīg' or
¹⁴ pē' ri od	LXXXIX.	ū ni vēr' sal	
LXXXVI.	'a bīd' ing	brōth' er hood	XCIV.
² dāwn' ing	āe eord'		'pān' ie
'jēw' ellēd	XC.	XCII.	post pōn' ing
LXXXVII.	'grīnd' stone	'drāg' on	shīl' ling
'prē' vi ous	'flāt' ter y	lānce	de pōs' it ed
'de cīdēd ly	bīs' terēd	quāint	eōn' fi dēnce
'mōōd' y	¹⁰ trū' ant	'mār' tyrs	jīn' gling
¹⁶ ad hēres'	rās' eal	'eāl' en dār	'drift
¹¹ do mīn' ions	seūd	'pīn' ions	eāsh' iēr
¹² eōn' jur er	¹² ty' rant	'hōs' pī tal	'er' sis
¹³ hur ri eāne'	¹⁴ hoist' ed	'mīr' a eles	¹² vāults
wīl' der ness	de lūd' ed	erīp' ples	¹⁶ tūr' n pike

LXXXVII. 'pe dēs' tri an. LXXXVIII. 'sēr' vice a ble;
¹¹ for beār' ānce; In' ter eōurse. XCI. ¹³ fi nān' cial ly;
 eom pre hēn' sion. XCIII. 'en rāp' tured.

LXXXV. ¹¹ Rām' i fied, branched; ¹² Tȳp' i cal, a resem-
 blance; Fra gīl' i ty, weakness. LXXXVI. ¹ Quēr' u lous,
 complaining. LXXXVII. ¹² Sūb' tle, thin. XCI. ¹² In su lā'-
 tion, covering. XCII. ¹ Lu gū' bri ous, mournful; ² Pō' tent,
 powerful.

[10]

WORD LESSONS.—PART FIRST.

XCV.	XCIX.	" sĕn'ti nel	ôv'en
' sŭe'eor	' wrĕn	mĕs'sen ger	' pŏp'u lace
' fŏam'y	' di gĕst'ive	en rich'	gŏb'let
' frăg'ile	ôr'gans	" eŏg'ni zant	" elĕange
' buoy'ant	' in'fi nite	" ĕm'bry o	" squa'lid
pĕ'trel	' gild'ed	" en'trănce	dis'ĕase
xcvi.	' nĕe'tăred	" jŏst'ling	CIII.
' baize	' ār'ehi teet	" gu'd'ed	' slŏth'ful
' eon tĕmpt'	" spŏrt'ive	un ār'ring	ĕĕn'sure
' sĭm'i lar	eon străint'	fringe	' ār'ti san
' sur veyed'		dis tills'	CIV.
' lŭnch'eon	C.	ex hales'	' āl'tered
' spŏnge	' struet'ure	" en dured'	bĕnch'es
văr'nish	' blŏs'soms	ā'eorn	pĕn'knives
pŏres	' in im'i eal	a dŏre'	de faced' (t)
' vĭ'o lĕnce	vig'or ous	CI.	grăpe'vine
" strewed	fee'bler	" with'ers	beau (bŏ)
" in dĕl'i bly	' rig'ors	rĭnd	' beech
xcvii.	" glued	pĕlf	' wrĕtch
' do mĕs tie	gŭm'my	CII.	' ān'a lyzed
fe lic i ty	nŭrs'ling	" a slŏpe'	' āu'di ĕnce
' mŏt'leŷ	' eās'ing	bŭb'ble	' en tĭ'tled
' whĭsk'ers	dŏr'mant	' măn'i fold	' phŷs'i eal
' wĕa'gels	pro fuŕe'ly	' paŭ'per	bā'sis
guĭn'ea-pigs	" eon cĕp'tion	' phy ſ'i'cian	' sĕn'ti ments
xcviii.	flint'y	eŏn'sta ble	pā tri ŏt'le
' glĕam'ing	" hănd'i work	păst'ed	ān'i mate
' yĕarn'ing	' sub lime'		
' seŏrch'ing			

XCVI. * măn'u scripts. XCIX. * in eon cĕiv'a ble; " in en-bă'tion. C. " im pĕr'vi ous. CII. * per pĕ tŭ'i ty; * promŭl'gating; * mu ni ci pāl'i ty; " eon fĕd'er ate; " monŏp'o lize. CV. * fa cĭl'i tates; * pop u la'tion; * eom mĕm'-o rate.

XCVI. " Ir re triĕv'a bly, beyond recovery. XCVII. * An-tĭp'a thĭes, dislikes. C. " Cĕre'ments, wax-like coverings; " In vŭl' ner a ble, impassable; " As sĭm' u late, aid, to make like. CIII. * Ca prĭ'cious, changeable.

[11]

WORD LESSONS.—PART FIRST.

CVI.	CVIII.	CX.	lis'tened
¹ vict'uals	¹ hār'mo ny	¹ dwīn'dled	° drīv'en
² mēth'ods	² sē'ere cy	² tāt'tered	° bōnds'man
³ pōr'tion	³ stācks	⁴ mōr'sel	pōv'er ty
⁴ dēs'tined	³ sēn'try	shēl'ter	¹² ehōrd
¹⁰ gāl'lop	CIX.	° tōmb	vi brā'tions
āp'o plex y	¹ in vā'sion	mīs'er a bly	¹⁷ phy sī'cian
¹² erāmmēd	steers	° re vēal'	¹⁸ in āu'di ble
ea pāc'i ty	¹ lē'gal	° pa tēr'nal	¹⁹ bū'reau (rō)
gōrg'ing	² āu'di ēnce	hāiled	in'va lid
CVII.	⁴ pōrt'als	blīght'ed	²² un wōnt'ed
¹ mīd'night	pā'tri ots	° sōoth'er	²¹ dōub'led
² rāt'tling	° de jēet'ed	CXL	whōlē'some
³ break'ers	trēnch'es	° sīde'walk	CXII.
⁴ stāg'gered	vie'to ry	° es pied'	° frūit'age
° māid'en	¹ dīs'eord	vān'ish	sūn'beams
āneh'ored	eon vūlsed' (t)	° fāl'ter ing	

CX. ¹ mis fōr'tune. CXL. ²² pre scrip'tion ; ² ap pre hēn'sion.

CVI. ¹² Mē'grīms, severe pains in the head ; Site, place.
 CX. ⁴ Pām'pered, overfed ; Mē'ni al, servant. CXI. ²⁰ Feign'-
 ing, pretending ; ² Fie tī'tious, not real.

WORD LESSONS.—PART SECOND.

I.	III.	° re cēdes'	oe eā'sion
¹ pro dūe'tive	² ōr'a tors	se rāph'ie	³ as pīre'
es sēn'tial	² il lūs'trate	¹ hīn'dered	vol eān'ie
² fa cil'i ty	IV.	seōrned	° e lāb'o rate
dū'ra ble	¹ mōr'rōw	V.	° lōg'ie
II.	² wīnce	¹ phra'ses	VI.
¹ ēm'pha sis	⁴ a bōl'ished (t)	¹ mār'shald	¹ smīth'y
° i tāl'ie	¹ kņōt'ted		

I. ¹ at tāin'ment ; in ae'eu rate. III. ⁴ prae tī'tion ers ;
 ° ges tīe'u late. IV. ° di mēn'sions. V. ² spon tā'ne ous.

III. ⁴ Gūt'tur al, sound formed in the throat. V. ² Rhet'-
 o rie, the art of composition ; ° De dūe'tions, conclusions.

[12]

WORD LESSONS.—PART SECOND.

VI.	'chäl'lege ma türe' re flée'tion ag gréss'or 'rée'ti fy	tör'rents préc'i pice 'lim it ed	děx'ter ous 'pāve'ments 'wānds
'smith'y sīn ew y brāwn y 'bēl'lows slēdže sēx'ton 'chaff 'pār'son chqir 'wrougħt	X. 'blus tēr'ing būs'tle 'dī'a mond quīv'er ing	XIII. 'hūs'band 'cīn'ders XIV. 'ex quī'site lyre mīn'strels 'mēl'o dīes 'whīs'tle 'eon gē'nial ū'ni sōn	XVIII. 'mēa'ger 'an cēs'tral 'dīg'ni ty 'jūs'ti fy
VII.	'so līd'i ty 'cīr'eu lar 're flēet'ed sub mīt'ted 'ab struse' in quīr'y 'ōr'di na ry	XV. 'sōr'did bālm'y 'ew'er XVI. 'eāt'a rāet 'ār'dent 'poised Jū'pi ter plan tā'tion	XIX. 'hō'li est 'shēl'ter green'sward 'shāg'gy 'gnārled mūl'ber ry 'dām'ask 'thrōng thrēsh'old hāunts
'naught āu thōr'i ty eō'zy 'fetched (t) īrk'sōme 'fōre'noon mōp'ing 'erīm'i nal dēs'ti ny 'mouth'ful shōv'ing	XI. 'ae cēs'sion 'e tēr'ni ty 'fēr'ti lize nūi'sānce mārsh'es pēs'ti lēnce 'trāv'ērse as sign' trān'quīl	XVII. 'ār tīf'i cer 'prōd'i gy bār'bar ous 'rēs'i due e vōked' (t)	XXI. 'pōst'age ēn'vel ōpes 'equ'ri er eār'ri er 'mo nōp'o ly 'eo lō'ni al 'nū'mer als eān'tons
IX.	'sta'tioned rēg'i ment e lēe'tion ean'di dates		

VII. 'būt'ter milk. XII. 'ob sen'ri ty; ae cēl'er a ted;
'di vēr'si fied. XVII. 'an nī'hi lat ed. XVIII. 'sig nīf'i-
eānce; 'ob līt'er ate; 'de pri vā'tion. XXV. 'por trāit'ure.

VII. 'Pāl' pi tat ing, fluttering, beating faster. VIII.
'Om nīv'o rous, eating everything indiscriminately. X.
'Bēv'ies, flocks, as of birds; Sheen, brightness. XII.
'Trib'u ta ry, branch, contributing; Re cēp'ta āle, re-
ceiver; 'Ex ha lā'tions, vapors. XV. 'Glīnt'ing, peeping
forth. XVII. 'Brī ā're us, a giant with one hundred arms
and fifty heads. XVIII. 'Pat ri mō'ni al, inherited.

[13].

WORD LESSONS.—PART SECOND.

xxii.	sneezed	³ rām'bling	xxxiii.
¹ eom'pān ion	⁴ erit'i cise	lā'vā	¹ fōr'ci bly
⁴ Au'gust	erit'ies	⁴ thyme	² trāns fuse
⁶ lāwng	flee'cy	⁶ guilt'less	³ hīn'dered
⁷ eūlt'ured	pāst'ures	⁸ vol eā'nōes	⁴ ān'ti dote
ear nā'tion	pēn cil ings	gey'sers	xxxiv.
lāmō'kin	xxvii.	ar tīl'ler y	¹ pār'al lel
xxiii.	¹ wār'rant	⁶ eōl'umz	¹ eōv'erts
² thīck'ness	³ sāt'is fy	deaf'en ing	plāt'form
lī'a ble	prōp'er ly	⁶ Hee'la	hūsk'ers
³ eāv'i ties	⁶ bruised	e rūp'tion	² erūmp'le
⁴ eleave	mēl'on	fām'ine	pārt'lets
⁷ wēa ri ness	wīg'dom	xxx.	pīg'eōns
⁸ rūf'led	⁹ hōō'by	¹ Hārt'ford	⁴ sāt'in
¹² hēr'on	¹¹ blōck'heads	Rūs'sī a (rūsh)	trāp'pings
¹⁴ pēl'i ean	fish'er man	² stal'wart	chāmped (t)
xxiv.	²¹ dōn'key	eom plēx'ion	trōt'ters
¹ fōr'feit	rūb'bish	rip'enēd	trūmp'ets
² ār'ti fice	xxviii.	qual'i ty	flamed
³ mārks'man	¹ stīr'ring	⁶ ad jā'cent	⁷ eha ōt'ie
me lō'di ous	¹ slāck'en	xxxii.	āl'a bas ter
⁴ dis fig'ure	³ brā'zen	¹ eōl'o ny	⁶ gro tēsque'
⁶ āe'eu ra cy	xxix.	⁶ ea rēssed'(t)	trīv'i al
⁶ le gīt'i mate	¹ Ice'land	¹⁰ ēm'pe ror	xxxvi.
āl'tar	stūnt'ed	sīn'gu lar	¹ pūffed (t)
xxvi.	a dōrn'ing	ōr'dered	mōn'areh
¹ plān'et	stēr'ile	¹¹ īn'eōme	māj'es ty
² grāce'ful	² hōl'i day		⁶ sīr'rah
prōv'erb			

xxii. ⁶ eon se erat'ed. xxiii. ⁶ āt'mos phere; ⁶ su pēr'-
flu ous. xxx. ¹ her mēt'ri eal ly; ² ven ti lā'tion; ⁶ ar ti fr'-
cial. xxxiv. ³ chān'ti eleer.

xxii. ⁶ Pen'sile, hanging; ⁶ Per ēn'ni al, never failing.
xxiv. ¹ Pōst'u late, self-evident truth; ⁶ En'nui (ōng'nwē),
weariness, dullness of spirits; ⁶ Im'mo late, sacrifice, kill.
xxvii. ⁶ Nōv'ice, beginner; ²¹ Pān'niers (yūrz), wicker-baskets
for carrying things on a horse or donkey. xxxiv. ³ Cat'-
a pult, a Greek engine for throwing stones.

[14]

WORD LESSONS.—PART SECOND.

XXXVI.—Cont'd.	⁹ mo räl'i ty	shrünk'en	lög'ged
¹⁴ Mäng' field	¹⁰ strēam'lets	⁵ dow'ered	XLVI.
Shēr' wood	häv'oe	gränd'eur	⁶ erēak'ing
sus pī'cious	¹¹ de cīs'ion	⁵ bāf'fled	⁶ ra pīd'i ty
¹⁹ be night'ed	im pē'ri al	fläg'ongs	mt'si eal
²⁶ lödg'ing	¹² pū'ri ty	pārch'ments	⁶ eom pēt'i tor
²⁶ eourt'ier	XXXIX.	⁶ glimps'es	⁶ fās'cin at ing
²⁶ fū mil'iar		XLI.	ce lēr'i ty
²⁶ n'sage	¹ pēt'ri fied		⁷ by'stand er
²⁷ no bil'i ty	nōt'a ble	¹ cē'dar	¹⁰ eäck'ling
rēv'e nue	re sōrts'	⁵ In'tri ea cy	noe tūr'nal
XXXVII.	² wēird	vīg'or ous	XLV.
¹ raked (t)	eāñ'ongs (-yānz)	⁷ tōt'terēd	¹ breez'y
⁶ heärt'en	tqur'ist	⁹ vā'ri a ble	⁶ wār'bler
⁶ tāff'rail	³ cēm'e ter y	ās'pen	XLVI.
XXXVIII.	em bāl'med'	¹¹ o rig'i nal	¹ thīs'fle
¹ rēe'ti tude	i dēn'ti ty	eon sign'	un seāred'
in spēe'tion	⁶ ex ea vāt'ed	¹³ r'vo ry	wōōd
pīl'lars	fīs'sure	plī'ant	² eoun'cil
de cī'ded	strewn	brīll'iant	sēdg'y
skēl'e ton	⁹ di ām'e ter	ex tōllēd'	warrēd
eōn'fi dēnce	hīll'side	¹⁰ rēv'el ry	n'ni verse
a lāe'ri ty	¹⁰ in elōg'ure	XLIII.	⁶ de fied'
⁶ e rēet'	XL.	¹ mē'ter	⁶ pīl'grim
⁶ dīs'ci plīne	¹ pāint'er	² ven due'	ū sūrpēd' (t)
⁷ eon strain'	ig nō'ble	⁵ bāch'e lor	⁶ pa thēt'ie
⁶ serū'pu lous	hypo'crītes	fīōckēd (t)	eōn'quer or
sin cēre'ly	knāves	⁴ āue tion eer'	⁷ un trōd'den

XXXVIII. ⁵ in r'qui tous; ⁷ pe eū'ni a ry; ⁶ mag nān'i-mous ly. XXXIX. ¹⁰ ūn'der brush. XL. ⁵ trans fig'ured. XLI. ⁶ mēl'an ehol y. XLIV. ¹ un rī'valed; ² in im'it a ble. XLV. ⁵ whīp'-poor-will. XLVI. ¹ gen er ā'tions; ² rev e lā'tion; ⁶ pro gēn'i tors.

XXXVII. ⁶ Lūrchēd, rolled suddenly to one side. XXXVIII. ⁶ Vi cīs'si tude, change; ¹⁰ Im pēd'i ment, hindrance. XXXIX. ⁵ An te di lū'vi an, before the flood. XL. ⁴ Sūp'plest, most flattering; Hēnch'man, servant; Shīm'mer, glitter.

[15]

WORD LESSONS.—PART SECOND.

XLVII.	XLIX.		LVI.
'a'gen cy	'lāt'i tude	'tôr'tois es	'sým'pa thres
sēe're ta ry	'lau'rel	'in'jur ies	'chār'i ties
rās'eal ly	'tink'ling	'ū'ni vālves	'prōs'trate
'dōe'u ments	rāp'tur ous	br'vālves	LVII.
'die tā'tion	'lūck'less	bār'na ele	'em bārk'
joūr'nal	ûr'chin	'an nēl'i dēs	'cha grined
'pōl'i cy	'vār'let	leech'es	'sweet'-brier
mīr'rorēd	'ān'nu al	'Crus tā'ce a	'lōōs'en ing
'sū'i cide		lōb'sters	LVIII.
ārd'u ous	L.	prawn	'arch bish'op
'fi nānce'	'ēast'ern	'as sēm'blage	nēph'ew
ēūr'ren cy	pēarl	di vēr'g'ing	hōm'i ly
bull'ion	fēs'tal	rā'di us	eōn'fi dent
flū'ent ly	trēs's'es	'e eh'i ni	eār'di nal
'serew (skrə).	eōn'vent	ûr'chins	lī'a ble
grūb'bing	'rēek'less	'zō'o phytes	im pāired'
pos tēr'i ty	heārth	LII.	fi dēl'i ty
out'line	mīrth	'eon jēt'ure	in june'tions
lōb'by	'meek'ly	'op pō'nent	e grē'giōūs
gāl'ler y	'fū'ner al	'so brī'e ty	dūē'ats
en lō'gī um	voice'less	'ere dū'li ty	par ti āl'i ty
'de eline'	'elois'ter	LIII.	LIX.
	'Lē'o nore	'Hēb'ri dēs	'chār'eoal
	'an'cient	LV.	'grim'y
			'taw'ny
XLVIII.	LI.	'āp'pe tites	LX.
'mōr'tals	'bāck'-bone	'fōl'lies	'Flōr'i da
'se rēn'est	a nāt'o mist	'rēl'ish	Ba hā'ma
em brace'	Lāt'in	'mo rōse'	'em bēd'ed

XLVII. 'Cor re spōnd'ence; 're speet a bil'i ty; 'pār'lia mēnt'a ry; 'pār'a graphs; mys tēr'i ous. LI. 'mam-mā'li ā; 'mūl ti vālves. LII. 'e quiv'o eates. LVIII. per-sōn i fi cā'tion; re pōs'i to ry; in firm'i ties. LX. 'ar ehi-pēl'a go.

XLVII. 'Re ea pit u lā'tion, a short statement of facts; 'Al tēr'na tīve. L. 'Pāg'eānt ries, exhibitions. LI. Vēr-te bra ted, having back bones; Mo lūs'eous, having soft body; Ar tīe'u la ted, having joints; Rā'di a ted, proceed-ing from a center. LIV. 'Sōv'er eign, an English gold coin.

WORD LESSONS.—PART SECOND.

LX.—Cont'd.			LXVIII.	
*frāg'ments	*ōb'sti na cy	*chēck'erēd	*rēv'el rīes	
tēxt'ure	*fēd'er al	*be quēathed'	*low'ers	
*ob scure'	Prōv'i dence	pre cēp'tor	LXIX.	
*so lū'tion	būlb'ous	en trānce'	*mū'ta ble	
ab sōrb'ing	pīth'fork	eon fer ree'	*es pouse'	
*grāp'pling	¹⁰ six'pence	lien tēn'ant	LXX.	
ge lat' i nous	ārt'ists	*ar rāigned'	*cyl'in der	
*de pō'	LXII.	tri bu'nal	blēach	
*or gān'ie	*gār'nered	*in tēred'	ehlo'rīne	
¹¹ fēlt'ed	*dēl'uge	vī'cious	*sieve	
shōd'dy	dīm'ples		pūlp	
tēxt'ile	ab rūpt'	LXV.	¹¹ *e nōr'mous	
māt'tress es	LXIII.	*fend	LXXII.	
sūr'geon	*ēm'i nence	*civ'ie	*um brēl'lā	
ehēm'ist	*trāns'port	slān'der	*bēg'gar ing	
	*phān'toms	LXVI.	*dow'dy	
	*de creed'	*chief'tain	¹¹ nōz'zle	
LXI.	re hēarse'	ōf'fi cered	¹⁰ whale'bone	
*eol lāpse'	*mōld'er ing	*pi o neer'	LXXIII.	
floūr'ish	sēp'til eher	en gi neer'	*ēd'u ea tor	
*hānd'ful	*ēm'u lous	*ma neū'ver	seho lās'tie	
būlk'y	*mār'tial	¹⁰ tān'gent	*gēn'e sis	
*eon cōived'	*re vēre'	¹¹ elūthched (t)	*Nī āg'a ra	
*frōl'ick ing	il lū'mined	¹¹ quīz'zie al	*rēe'og nize	
bārbed	LXIV.	¹¹ prōb'lem	*in sūre'	
a quāt'ie	*e vīnce'	sōlved	LXXIV.	
mōn'ster	un hewn'	gīrd'ed	*mūr'i ad	
*cēnt'u rīes	*chīg'eled	hōr i zōn'tal	*pāl'try	
			*rēck'ons	
			bēck'ons	

LX. *im pū'ri tīes. LXII. *hōn'ey suck le. LXIII. *en-
liv'en ing; *sub ter rā'ne ous. LXVI. ¹⁰ōs'cil lat ing.
LXVII. *in ēv'i ta ble. LXIX. *be rēave'ments. LXX.
*eāl'en der ing. LXXIII. *ful fill'ment.

LXI. *Per ām'bu late, walk about; ¹¹Su per cīl' i ous
lofty with pride. LXIV. *Ab scēnd'ānce, concealment;
*O'vert, manifest, open; *Tran scēnd'ent, superior. LXVI.
*Chap ar rāl', a thicket of low evergreen oaks. LXVII.
*Mē'di o ere, ordinary. LXXI. *A ē'ri al, airy, soft.
LXXII. *Traips'ing, walking about carelessly.

[17]

WORD LESSONS.—PART SECOND.

LXXV.

'ea pác'i ty
'dys páp'tie
eon tról'
'pur vey'or
gär'bage
güz'zle
'ép'i eure
dev o tee'
'ip'e eae
äl'öes
'söck'et
lä'zar-house
höv'el
gór'geous

LXXVI.

'át'mos phere
éd'dies
oe eúr'
'pär'ti eles
tënd'en cy
'spí'ral
'ma ríne'

LXXVII.

'söl'i tude
'di vine'ly
as suäge'
säl'lies

LXXVIII.

¹⁰mär'gin
¹¹vérge
spärk'ler
¹³a byss'
¹⁴bäl'anced
¹⁵eäv'erns
¹⁶mi nüt'est

LXXIX.

¹wood'bine
²pee'wee
³im bíbed'
bough
⁴bul'rush
eäl'a mus

min'nöws
⁵scént'ed
⁶rév'er énce

LXXX.

¹träg'e dy
²te ná'cious
³ju dí'cious
¹³im plíc'it
dëf'er énce

¹⁰víl'lain ous
lí cén'tious
¹¹pan e gýr'ie
¹²Thürs'day

²²sig'ni fies
²³tra dn'cer
²⁵eöm'e dy
wít'ti cígms
²⁷völ'umes
plä'gia rist
²⁹bóm'bast
fan täs'tie
³¹tröpes
täm'bqur
mím'ie ry
Fäl'staff
³³märl
³⁵di vërt'ed

LXXXI.

¹di vörce'd (t)
²pén'sive
³warred
⁷thrill'ing
⁹eon trí'tion
¹⁰chäp'let
fú'tile
eön'trite

LXXXII.

¹glee'söme
²böurn
³pöpp'u lous

⁴diz'ens
⁵dën'i zeng
⁶quailed

LXXXIII.

¹mür'der er
²pär'ju ry
⁴vënge'ance

LXXXIV.

¹eröpped (t)
scr'ence
eöm'ers
⁷lëv'i ty
ríd'i eule

LXXXV.

²fa cë'tious
⁴räl'líed
re erqít'ing
frónt'ier
⁶eam päign'
i dën'tie al
pën'e trate

LXXXVI.

²hër'ald
³dí'a dem
⁴scäp'ter
⁵ae eläim'
⁶ín'cense
⁷hóm'age
⁸fír'ma ment

LXXV. 'in traet'a ble. LXXVIII. 'pos si bíl'i ty. LXXX.
'in töl'era ble; in eüm'brance; 'lín'sey-wool sey. LXXXI.
'eom püne'tious. LXXXV. 'dës'ig nāt ing; sat is fae'to ry.

LXXXIV. 'Si mul ta'ne ous, at the same time; 'Äneh'-
or ite, hermit; 'Ae equ'ter ments, implements of war.
LXXXVI. 'Prí mē'val, first.

[18]

WORD LESSONS.—PART SECOND.

LXXXVII.	XCI.	'nāp'kins	'tow'er
'slaugh'ter	'dis ereet'	lēg'a cy	frown
'shōk'els	soōthes	is sūe	guards
gīrd'le	'pōl'ish er	'trait'ors	'cliff
¹⁰ tr'dings	plān'ets	vān'quished	rē'gal
¹⁴ mānt'ling	'dif fused'	mūf'fling	'jūt'ing
LXXXVIII.	XCII.	stāt'ue	hīfh'er
'mae a rō'ni	'de ereed'	'trēa son	seānt'y
per vād'ed	knīght	vēst'ure	a brēast'
'eō'eōa-nut	'ūn'der tone	mārred	'brīnk
'ōr'i gin	'chiv'al ry	¹⁰ ūt' ter ānce	flāws
'mūs'ter	're nown'		chēeked (t)
'bre vēt'	elām'or	XCIV.	
'knēad'ed	'a bōl'ished	'ma hōg'a ny	
LXXXIX.	a bāshed (t)	'div'i dends	XCVII.
'ōr'a to ry	XCIII.	bēd' stēad	'sa gā'cious
in'tri eate	'vāl'iant	sleīgh	eōn'gress
de fr'ic en cy	'of fēnd'ed	'āg'ate	vīr'tu ous
'eā'den ces	'en rōlled'	'ear nēl'ian.	'pro found'
er u dr'tion	eāp'i tal	'pūt'tied	'a rō'mā
'āu'dit ors	dāg'ger	'lēv'ers	'cit'a del
'trēat'ise	XCIV.	bar bā'ri an	de bāuched'(t)
būl'wark	'in'tērred'	'ticked (t)	en fōrc'ing
XC.	am br'itious	rēe'ord	seār'let
'dis pēns'ing	griēv'ous	XCVI.	ōp'u lence
'gār'land	'rān'som	'erāg	splēn'dor
'stāffed (t)	eōf'fers	be hēld'	rī'vāled
tār'nished (t)	'dis prōve'	tēn'ant	ēm'pires
shriv'eled	'mū'ti ny		

LXXXVIII. 'ver mi cēl'li. LXXXIX. 'mōd u lā'tion;
 'lēg'is lā ture. XCI. 'ap pre hēn'sion; 'im mēn'si ty.
 XCII. 'prōe lā mā'tion. XCIII. 'eom mon wēalth'. XCV.
 'ob gērv'a to ry. XCVII. 'rhet o ri'cians; 'eōn tēpt'ū ous.

XC. 'Crōne, an old woman. XCI. 'En gēn'ders, pro-
 duces; 'Fīlch'es, steals. XCII. 'Syn'die, chief magistrate.
 XCIII. 'Ex tēn'u a ted, lessened. XCV. 'Lū'per eal, a Ro-
 man feast-day.

[19]

WORD LESSONS.—PART SECOND.

XCVIII.		C.		XX.		* haugh'ty	
1 il lu'gions		1 pro elaim'		20 rāv'aged		fit'ful ly	
sī ren		in serip'tion		20 pēr'fi dy		eon cēals'	
trans fōrms'		sci'on		21 do mēs'tie		pol lu'tion	
ārd'u ous		2 pac'ing		22 ae'qui ēsce		Cvi.	
2 tēm'po ral		3 sūrged		22 rēe'ti tude		1 prōph'e sy	
4 in sid'i ous		4 tūr'bu lent		al lē'gi ānce		2 wist'ful	
7 en trēat'y		5 scēp'tered		al li'ānce		7 gōd'dess	
10 sta'tioned		6 quiv'ers		CII.		8 ād' ver sa ry	
11 su pine'ly		7 dāl'ly ing		2 rēg'is ter		2 ref u gēes'	
13 vig'i lant		8 in to nā'tion		3 strēn'u ous		11 sūr'plus	
14 elānk'ing		9 straight' way		spū'ri ous		whēlps	
15 ex tēn'u ate				re sēarch'es		CIII.	
XCIX.		CI.		1 un fūrlēd'		CVIII.	
1 di vīn'i ty		3 dēs'pot ism		2 hār'bin ger		2 gōal	
eōl'lēague		4 sūf'fer ānce		3 bāy'o net		2 o bē'di ent	
pro scribēd'		7 re līn'quish		vēnge'ānce		4 la'tent	
elēm'en cy		fōr'mid a ble		mē'te or		be dēcks'	
3 trōd'den		8 eom pli'ānce		gāl'lant		re pīnēs.	
4 elēave		9 in vā'sion		es pē'cial ly		5 hūrlēd	
5 ag grēs'sion		10 eon vūl'sion		CIV.		ehā'os	
e rād'i eate		11 mi grā'tion		2 trō'phies		CIX.	
7 res to rā'tion		12 ju dī'ci a ry		in trīn'sie		2 dis rēl'ish	
chār'tered		13 tēn'ure		ēn'signs		4 serōll	
8 seāb'bard		sāl'a rīēs		CV.		5 fōs'sil	
9 sēe'ri fice		14 hār'ass		1 ter rīf'ie		sūs'tems	
10 eō'pi ous		15 ār'bi tra ry		2 fēr'vor		mān'nā	
		26 āb'di eat ed		4 rām'parts		5 ea thē'dral	
				spān'gled		rū'bīēs	

XCVIII. *ree on cil i nā'tion; sub ju gā'tion; *ty rān'nie al;
 11 ir res o lu'tion. XCIX. *dee la rā'tion; *eon fla grā'tion;
 *ig no mīn'i ous ly. CI. *in al'ien a ble; *u sur pā'tion;
 *de pōs'i to ry; 11 ju ris dīe'tion; 22 mēr'ce na rīēs; 11 in sur
 rēe'tion; 22 mag na nīm'i ty; eon san gūin'i ty. CIII.
 *sen si bil'i ty. CIV. *eon stel la'tion. CV. 1 bom bārd'ment.
 CVI. 11 man u fāe'to rīēs. CVIII. 2 mil lēn'ni al; *smōl'der
 ing. CIX. 2 in strūet'ors; *em blā'zoned.

XCVIII. 11 In vīn'ci ble, unconquerable. XCIX. 7 Im mū'ni
 ties, privileges. CII. 2 Au then tic'i ty, truthfulness. CV.
 7 Vāunt'ing ly, boastingly. CVI. 10 An tīp'a thīēs, dislikes.
 CVIII. 4 Sub sērv'i ent, in an inferior capacity.

[20]

WORD LESSONS.—PART SECOND.

CX.	CXII.	phŷs'ie	'stew'ard
¹ sēre	¹ rē'cent ness	⁴ spēe'ters	ēōrd'age
wāltz	veiled	whiŷh	⁸ pre cēdes'
² gauz'y	³ ān'ti qua ry	whīr	⁹ height'ened
nēb'u lā	pār'ti gans	CXIV.	¹⁰ im'mi nent
films	³ a vail'a ble	¹ pēs'ti lēnce	te nāc'i ty
buzz'es	⁷ seribes	du rā'tion	¹³ hūr'ri eane
³ cŷn'ie	⁸ en hānc'ing	rāv'a ges	dis ās'ter
⁶ a skānt'	¹⁰ in'sti gā tor	⁴ vōl'un ta ry	¹³ ō'ver eōat
tōe'sin	lēague	bel lig'er ent	fiērcē'ness
bān'dit	¹¹ a tōned'	mān'gled	¹⁴ ar rēst'ed
⁹ trōp'ies	¹² free'man	⁴ un hīng'es	CXVII.
ām'or ous	ōath	gēr'mi nāte	¹ des erted'
¹⁰ stēalth'y	āl'ma nae	vo eā'tions	² ās cer tain'
en erōach'	vēr'sion	⁴ mōurn'ful	flaunt'ed
¹¹ chūr'l ish	psālms	prē'ma ture	ob liv'i on
¹² frōz'en	¹⁵ equ rānt'	ig nō'ble	³ wāft'ed
¹⁴ a nōn'	prēss'ure	⁵ e nēr'vate	eas'u al
¹⁵ pūlse'less		⁵ eāp'i tols	CXVIII.
CXI.	CXIII.	CXVI.	CXIX.
¹ sŷn'o nym	¹ mōor	¹ grāt'i fied	² pāled
² snōw'flakes	hie	al lēge'	pāl'sied
im pū'ni ty	sereech	spee tā'tor	⁴ fāth'om less
³ lāv'ish ly	³ ridg'es	⁴ phā'ses	sūm'mons
⁴ rā'di ānce	gūl'lies	⁴ ba rōm'e ter	¹ ef fūl'gēnce
tri ūmph'al	³ āq'ue duet	pre diē'tion	² zē'nith
di vēr'si fy	cēase'less	⁵ bērths	³ gīld'ed
	gāp'ing		⁴ a field'

CXI. ¹ mag nif'i cēnce; ² mo nōt'o nous. CXII. ¹ typ o-graph'ie; ² in suf fi'cient; ³ eōn'tro ver sy. CXIV. ¹ ea-lām'i ties; sub mis'sion; res ig nā'tion; ² im mo rāl'i ty; ³ in hōs'pi ta ble. CXVI. ¹ eōn'cen trāt ed; ² en cōunt'ered. CXVIII. ¹ trēach'er ous.

CX. ¹³ Sib ŷl'ie, prophetic, forthcoming. CXII. ¹⁰ In no-vā'tion, change. CXIV. ¹ In scrū'ta ble, not to be under-stood; ² Vi cis'si tudes, changes.

[21]

WORD LESSONS.—PART SECOND.

CXIX.—Cont'd.	CXXIV.	CXXVI.	tiērs
³ frā' grant	¹ a sy' lum	² deign' ing	⁹ nēg' a tive
būck' led	² serū' ti ny	³ mīl' i ta ry	¹¹ lounge
⁶ bār'n' ward	ae quit'	pro fane'	strā' tum
⁷ wəl' nuts	par ti āl' i ty	lāg' gard	live' li hood
⁹ ma chīn' ist	shēl' ter less		per pēt' u al
lathe	be friēnd' ed	CXXVII.	¹² tri' flier
¹⁰ cēase	³ ad vān' tage	¹ māg' ni tude	CXXX.
CXX.	⁴ ār' ro gānce	⁴ im pēached'	¹ ab sūrd'
¹ mār' riage	frēn' zy	ēp' i thet	un tēn' a ble
knēll	⁶ gi gān' tie	⁶ re bēlg'	Ēath' o lies
³ mut' u al	⁷ lē' gend	tō' tal ly	² Prōt' es tant
⁴ mūs' ter ing	tra dī' tion	⁶ bār' ris ter	re lig' iōn
squad' ron	rē kin' dle	pār' a site	³ vin' di cate
im pēt' u ous		⁷ elī' ents	āp' pli ea ble
rouged	CXXV.	⁸ dēs' per ate	eon trōl'
⁶ vērd' ure	¹ thral' dōm	¹¹ dīs charge'	eon trōl'
⁶ lūs' ty	hōrde	¹² se dī' tious	dis a vow'
blēnt	feū' dal	eon spīr' a cy	au thōr' i ty
CXXI.	² feū' dal	lī' bel	³ sōl' ēm n ly
³ flūt' ter ing	² frāud	¹³ phā' lanx	⁶ re vērsed' (t)
¹⁰ fōnd' le	rāp' ine	CXXIX.	CXXXI.
¹³ rūsh' es	for sōoth'	¹ āv' e nue	² eōurs' er
¹⁶ es trānged'	sērv' ile	pros pēr' i ty	im pā' tient
CXXIII.	rūf' fian	³ āl' ti tude	⁴ ō' ri ent.
¹ fāl' ter ing	³ eōrse	⁶ rē' tro speet	⁶ eow' er
thrōb' bing	grā' cious	⁷ seāt' ter ing	⁶ dār k' sōme
⁴ eōn' stan cy	⁴ brāwl	⁶ pyr a mīd' al	grān' ite
eoun' sel or	dis tained'		

CXIX. ' whif' fle trees. CXXI. ¹⁵ im mor tāl' i ty. CXXIV. ³ hōs pi tāl' i ty; un fōrt' u nate; ⁵ e qual i zā' tion; ⁶ eon grat u la' tion. CXXVII. ² jūs' ti fī a ble; in sig nīf' i cānce; ⁴ un qual' i fied. CXXIX. ⁷ vol un tā' ri ly; ¹¹ sys tem āt' ie. CXXX. ³ in ter fēr' ence; ⁶ re pūg' nānce.

CXX. ¹ Vo lūpt' u ous, delightful. CXXIV. ⁶ Ren o vā' tion, renewal. CXXVII. ¹² Ap pel la' tion, name. CXXIX. ⁵ Sur rep tī' tious ly, underhandedly; ⁷ E mōl' u ments, gains; ⁶ eon stit' u en cy, formation, component parts.

[22]

WORD LESSONS.—PART SECOND.

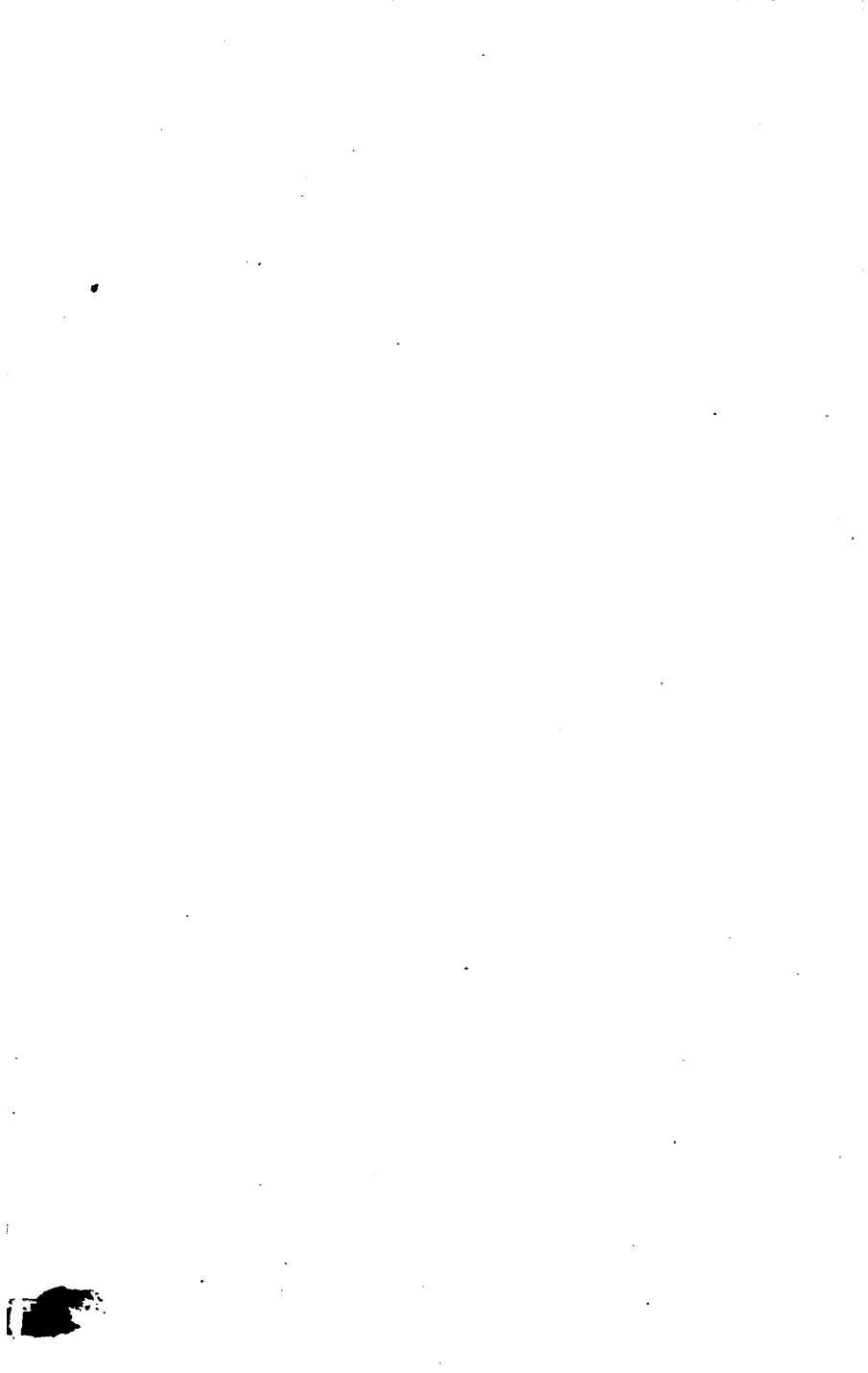
<p> CCXXII. 'eon cēived' dēd'i eāt'ed tēst'ing 'fī'nal 'de trāet' 'in erēased'(t) de vō'tion CCXXIV. 'wār'n'ings vīg'i lāu'ce 'op prēss'or rēl'ies bār'racks rūt'h'less 'mōd'ern It'a ly Vēn'ice Gēn'o a guār'an ty 'au spī'cious tūr'an ny 'ād'e quate 'Ān'dēs snūffed (t) lōw'lands Hōl'land </p>	<p> 'eāt'a lōgue dis un'ion 'ōff'spring bap tīs'mal CCXXV. 'eūr'few 'Bēs'sie fāl'tered Bās'il Ūn'der wood 'slīm'y 'pōn'der ous 'elīng'ing 'sway'ing mēl'lōw 'stēk'en ing tēr'ror hāg'gard mīst'y CCXXVI. 'in spīr'ing dēlv'er prōd'i gal fēl'on 'fēr'til ized str'fling prē'ma ture </p>	<p> eon dū'cive frā'grānce dis pēl' dēnse en shroud's rōb'ber y 'diz'zy mo rāl'i ty ter rēs'tri al 'wār'ri or vān'guard hu mǎn'i ty sēm'i na ry siēge en līght'en 'wrēnched (t) be nēf'i cent tēl'e seope vēr'a ble āl'le go ry dī'nas ty ēp'i gram pāste'board 'va eū'i ty prī'mal 'dis pērsed' ef fūl'gēnce </p>	<p> CCXXVII. 'twī'light ae cēpt'ānce 'eōl'umns vēr'dant shrīne 'eārv'ings sūm'mits hērbs 'grānd'eūr eōr'o nal 'ān'ces tors 'sēp'ul cher ghāst'ly stērn'er 'ēl'e ments mēd'i tate eon fōrm' CCXXVIII. 'eon sōle' līn'ger swōrd prāyers 're vēal'ing tūr'an nous mēs'sen ger out'right </p>
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CCXXIV. 'in hēr'it ānce; ben e dī'e'tions. CCXXVI. 'sys-
 tem āt'ie al ly; mīl lēn'ni um; 'eon tem plā'tion; 'un-
 mās'king; 'math e ma tī'cian; as trōn o my; 'eōn' se-
 erāt ed. CCXXVII. 'ār'ēhi trave; sup pli cā'tion; 'im-
 mōv'a ble; 'thūn'der bolts; o ver whēlms'.

CCXXIII. 'Zēph'yrs, mild breezes. CCXXVI. 'Con sum-
 mā'tion, termination; 'Fēa gi bīl'i ty, practicability; 'Per-
 vērse'ness, disposition to go in the wrong way; Mūl'ti form,
 manyform; 'Īr rā'di at ed, brightened. CCXXVII. 'In ae-
 cēs'si ble, not to be approached; 'Com mūn'ion, inter-
 course; 'An nī'hi lat ed, reduced to nothing; 'Em a nā'-
 tion, that which proceeds from.







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